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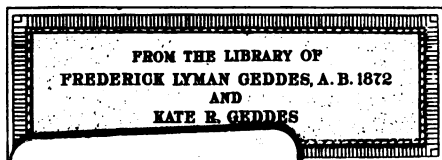
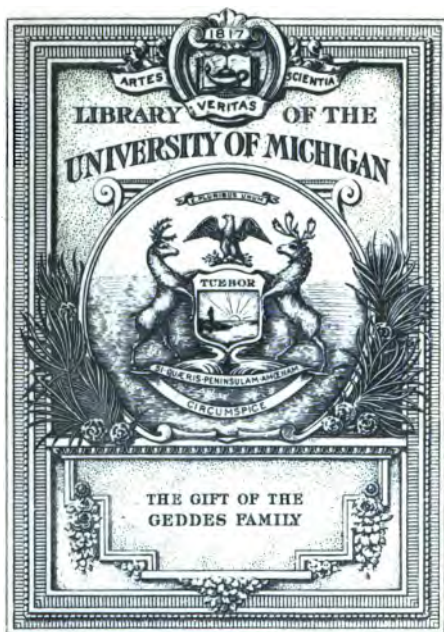
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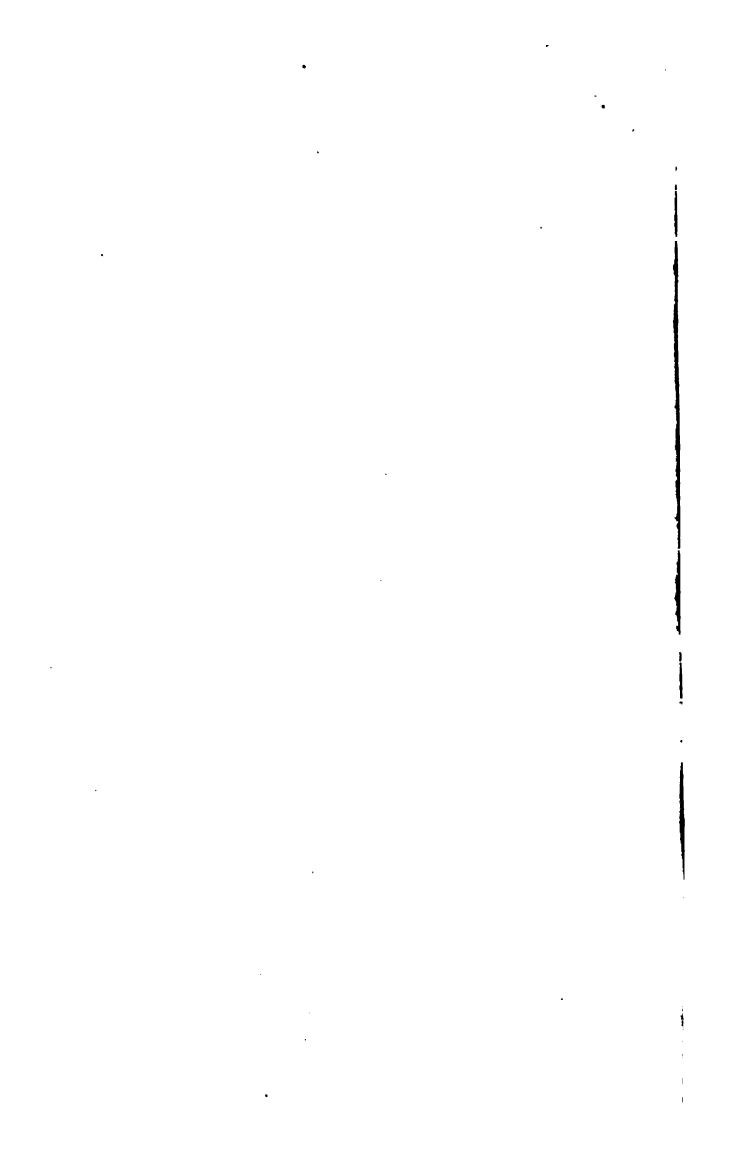
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THE  
**CONSCIOUS LOVERS.**

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A  
COMEDY,  
By SIR RICHARD STEELE.

---

ADAPTED FOR  
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,  
AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL, IN COVENT-GARDEN.

---

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LONDON :

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*Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.*

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4-30-32

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THE

**CONSCIOUS LOVERS.**

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THIS play is a very finished production in sentiment and language. If nothing more be needed than a sensible display of virtue to make men happy, good, and wise, we know no comedy that more merits to be at all times popular.

Yet an admirer of the old comedy rises fatigued from this piece as from a tedious lesson. It is as fine as Seneca, as profitable too, but weak humanity requires to be diverted into a sense of duty, and for risibility here is no food.

Perhaps, morally speaking, it is dangerous also to hold up for distinguished admiration the performance of *mere* duty. It weakens the influence of goodness, to tell mankind it is so rare among them.

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## PROLOGUE.

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*To win your hearts and to secure your praise  
The comic writers strive by various ways,  
By subtile stratagems they act their game,  
And leave untry'd no avenue to fame ;  
One writes the spouse a beating from his wife,  
And says each stroke was copy'd from the life ;  
Some fix all wit and humour in grimace,  
And make a livelihood of Pinkey's face ;  
Here one gay shew and costly habit tries,  
Confiding to the judgment of your eyes ;  
Another smuts his scene, (a cunning shaver)  
Sure of the rakes' and of the wenches' favour.  
Oft' have these arts prevail'd, and one may guess  
If practis'd o'er again would find success ;  
But the bold sage, the poet of to-night,  
By new and desp'rate rules resolv'd to write,  
Fain would he give more just applauses rise,  
And please by wit that scorns the aids of vice ;  
The praise he seeks from worthier motives springs,  
Such praise as praise to those that give it brings.*

*Your aid most humbly sought then Britons lend,  
And lib'ral mirth like lib'ral men defend ;  
No more let ribaldry, with licence writ,  
Usurp the name of eloquence or wit,*

---

*No more let lawless farce uncensur'd go,  
The lewd dull gleanings of a Smithfield show;  
'Tis yours with breeding to refine the age,  
To chasten wit and moralize the stage.*

*Ye modest, wise, and good, ye Fair! ye Brave!  
To-night the champion of your virtues save,  
Redeem from long contempt the comic name,  
And judge politely for your country's fame.*

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## Dramatis Personae.

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### COVENT-GARDEN.

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#### Men.

Sir JOHN BEVIL	- - - -	Mr. Hull.
Mr. SEALAND	- - - -	Mr. Aickin.
BEVIL, jun. <i>in love with</i> Indiana	- -	Mr. Holman.
MYRTLE, <i>in love with</i> Lucinda	- -	Mr. Farren.
CIMBERTON, <i>a coxcomb</i>	- -	Mr. Quick.
HUMPHREY, <i>an old servant to</i> Sir John		Mr. Thompson.
TOM, <i>servant to</i> Bevil, jun.	- - - -	Mr. Lewis.
DANIEL, <i>a country boy, servant to</i> Indiana		Mr. Blanchard.

#### Women.

Mrs. SEALAND, <i>second wife to</i> Sealand	-	Mrs. Webb.
ISABELLA, <i>sister to</i> Sealand	- - - -	Mrs. Platt.
INDIANA, <i>Sealand's daughter by his first</i>	} wife - - - -	Mrs. Esten.
LUCINDA, <i>Sealand's daughter by his second wife</i>		
PHILLIS, <i>maid to</i> Lucinda	- - - -	Mrs. Mountain.
		Mrs. Mattocks.

SCENE, London.

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THE  
CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Sir JOHN BEVIL's House. Enter Sir JOHN BEVIL  
and HUMPHREY.*

*Sir John Bevil.*

HAVE you order'd that I should not be interrupted  
while I am dressing ?

*Humph.* Yes, sir ; I believ'd you had something of  
moment to say to me.

“ *Sir J. B.* Let me see, Humphrey ; I think it is  
“ now full forty years, since I first took thee to be  
“ about myself.

“ *Humph.* I think, sir, it has been an easy forty  
“ years, and I have pass'd 'em without much sick-  
“ ness, care, or labour.

“ *Sir J. B.* Thou hast a brave constitution : you  
“ are a year or two older than I am, sirrah.

“ *Humph.* You have ever been of that mind, sir.

*Sir J. B.* You knave, you know it ; I took thee  
for thy gravity and sobriety in my wild years.

*Humph.* Ah, sir ! our manners were form'd from  
our different fortunes, not our different ages ;  
wealth gave a loose to your youth, and poverty put  
a restraint upon mine.

*Sir J. B.* Well, Humphrey, you know I have  
been a kind master to you ; I have us'd you, for  
the ingenuous nature I observed in you from the  
beginning, more like an humble friend than a ser-  
vant.

*Humph.* I humbly beg you'll be so tender of me  
as to explain your commands, sir, without any  
farther preparation."

*Sir J. B.* I'll tell thee, then. In the first place,  
this wedding of my son's in all probability (shut the  
door) will never be at all.

*Humph.* How, sir, not be at all ! for what reason is  
it carried on in appearance ?

*Sir J. B.* Honest Humphrey, have patience, and  
I'll tell thee all in order. I have myself in some part  
of my life lived indeed with freedom, but I hope  
without reproach : now I thought liberty would be  
as little injurious to my son, therefore as soon as he  
grew towards man I indulg'd him in living after his  
own manner. I know not how otherwise to judge of  
his inclination ; for what can be concluded from a  
behaviour under restraint and fear ? But what charms  
me above all expression is, that my son has never in  
the least action, the most distant hint or word, va-

lued himself upon that great estate of his mother's, which, according to our marriage-settlement, he has had ever since he came to age.

*Humph.* No, sir; on the contrary, he seems afraid of appearing to enjoy it before you or any belonging to you.—He is as dependent and resign'd to your will as if he had not a farthing but what must come from your immediate bounty.—You have ever acted like a good and generous father, and he like an obedient and grateful son.

*Sir J. B.* “Nay, his carriage is so easy to all with whom he converses that he is never assuming, never prefers himself to others, nor is ever guilty of that rough sincerity which a man is not called to, and certainly disobliges most of his acquaintance.” To be short, Humphrey, his reputation was so fair in the world, that old Sealand, the great India merchant, has offer'd his only daughter, and sole heiress to that vast estate of his, as a wife for him. You may be sure I made no difficulties; the match was agreed on, and this very day named for the wedding.

*Humph.* What hinders the proceeding?

*Sir J. B.* Don't interrupt me. You know I was, last Thursday, at the masquerade; my son, you may remember, soon found us out—he knew his grandfather's habit, which I then wore; and though it was in the mode in the last age, yet the maskers, you know, follow'd us as if we had been the most monstrous figures in that whole assembly.

*Humph.* I remember, indeed, a young man of qua-

lity in the habit of a clown that was particularly troublesome.

*Sir J. B.* Right—he was too much what he seem'd to be. You remember how impertinently he follow'd and teased us, and wou'd know who we were.

*Humph.* I know he has a mind to come into that particular. *[Aside.]*

*Sir J. B.* Ay, he followed us till the gentleman who led the lady in the Indian mantle presented that gay creature to the rustic, and bid him (like Cymon in the fable) grow polite, by falling in love, and let that worthy old gentleman alone, meaning me. The clown was not reform'd, but rudely persisted, and offered to force off my mask; with that the gentleman throwing off his own, appeared to be my son, and in his concern for me tore off that of the nobleman: at this they seized each other, the company called the guards, and in the surprise the lady swoon'd away; upon which my son quitted his adversary, and had now no care but of the lady—when raising her in his arms, “Art thou gone,” cry'd he, “for ever—forbid it, Heav'n!”—She revives at his known voice—and with the most familiar, though modest gesture, hangs in safety over his shoulders weeping, but wept as in the arms of one before whom she could give herself a loose, were she not under observation: while she hides her face in his neck, he carefully conveys her from the company.



*Humph.* I have observed this accident has dwelt upon you very strongly.

*Sir J. B.* Her uncommon air, her noble modesty, the dignity of her person, and the occasion itself, drew the whole assembly together; and I soon heard it buzz'd about she was the adopted daughter of a famous sea-officer who had serv'd in France. Now this unexpected and public discovery of my son's so deep concern for her——

*Humph.* Was what, I suppose, alarm'd Mr. Sealand, in behalf of his daughter, to break off the match.

*Sir J. B.* You are right—he came to me yesterday, and said he thought himself disengaged from the bargain, being credibly informed my son was already marry'd, or worse, to the lady at the masquerade. I palliated matters, and insisted on our agreement; but we parted with little less than a direct breach between us.

*Humph.* Well, sir, and what notice have you taken of all this to my young master?

*Sir J. B.* That's what I wanted to debate with you—I have said nothing to him yet—But look ye, Humphrey, if there is so much in this amour of his that he denies upon my summons to marry, I have cause enough to be offended; and then, by my insisting upon his marrying to-day, I shall know how far he is engag'd to this lady in masquerade, and from thence only shall be able to take my measures; in the mean time, I would have you find out how far

that rogue his man is let into his secret—he, I know, will play tricks as much to cross me as to serve his master.

*Humph.* Why do you think so of him, sir? I believe he is no worse than I was for you at your son's age.

*Sir J. B.* I see it in the rascal's looks. But I have dwelt on these things too long: I'll go to my son immediately, and while I'm gone, your part is to convince his rogue, Tom, that I am in earnest. I'll leave him to you. [Exit.

*Humph.* Well, tho' this father and son live as well together as possible, yet their fear of giving each other pain is attended with constant mutual uneasiness. I am sure I have enough to do to be honest, and yet keep well with them both; but they know I love 'em, and that makes the task less painful however.—Oh, here's the prince of poor coxcombs, the representative of all the better fed than taught!—Ho, ho, Tom! whither so gay and so airy this morning?

*Enter TOM singing.*

*Tom.* Sir, we servants of single gentlemen are another kind of people than you domestic ordinary drudges that do business; we are rais'd above you: the pleasures of board-wages, tavern-dinners, and many a clear gain, vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

*Humph.* Thou hast follies and vices enough for a man of ten thousand a-year, tho' it is but as t' other

day that I sent for you to town to put you into Mr. Sealand's family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young master, who is too gentle for training such a rude thing as you were into proper obedience.—You then pull'd off your hat to every one you met in the street, like a bashful, great, awkward cub as you were. But your great oaken cudgel, when you were a booby, became you much better than that dangling stick at your button, now you are a fop, that's fit for nothing except it hangs there to be ready for your master's hand when you are impertinent.

*Tom.* Uncle Humphrey, you know my master scorns to strike his servants; you talk as if the world was now just as it was when my old master and you were in your youth—when you went to dinner because it was so much a clock, when the great blow was given in the hall at the pantry door, and all the family came out of their holes in such strange dresses and formal faces as you see in the pictures in our long gallery in the country.

*Humph.* Why, you wild rogue!

*Tom.* You could not fall to your dinner till a formal fellow in a black gown said something over the meat, as if the cook had not made it ready enough.

*Humph.* Sirrah, who do you prate after?—despising men of sacred characters! I hope you never heard my young master talk so like a profligate.

*Tom.* Sir, I say you put upon me when I first came to town about being orderly, and the doctrine of

wearing shams to make linen last clean a fortnight, keeping my clothes fresh, and wearing a frock within doors.

*Humph.* Sirrah, I gave you those lessons because I suppos'd at that time your master and you might have din'd at home every day, and cost you nothing; then you might have made you a good family servant; but the gang you have frequented since at chocolate-houses and taverns, in a continual round of noise and extravagance——

*Tom.* I don't know what you heavy inmates call noise and extravagance; but we gentlemen who are well fed, and cut a figure, sir, think it a fine life, and that we must be very pretty fellows who are kept only to be looked at.

*Humph.* Very well, sir—I hope the fashion of being lewd and extravagant, despising of decency and order, is almost at an end, since it is arrived at persons of your quality.

*Tom.* Master Humphrey, ha, ha! you were an unhappy lad to be sent up to town in such queer days as you were. Why now, sir, the lacquies are the men of pleasure of the age; the top gamesters, and many a lac'd coat about town, have had their education in our party-colour'd regiment.—We are false lovers, have a taste of music, poetry, billet-doux, dress, politics, ruin damsels; and when we are weary of this lewd town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our masters' wigs and linen, and marry fortunes.

*Humph.* Hey day!

*Tom.* Nay, sir, our order is carried up to the highest dignities and distinctions: step but into the Painted Chamber—and by our titles you'd take us all for men of quality—then again, come down to the Court of Requests, and you shall see us all laying our broken heads together, for the good of the nation; and tho' we never carry a question *nemine contradicente*, yet this I can say with a safe conscience, (and I wish every gentleman of our cloth could lay his hand upon his heart and say the same) that I never took so much as a single mug of beer for my vote in all my life.

*Humph.* Sirrah, there is no enduring your extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer: I wanted to see you to inquire how things go with your master, as far as you understand them: I suppose he knows he is to be married to-day.

*Tom.* Ay, sir, he knows it, and is dress'd as gay as the sun; but, between you and I, my dear! he has a very heavy heart under all that gaiety. As soon as he was dress'd I retir'd, but overheard him sigh in the most heavy manner. He walk'd thoughtfully to and fro in the room, then went into his closet: when he came out he gave me this for his mistress, whose maid you know—

*Humph.* Is passionately fond of your fine person.

*Tom.* The poor fool is so tender, and loves to hear me talk of the world, and the plays, operas, and riottoes for the winter, the Parks and Bellsizes for our summer diversions; and lard! says she, you are so wild—but you have a world of humour.

*Humph.* Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your master's letter to Mrs. Lucinda, as he order'd you?

*Tom.* Because Mrs. Lucinda is not so easily come at as you think for.

*Humph.* Not easily come at? why, sir, are not her father and my old master agreed that she and Mr. Bevil are to be one flesh before to-morrow morning?

*Tom.* It's no matter for that: her mother, it seems, Mrs. Sealand, has not agreed to it; and you must know, Mr. Humphrey, that in that family the grey mare is the better horse.

*Humph.* What dost thou mean?

*Tom.* In one word, Mrs. Sealand pretends to have a will of her own, and has provided a relation of hers, a stiff starch'd philosopher, and a wise fool, for her daughter; for which reason, for these ten days past, she has suffer'd no message nor letter from my master to come near her.

*Humph.* And where had you this intelligence?

*Tom.* From a foolish fond soul that can keep nothing from me—one that will deliver this letter too if she is rightly manag'd.

*Humph.* What, her pretty handmaid, Mrs. Phillis?

*Tom.* Even she, sir. This is the very hour, you know, she usually comes hither, under a pretence of a visit to our housekeeper forsooth, but in reality to have a glance at——

*Humph.* Your sweet face, I warrant you.

*Tom.* Nothing else in nature. You must know I love to fret and play with the little wanton——

*Humph.* Play with the little wanton! what will this world come to!

*Tom.* I met her this morning in a new manteau and petticoat not a bit the worse for her lady's wearing, and she has always new thoughts and new airs with new clothes——then she never fails to steal some glance or gesture from every visitant at their house, and is indeed the whole town of coquettes at second-hand.——But here she comes; in one motion she speaks and describes herself better than all the words in the world can.

*Humph.* Then I hope, dear sir! when your own affair is over, you will be so good as to mind your master's with her.

*Tom.* Dear Humphrey! you know my master is my friend, and those are people I never forget——

*Humph.* Sauciness itself! but I'll leave you to do your best for him. [Exit.

*Enter PHILLIS.*

*Phil.* Oh, Mr. Thomas, is Mrs. Sugarkey at home? —Lard! one is almost asham'd to pass along the streets. The town is quite empty, and nobody of fashion left in it; and the ordinary people do so stare to see any thing dress'd like a woman of condition, "as it were on the same floor with them," pass by. Alas! alas! it is a sad thing to walk. O fortune, fortune!

*Tom.* What! a sad thing to walk! why, Madam Phillis, do you wish yourself lame?

*Phil.* No, Mr. Thomas, but I wish I were generally carry'd in a coach or chair, and of a fortune neither to stand nor go, but to totter, or slide, to be short-sighted, or stare, to flier in the face, to look distant, to observe, to overlook, yet all become me; and if I were rich, I could twire and loll as well as the best of them. Oh Tom, Tom! is it not a pity that you should be so great a coxcomb and I so great a coquette, and yet be such poor devils as we are?

*Tom.* Mrs. Phillis, I am your humble servant for that—

*Phil.* Yes, Mr. Thomas, I know how much you are my humble servant, and know what you said to Mrs. Judy upon seeing her in one of her lady's cast manteaus, that any one would have thought her the lady, and that she had ordered the other to wear it till it sat easy—for now only it was becoming—to my lady it was only a covering, to Mrs. Judy it was a habit. This you said after somebody or other. Oh Tom, Tom! thou art as false and as base as the best gentleman of them all: but, you wretch! talk to me no more on the old odious subject: don't, I say.

*Tom.* I know not how to resist your commands, madam. *[In a submissive tone, retiring.]*

*Phil.* Commands about parting are grown mighty easy to you of late.

*Tom.* Oh, I have her! I have nettled and put her into the right temper to be wrought upon and set a



prating. [*Aside.*—Why truly, to be plain with you, Mrs. Phillis, I can take little comfort of late in frequenting your house.

*Phil.* Pray, Mr. Thomas, what is it, all of a sudden, offends your nicety at our house?

*Tom.* I don't care to speak particulars, but I dislike the whole.

*Phil.* I thank you, sir; I am a part of that whole.

*Tom.* Mistake me not, good Phillis.

*Phil.* Good Phillis! saucy enough. But however—

*Tom.* I say it is that thou art a part which gives me pain for the disposition of the whole. You must know, madam, to be serious, I am a man at the bottom of prodigious nice honour. You are too much expos'd to company at your house. To be plain, I don't like so many that would be your mistress's lovers whispering to you.

*Phil.* Don't think to put that upon me. You say this because I wrung you to the heart when I touched your guilty conscience about Judy.

*Tom.* Ah, Phillis, Phillis! if you but knew my heart!

*Phil.* I know too much on't.

“*Tom.* Nay, then, poor Crispo's fate and mine are  
“—therefore give me leave to say, or sing at least,  
“as he does upon the same occasion——

“*Se vedette, &c.* [*Sings.*]

“*Phil.* What, do you think I'm to be fobb'd off

“ with a song ?—I don’t question but you have sung.  
“ the same to Mrs. Judy too.”

*Tom.* Don’t disparage your charms, good Phillis, with jealousy of so worthless an object ; besides, she is a poor hussy ; and if you doubt the sincerity of my love, you will allow me true to my interest. You are a fortune, Phillis——

*Phil.* What would the fop be at now ? In good time, indeed, you shall be setting up for a fortune.

*Tom.* Dear Mrs. Phillis ! you have such a spirit that we shall never be dull in marriage, when we come together. But I tell you, you are a fortune, and you have an estate in my hands.

[*He pulls out a purse, she eyes it.*]

*Phil.* What pretence have I to what is in your hands, Mr. Thomas ?

*Tom.* As thus : there are hours, you know, when a lady is neither pleased nor displeased, neither sick nor well, when she lolls or loiters, when she is without desires, from having more of every thing than she knows what to do with.

*Phil.* Well, what then ?

*Tom.* When she has not life enough to keep her bright eyes quite open to look at her own dear image in the glass.

*Phil.* Explain thyself, and don’t be so fond of thy own prating.

*Tom.* There are also prosperous and good natur’d

moments, as when a knot or a patch is happily fix'd, when the complexion particularly flourishes.

*Phil.* Well, what then? I have not patience!

*Tom.* Why then—or on the like occasions—we servants, who have skill to know how to time business, see, when such a pretty folded thing as this is [*shews a letter*] may be presented, laid, or dropped, as best suits the present humour. And, madam, because it is a long wearisome journey to run through all the several stages of a lady's temper, my master, who is the most reasonable man in the world, presents you this to bear your charges on the road.

[*Gives her the purse.*]

*Phil.* Now, you think me a corrupt hussy.

*Tom.* O fy! I only think you'll take the letter.

*Phil.* Nay, I know you do; but I know my own innocence: I take it for my mistress's sake.

*Tom.* I know it, my pretty one! I know it.

*Phil.* Yes, I say I do it because I would not have my mistress deluded by: one who gives no proof of his passion: but I'll talk more of this as you see me on my way home.—No, Tom; I assure thee I take this trash of thy master's not for the value of the thing, but as it convinces me he has a true respect for my mistress. I remember a verse to the purpose:—

*They may be false who languish and complain,  
But they who part with money never feign.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

BEVIL, *Junior's, Lodgings.* BEVIL, *Junior, reading.*

*B. jun.* These moral writers practise virtue after death. This charming vision of Mirza! such an author consulted in a morning sets the spirits for the vicissitudes of the day better than the glass does a man's person. But what a day have I to go through! to put on an easy look with an aching heart!—If this lady, my father urges me to marry, should not refuse me, my dilemma is insupportable. But why should I fear it? Is not she in equal distress with me? Has not the letter I have sent her this morning confess'd my inclination to another? Nay, have I not moral assurances of her engagements too to my friend Myrtle? It's impossible but she must give in to it; for sure to be deny'd is a favour any man may pretend to. It must be so.—Well then, with the assurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently say to my father I am ready to marry her—then let me resolve upon (what I am not very good at) an honest dissimulation.

*Enter TOM.*

*Tom.* Sir John Bevil, sir, is in the next room.

*B. jun.* Dunce! why did you not bring him in?

*Tom.* I told him, sir, you were in your closet.

*B. jun.* I thought you had known, sir, it was my duty to see my father any where.

[*Going himself to the door.*

*Tom.* The devil's in my master! he has always more wit than I have. [Aside.

*BEVIL, Junior, introducing Sir JOHN.*

*B. jun.* Sir, you are the most gallant, the most complaisant, of all parents.—Sure 'tis not a compliment to say these lodgings are yours.—Why wou'd you not walk in, sir?

*Sir J. B.* I was loath to interrupt you unseasonably on your wedding-day.

*B. jun.* One to whom I am beholden for my birth-day might have used less ceremony.

*Sir J. B.* Well, son, I have intelligence you have writ to your mistress this morning. It would please my curiosity to know the contents of a wedding-day letter, for courtship must then be over.

*B. jun.* I assure you, sir, there was no insolence in it upon the prospect of such a vast fortune's being added to our family, but much acknowledgment of the lady's great desert.

*Sir J. B.* But, dear Jack, are you in earnest in all this? and will you really marry her?

*B. jun.* Did I ever disobey any command of yours, sir? nay, any inclination that I saw you bent upon?

“*Sir J. B.* Why, I cann't say you have, son: but  
“methinks in this whole business you have not been  
“so warm as I could have wished you; you have vi-

“sited her, it is true, but you have not been parti-  
“cular.—Every one knows you can say and do as  
“handsome things as any man ; but you have done  
“nothing but lived in the general, being complaisant  
“only.

“*B. jun.* As I am ever prepared to marry if you  
“bid me, so I am ready to let it alone if you will  
“have me.                   : [*Humphrey enters unobserv’d.*

“*Sir J. B.* Look you there now ? Why, what am  
“I to think of this so absolute and so indifferent a  
“resignation ?

“*B. jun.* Think that I am still your son, sir—sir  
“—you have been married, and I have not ; and you  
“have, sir, found the inconvenience there is when a  
“man weds with too much love in his head. I have  
“been told, sir, that at the time you married you  
“made a mighty bustle on the occasion—there was  
“challenging and fighting, scaling walls—locking up  
“the lady—and the gallant under an arrest for fear  
“of killing all his rivals. Now, sir, I suppose you  
“having found the ill consequence of these strong  
“passions and prejudices in preference of one woman  
“to another in case of a man’s becoming a widower—

“*Sir J. B.* How is this ?

“*B. jun.* I say, sir, experience has made you wiser  
“in your care of me ; for, sir, since you lost my dear  
“mother, your time has been so heavy, so lonely,  
“and so tasteless, that you are so good as to guard  
“me against the like unhappiness, by marrying me  
“prudentially by way of bargain and sale ; for, as

“ you well judge, a woman that is espoused for a  
 “ fortune is yet a better bargain if she dies ; for then  
 “ a man well enjoys what he did marry, the money,  
 “ and is disencumbered of what he did not marry,  
 “ the woman.

“ *Sir J. B.* But pray, sir, do you think Lucinda  
 “ then a woman of such little merit ?

“ *B. jun.* Pardon me, sir, I don't carry it so far  
 “ neither ; I am rather afraid I shall like her too  
 “ well ; she has, for one of her fortune, a great  
 “ many needless and superfluous good qualities.

“ *Sir J. B.* I am afraid, son, there's something I  
 “ don't see yet, something that's smothered under  
 “ all this raillery.

*B. jun.* “ Not in the least, sir.”—If the lady is  
 dress'd and ready, you see I am. I suppose the law-  
 yers are ready too.

*Enter HUMPHREY.*

*Humph.* Sir, Mr. Sealand is at the coffee-house,  
 and has sent to speak with you.

*Sir J. B.* Oh ! that's well ! then I warrant the  
 lawyers are ready. Son, you'll be in the way you  
 say——

*B. jun.* If you please, sir, I'll take a chair and go  
 to Mr. Sealand's, where the young lady and I will  
 wait your leisure.

*Sir J. B.* By no means—the old fellow will be so  
 vain if he sees——

*B. jun.* Ay—but the young lady, sir, will think me so indifferent——

*Humph.* Ay—there you are right—press your readiness to go to the bride—he won't let you.

[*Aside to Bev. jun.*

*B. jun.* Are you sure of that? [*Aside to Humph.*

*Humph.* How he likes being prevented! [*Aside.*

*Sir J. B.* No, no; you are an hour or two too early. [*Looking on his watch.*

*B. jun.* You'll allow me, sir, to think it too late  
“to visit a beautiful, virtuous, young woman, in the  
“pride and bloom of life, ready to give herself to  
“my arms, and to place her happiness or misery for  
“the future in being agreeable or displeasing to me,  
“is a——Call a chair.”

*Sir J. B.* “No, no, no, dear Jack!” Besides, this Sealand is a moody old fellow. There's no dealing with some people but by managing with indifference. We must leave to him the conduct of this day; it is the last of his commanding his daughter.

*B. jun.* Sir, he can't take it ill that I am impatient to be hers.

*Sir. J. B.* Pray let me govern in this matter.  
“You can't tell how humoursome old fellows are.  
“—There's no offering reason to some of 'em, especially when they are rich.—If my son should see  
“him before I've brought Old Sealand into better  
“temper, the match would be impracticable. [*Aside.*

*Humph.* Pray, sir, let me beg you to let Mr. Bevil go.—See whether he will not. [*Aside to Sir John.*]



“—[*Then to Bevil.*] Pray, sir, command yourself;  
 “since you see my master is positive, it is better you  
 “should not go.

“*B. jun.* My father commands me as to the object  
 “of my affections, but I hope he will not as to the  
 “warmth and height of them.

*Sir J. B.* “So I must even leave things as I found  
 “them, and in the mean-time at least keep old Sea-  
 “land out of his sight.”—Well, son, I’ll go myself  
 and take orders in your affair—You’ll be in the way,  
 I suppose, if I send to you—I’ll leave your old  
 friend with you—Humphrey—don’t let him stir,  
 d’ye hear. Your servant, your servant.

[*Exit Sir John.*]

*Humph.* I have a sad time on’t, sir, between you  
 and my master—I see you are unwilling, and I know  
 his violent inclinations for the match.—I must be-  
 tray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your  
 common good.—Heav’n grānt a good end of  
 this matter: but there is a lady, sir, that gives your  
 father much trouble and sorrow—You’ll pardon me.

*B. jun.* Humphrey, I know thou art a friend to  
 both, and in that confidence I dare tell thee—That  
 lady—is a woman of honour and virtue. You may  
 assure yourself I never will marry without my fa-  
 ther’s consent; but give me leave to say too, this  
 declaration does not come up to a promise that I will  
 take whomsoever he pleases.

“*Humph.* Come, sir, I wholly understand you:  
 “you would engage my services to free you from

“ this woman whom my master intends you, to make  
“ way in time for the woman you have really a  
“ mind to.

“ *B. jun.* Honest Humphrey! you have always  
“ been an useful friend to my father and myself; I  
“ beg you to continue your good offices, and don't let  
“ us come to the necessity of a dispute, for if we  
“ should dispute, I must either part with more than  
“ life, or lose the best of fathers.”

*Humph.* My dear master! were I but worthy to  
know this secret that so near concerns you, my life,  
my all, should be engaged to serve you. This, sir,  
I dare promise, that I am sure I will and can be se-  
cret: your trust, at worst, but leaves you where you  
were; and if I cannot serve you, I will at once be  
plain and tell you so.

*B. jun.* That's all I ask. Thou hast made it now  
my interest to trust thee.—Be patient then, and  
hear the story of my heart.

*Humph.* I am all attention, sir.

*B. jun.* You may remember, Humphrey, that in  
my last travels my father grew uneasy at my making  
so long a stay at Toulon.

*Humph.* I remember it; he was apprehensive some  
woman had laid hold of you.

*B. jun.* His fears were just, for there I first saw  
this lady: she is of English birth: her father's name  
was Danvers, a younger brother of an ancient fa-  
mily, and originally an eminent merchant of Bristol,  
who, upon repeated misfortunes, was reduced to go

privately to the Indies. In this retreat, Providence again grew favourable to his industry, and in six years time restored him to his former fortunes. On this he sent directions over that his wife and little family should follow him to the Indies. His wife, impatient to obey such welcome orders, would not wait the leisure of a convoy, but took the first occasion of a single ship, and with her husband's sister only and this daughter, then scarce seven years old, undertook the fatal voyage: for here, poor creature, she lost her liberty and life: she and her family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a privateer from Toulon. Being thus made a prisoner, though, as such, not ill-treated, yet the fright, the shock, and the cruel disappointment, seized with such violence upon her unhealthy frame, she sickened, pined, and died at sea.

*Humph.* Poor soul! Oh, the helpless infant!

*B. jun.* Her sister yet survived, and had the care of her; the captain, too, proved to have humanity, and became a father to her; for having himself married an English woman, and being childless, he brought home into Toulon this her little countrywoman, this orphan I may call her, presenting her, with all her dead mother's moveables of value, to his wife, to be educated as his own adopted daughter.

*Humph.* Fortune here seemed again to smile on her.

*B. jun.* Only to make her frowns more terrible; for in his height of fortune this captain too, her be-

nefactor, unfortunately was killed at sea, and dying intestate, his estate fell wholly to an advocate, his brother, who coming soon to take possession, there found, among his other riches, this blooming virgin at his mercy.

*Humph.* He durst not sure abuse his power!

*B. jun.* No wonder if his pampered blood was fired at the sight of her.—In short, he loved; but when all arts and gentle means had failed to move, he offered too his menaces in vain, denouncing vengeance on her cruelty, demanding her to account for all her maintenance from her childhood, seized on her little fortune as his own inheritance, and was dragging her by violence to prison, when Providence at the instant interposed, and sent me by miracle to relieve her.

*Humph.* 'Twas Providence, indeed! But pray, sir, after all this trouble, how came this lady at last to England?

*B. jun.* The disappointed advocate, finding she had so unexpected a support, on cooler thoughts descended to a composition, which I, without her knowledge, secretly discharged.

*Humph.* That generous concealment made the obligation double.

*B. jun.* Having thus obtained her liberty, I prevailed, not without some difficulty, to see her safe to England, where we no sooner arrived, but my father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, im-

mediately proposed this other fatal match that hangs upon my quiet.

*Humph.* I find, sir, you are irrecoverably fixed upon this lady.

*B. jun.* As my vital life dwells in my heart—and yet you see—what I do to please my father; walk in this pageantry of dress, this splendid covering of sorrow—But, Humphrey, you have your lesson.

*Humph.* Now, sir, I have but one material question—

*B. jun.* Ask it freely.

*Humph.* Is it then your own passion for this secret lady, or hers for you, that gives you this aversion to the match your father has proposed you?

*B. jun.* I shall appear, Humphrey, more romantic in my answer than in all the rest of my story; for though I dote on her to death, and have no little reason to believe she has the same thoughts for me, yet in all my acquaintance and utmost privacies with her I never once directly told her that I loved.

*Humph.* How was it possible to avoid it?

*B. jun.* My tender obligations to my father have laid so inviolable a restraint upon my conduct, that till I have his consent to speak, I am determined on that subject to be dumb for ever.—*An honourable retreat shall always be at least within my power, however Fortune may dispose of me; the lady may repine perhaps, but never shall reproach me.*

*Humph.* Well, sir, to your praise be it spoken, you

are certainly the most unfashionable lover in Great Britain.

*Enter TOM.*

*Tom.* Sir, Mr. Myrtle's at the next door, and if you are at leisure, will be glad to wait on you.

*B. jun.* Whene'er he pleases—Hold, Tom; did you receive no answer to my letter?

*Tom.* Sir, I was desired to call again; for I was told her mother would not let her be out of her sight; but about an hour hence Mrs. Phillis said I should have one.

*B. jun.* Very well.

*Humph.* Sir, I will take another opportunity; in the mean time I only think it proper to tell you, that, from a secret I know, you may appear to your father as forward as you please to marry Lucinda, without the least hazard of its coming to a conclusion.—Sir, your most obedient servant.

*B. jun.* Honest Humphrey! continue but my friend in this exigence and you shall always find me yours. [*Exit Humph.*] I long to hear how my letter has succeeded with Lucinda. “But I think it cannot fail; “for at worst, were it possible she would take it ill, “her resentment of my indifference may as probably “occasion a delay as her taking it right.”—Poor Myrtle! what terrors must he be in all this while! —Since he knows she is offered to me and refused to him, there is no conversing or taking any measures

with him for his own service.—But I ought to bear with my friend, and use him as one in adversity.

*All his disquietudes by my own I prove,  
For none exceeds perplexity in love.* [Exeunt.]

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ACT II. SCENE I.

*Continues. Enter BEVIL, Jun. and TOM.*

*Tom.*

SIR, Mr. Myrtle.

*B. jun.* Very well.—Do you step again, and wait for an answer to my letter. [Exit Tom.]

*Enter MYRTLE.*

Well, Charles, why so much care in thy countenance? is there any thing in this world deserves it? you who used to be so gay, so open, so vacant!

*Myrt.* I think we have of late chang'd complexions. You who us'd to be much the graver man are now all air in your behaviour.—But the cause of my concern may, for aught I know, be the same object that gives you all this satisfaction. In a word, I am told that you are this very day (and your dress confirms me in it) to be married to Lucinda.

*B. jun.* You are not misinformed.—Nay, put not on the terrors of a rival till you hear me out. I shall disoblige the best of fathers if I don't seem ready to

marry Lucinda; and you know I have ever told you you might make use of my secret resolution never to marry her for your own service as you please: but I am now driven to the extremity of immediately refusing or complying, unless you help me to escape the match.

*Myrt.* Escape, sir! neither her merit nor her fortune are below your acceptance. Escaping do you call it?

*B. jun.* Dear sir! do you wish I should desire the match?

*Myrt.* No——but such is my humorous and sickly state of mind, since it has been able to relish nothing but Lucinda, that tho' I must owe my happiness to your aversion to this marriage, I can't bear to hear her spoken of with levity or unconcern.

*B. jun.* Pardon me, sir, I shall transgress that way no more. She has understanding, beauty, shape, complexion, wit——

*Myrt.* Nay, dear Belvil! don't speak of her as if you lov'd her neither.

*B. jun.* Why then, to give you ease at once, tho' I allow Lucinda to have good sense, wit, beauty, and virtue, I know another in whom these qualities appear to me more amiable than in her.

*Myrt.* There you spoke like a reasonable and good-natur'd friend. When you acknowledge her merit, and own your prepossession for another, at once you gratify my fondness and cure my jealousy.

*B. jun.* But all this while you take no notice, you



have no apprehension, of another man that has twice the fortune of either of us.

*Myrt.* Cimberton! Hang him, a formal, philosophical, pedantic coxcomb!—for the sor, with all these crude notions of divers things, under the direction of great vanity and very little judgment, shews his strongest bias is avarice, which is so predominant in him, that he will examine the limbs of his mistress with the caution of a jockey, and pays no more compliment to her personal charms than if she were a mere breeding animal.

*B. jun.* Are you sure that is not affected? I have known some women sooner set on fire by that sort of negligence, than by *all the blaze and ceremony of a court.*

*Myrt.* No, no; hang him! the rogue has no art; it is pure simple insolence and stupidity.

*B. jun.* Yet with all this I don't take him for a fool.

*Myrt.* I own the man is not a natural; he has a very quick sense, tho' a very slow understanding—he says indeed many things that want only the circumstances of time and place to be very just and agreeable.

*B. jun.* Well, you may be sure of me if you can disappoint him; but my intelligence says the mother has actually sent for the conveyancer to draw articles for his marriage with Lucinda, tho' those for mine with her are by her father's order ready for signing; but it seems she has not thought fit to consult either him or his daughter in the matter.

*Myrt.* Pshaw! a poor troublesome woman!—Neither Lucinda nor her father will ever be brought to comply with it—besides, I am sure Cimberton can make no settlement upon her without the concurrence of his great uncle, Sir Geoffry in the West. .

*B. jun.* Well, sir, and I can tell you that's the very point that is now laid before her counsel, to know whether a firm settlement can be made without this uncle's actually joining in it.—Now, pray consider, sir, when my affair with Lucinda comes, as it soon must, to an open rupture, how are you sure that Cimberton's fortune may not then tempt her father too to hear his proposals?

*Myrt.* There you are right indeed; that must be provided against.—Do you know who are her counsel?

*B. jun.* Yes, for your service I have found out that too; they are Serjeant Bramble and old Target.—By the way, they are neither of 'em known in the family: now I was thinking why you might not put a couple of false counsels upon her, to delay and confound matters a little—besides, it may probably let you into the bottom of her whole design against you.

*Myrt.* As how, pray?

*B. jun.* Why, can't you slip on a black wig and a gown, and be old Bramble yourself?

*Myrt.* Ha! I don't dislike it—but what shall I do for a brother in the case?

*B. jun.* What think you of my fellow Tom? The rogue's intelligent, and is a good mimic; all his part

will be but to stutter heartily, for that's old Target's case—"nay, it would be an immoral thing to mock " him, were it not that his impatience is the occasion " of its breaking out to that degree."—The conduct of the scene will chiefly lie upon you.

*Myrt.* I like it of all things; if you'll send Tom to my chambers I will give him full instructions. This will certainly give me occasion to raise difficulties, to puzzle or confound her project for a while at least.

*B. jun.* I warrant you success; so far we are right then. And now, Charles, your apprehension of my marrying her is all you have to get over.

*Myrt.* Dear Bevil! tho' I know you are my friend, yet when I abstract myself from my own interest in the thing, I know no objection she can make to you, or you to her, and therefore hope——

*B. jun.* Dear Myrtle! I am as much oblig'd to you for the cause of your suspicion, as I am offended at the effect; but be assured I am taking measures for your certain security, and that all things, with regard to me, will end in your entire satisfaction.

*Myrt.* Well, I'll promise you to be as easy, and as confident as I can, tho' I cannot but remember that I have more than life at stake on your fidelity.

[*Going.*

*B. jun.* Then, depend upon it, you have no chance against you.

*Myrt.* Nay, no ceremony; you know I must be going.

[*Exit Myrtle.*

*B. jun.* Well, this is another instance of the per-

plexities which arise too in faithful friendship. "We must often in this life go on in our good offices, even under the displeasure of those to whom we do them, in compassion to their weaknesses and mistakes." But all this while poor Indiana is tortured with the doubt of me; "she has no support or comfort but in my fidelity, yet sees me daily press'd to marriage with another. How painful, in such a crisis, must be every hour she thinks on me! I'll let her see, at least, my conduct to her is not chang'd:" I'll take this opportunity to visit her; for tho' the religious vow I have made to my father restrains me from ever marrying without his approbation, yet that confines me not from seeing a virtuous woman, that is the pure delight of my eyes and the guiltless joy of my heart. But the best condition of human life is but a gentler misery.

*To hope for perfect happiness is vain,  
And love has ever its allays of pain.*

[Exit.

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SCENE II.

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INDIANA's Lodgings. Enter ISABELLA and INDIANA.

Isab. Yes—I say 'tis artifice, dear child! I say to thee, again and again, 'tis all skill and management.

Ind. Will you persuade me there can be an ill design in supporting me in the condition of a woman of quality! attended, dress'd, and lodg'd, like one in my

appearance abroad, and my furniture at home, every way in the most sumptuous manner, and he that does it has an artifice, a design in it ?

*Isab.* Yes, yes.

*Ind.* And all this without so much as explaining to me that all about me comes from him ?

*Isab.* Ay, ay—the more for that—that keeps the title to all you have the more in him.

*Ind.* The more in him!—he scorns the thought—

*Isab.* Then he—he—he——

*Ind.* Well, be not so eager.—If he is an ill man let's look into his stratagems : here is another of them : [*Shewing a letter.*] here's two hundred and fifty pounds in bank-notes, with these words, “ To pay for the “ set of dressing-plate which will be brought home “ to-morrow.” Why, dear aunt ! now here's another piece of skill for you which I own I cannot comprehend—and it is with a bleeding heart I hear you say any thing to the disadvantage of Mr. Bevil. When he is present I look upon him as one to whom I owe my life and the support of it ; then again, as the man who loves me with sincerity and honour. When his eyes are cast another way, and I dare survey him, my heart is painfully divided between shame and love—“ Oh, I could tell you——

“ *Isab.* Oh, you need not ; I imagine all this for “ you.

“ *Ind.* This is my state of mind in his presence, and “ when he is absent, you are ever dinning my ears “ with notions of the arts of men, that his hidden

“bounty, his respectful conduct, his careful provision for me, after his preserving me from the utmost misery, are certain signs he means nothing but to make I know not what of me.

“*Isab.* Oh, you have a sweet opinion of him truly!

“*Ind.* I have, when I am with him, ten thousand things, besides my sex’s natural decency and shame, to suppress my heart, that yearns to thank, to praise, to say it loves him.” I say thus it is with me while I see him, and in his absence I am entertain’d with nothing but your endeavours to tear this amiable image from my heart, and in its stead to place a base dissembler, an artful invader of my happiness, my innocence, my honour.

*Isab.* Ah, poor soul! has not his plot taken? don’t you die for him? has not the way he has taken been the most proper with you? Oh ho! he has sense, and has judg’d the thing right.

*Ind.* Go on then, since nothing can answer you; say what you will of him.—Heigh ho!

*Isab.* Heigh ho! indeed. It is better to say so as you are now than as many others are. There are among the destroyers of women the gentle, the generous, the mild, the affable, the humble, who all, soon after their success in their designs, turn to the contrary of those characters. “I will own to you Mr. Bevil carries his hypocrisy the best of any man living; but still he is a man, and therefore a hypocrite. They have usurp’d an exemption from shame, from any baseness, any cruelty towards us.”

They embrace without love, they make vows without conscience of obligation; they are partners, nay, seducers, to the crime, wherein they pretend to be less guilty.

*Ind.* That's truly observ'd. [*Aside.*] But what's all this to Bevil?

*Isab.* This is to Bevil and all mankind. "Trust  
" not those who will think the worse of you for your  
" confidence in them; serpents who lie in wait for  
" doves." Won't you be on your guard against  
those who would betray you? won't you doubt those  
who would condemn you for believing 'em? "Take  
" it from me, fair and natural dealing is to invite  
" injuries; 'tis bleating to escape wolves who would  
" devour you:" Such is the world, and such (since  
the behaviour of one man to myself) have I believed  
all the rest of the sex. [*Aside.*]

*Ind.* I will not doubt the truth of Bevil, I will not  
doubt it: he has not spoken it by an organ that is  
given to lying: his eyes are all that have ever told me  
that he was mine. I know his virtue, I know his filial  
piety, and ought to trust his management with a father  
to whom he has uncommon obligations. What  
have I to be concern'd for? My lesson is very short.  
If he takes me for ever, my purpose of life is only to  
please him. If he leaves me, (which Heaven avert)  
I know he'll do it nobly; and I shall have nothing to  
do but to learn to die, after worse than death has hap-  
pen'd to me.

*Isab.* Ay, do persist in your credulity! flatter your-

self that a man of his figure and fortune will make himself the jest of the town, and marry a handsome beggar for love.

*Ind.* The town! I must tell you, madam, the fools that laugh at Mr. Bevil will but make themselves more ridiculous; his actions are the result of thinking, and he has sense enough to make even virtue fashionable.

*Isab.* "O' my conscience he has turned her head!" Come, come; if he were the honest fool you take him for, why has he kept you here these three weeks without sending you to Bristol in search of your father, your family, and your relations?

*Ind.* I am convinc'd he still designs it; "and that nothing keeps him here but the necessity of not coming to an open breach with his father in regard to the match he has propos'd him:" besides, has he not writ to Bristol? and has not he advice that my father has not been heard of there almost these twenty years?

*Isab.* All sham, mere evasion; he is afraid, if he should carry you thither, your honest relations may take you out of his hands, and so blow up all his wicked hopes at once.

*Ind.* Wicked hopes! did I ever give him any such?

*Isab.* Has he ever given you any honest ones? Can you say in your conscience he has ever once offer'd to marry you?

*Ind.* No; but by his behaviour I am convinc'd he will offer it the moment 'tis in his power, or consist-



ent with his honour, to make such a promise good to me.

*Isab.* His honour!

*Ind.* I will rely upon it; therefore desire you will not make my life uneasy by these ungrateful jealousies of one to whom I am and wish to be oblig'd; for from his integrity alone I have resolv'd to hope for happiness.

*Isab.* Nay, I have done my duty; if you won't see, at your peril be it.——

*Ind.* Let it be.—This is his hour of visiting me.

[*Apart.*

“*Isab.* Oh! to be sure, keep up your form; do not see him in a bed-chamber. This is pure prudence, when she is liable, whene'er he meets her, to be conveyed where'er he pleases.” [

*Apart.*

*Ind.* All the rest of my life is but waiting till he comes: I live only while I'm with him. [

*Exit.*

*Isab.* Well, go thy way, thou wilful innocent! I once had almost as much love for a man who poorly left me to marry an estate—and I am now, against my will, what they call an old maid—but I will not let the peevishness of that condition grow upon me—only keep up the suspicion of it to prevent this creature's being any other than a virgin, except upon proper terms. [

*Exit.*

*Re-enter INDIANA, speaking to a Servant.*

*Ind.* Desire Mr. Bevil to walk in.—Design! impossible! a base designing mind could never think of

what he hourly puts in practice—and yet, since the late rumour of his marriage he seems more reserv'd than formerly—he sends in too before he sees me, to know if I am at leisure.—Such new respect may cover coldness in the heart—it certainly makes me thoughtful—I'll know the worst at once; I'll lay such fair occasions in his way, that it shall be impossible to avoid an explanation—for these doubts are insupportable.—But see he comes and clears them all.

*Enter BEVIL, Jun.*

*B. jun.* Madam, your most obedient.—I am afraid I broke in upon your rest last night—'twas very late before we parted, but 'twas your own fault; I never saw you in such agreeable humour.

*Ind.* I am extremely glad we are both pleas'd; for I thought I never saw you better company.

*B. jun.* Me! madam; you rally; I said very little.

*Ind.* But I am afraid you heard me say a great deal; and when a woman is in the talking vein, the most agreeable thing a man can do, you know, is to have patience to hear her.

*B. jun.* Then it's pity, madam, you should ever be silent, that we might be always agreeable to one another.

*Ind.* If I had your talent or power to make my actions speak for me, I might indeed be silent, and yet pretend to something more than the agreeable.

*B. jun.* If I might be vain of any thing in my power,

madam, it is that my understanding, from all your sex, has mark'd you out as the most deserving object of my esteem.

*Ind.* Should I think I deserve this, it were enough to make my vanity forfeit the esteem you offer me.

*B. jun.* How so, madam?

*Ind.* Because esteem is the result of reason, and to deserve it from good sense the height of human glory.—Nay, I had rather a man of honour should pay me that, than all the homage of a sincere and humble love.

*B. jun.* You certainly distinguish right, madam; love often kindles from external merit only—

*Ind.* But esteem arises from a higher source, the merit of the soul—

*B. jun.* True——and great souls only can deserve it. *[Bowling respectfully.]*

*Ind.* Now I think they are greater still that can so charitably part with it.

*B. jun.* Now, madam, you make me vain, since the utmost pride and pleasure of my life is that I esteem you—as I ought.

*Ind.* [*Aside.*] As he ought! still more perplexing! he neither saves nor kills my hope.

*B. jun.* But, madam, we grow grave, methinks—let's find some other subject.—Pray how did you like the opera last night?

*Ind.* First give me leave to thank you for my tickets.

*B. jun.* Oh! your servant, madam.—“But pray tell me; you now who are never partial to the

“fashion, I fancy, must be the properest judge of a  
“mighty dispute among the ladies, that is, whether  
“Crispo or Griselda is the more agreeable entertain-  
“ment.

“*Ind.* With submission now I cannot be a proper  
“judge of this question.

“*B. jun.* How so, madam?

“*Ind.* Because I find I have a partiality for one of  
“them.

“*B. jun.* Pray which is that?

“*Ind.* I do not know—there’s something in that  
“rural cottage of Griselda, her forlorn condition,  
“her poverty, her solitude, her resignation, her in-  
“nocent slumbers, and that lulling *dolce sogno* that’s  
“sung over her, it had an effect upon me that—In  
“short, I never was so well deceiv’d at any of them.

“*B. jun.* Oh! now then I can account for the dis-  
“pute: Griselda, it seems, is the distress of an in-  
“jur’d, innocent woman, Crispo that only of a man  
“in the same condition; therefore the men are most-  
“ly concern’d for Crispo, and, by a natural indul-  
“gence, both sexes for Griselda.

“*Ind.* So that judgment, you think, ought to be  
“for one, tho’ fancy and complaisance have got  
“ground for the other. Well, I believe you will  
“never give me leave to dispute with you on any  
“subject, for I own Crispo has its charms for me  
“too, though, in the main, all the pleasure the best  
“opera gives us is but a keen sensation.—Methinks  
“’tis pity the mind can’t have a little more share in

"the entertainment.—The music is certainly fine,  
"but in my thoughts there's none of your composers  
"come up to old Shakspeare and Otway.

"*B. jun.* How, madam! why, if a woman of your  
"sense were to say this in a drawing-room——"

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's Signor Carbonelli says he waits  
your commands in the next room.

*B. jun.* Apropos! you were saying yesterday, ma-  
dam, you had a mind to hear him.—Will you give  
him leave to entertain you now?

"*Ind.* By all means. Desire the gentleman to  
"walk in. *[Exit Servant.]*

"*B. jun.* I fancy you will find something in his  
"hand that is uncommon.

"*Ind.* You are always finding ways, Mr. Bevil, to  
"make life seem less tedious to me.

"*Enter Music-master.*

"When the gentleman pleases."

*[After a sonata is played, Bevil jun. waits on the master  
to the door, &c.]*

*B. jun.* You smile, madam, to see me so com-  
plaisant to one whom I pay for his visit. Now I own  
I think it not enough barely to pay those whose talents  
are superior to our own (I mean such talents as  
would become our condition if we had them); me-  
thinks we ought to do something more than barely

gratify them for what they do at our command, only because their fortune is below us.

*Ind.* You say I smile ; I assure you it was a smile of approbation ; for indeed I cannot but think it the distinguishing part of a gentleman to make his superiority of fortune as easy to his inferiors as he can.—Now, once more to try him. [*Aside.*]—I was saying just now I believe you would never let me dispute with you, and I dare say it will always be so : however, I must have your opinion upon a subject which created a debate between my aunt and me just before you came hither ; she would needs have it that no man ever does any extraordinary kindness or service for a woman but for his own sake.

*B. jun.* Well, madam ! indeed I can't but be of her mind.

*Ind.* What, tho' he would maintain and support her, without demanding any thing of her on her part !

*B. jun.* Why, madam, is making an expence in the service of a valuable woman, (for such I must suppose her) though she should never do him any favour, nay, though she should never know who did her such service, such a mighty heroic business ?

*Ind.* Certainly ! I should think he must be a man of an uncommon mould.

*B. jun.* Dear madam ! why so ? 'tis but at best a better taste in expence. To bestow upon one whom he may think one of the ornaments of the whole creation, to be conscious that from his superfluity an

innocent, a virtuous spirit is supported above the temptations, the sorrows of life; that he sees satisfaction, health, and gladness in her countenance, while he enjoys the happiness of seeing her: (as that I will suppose too, or he must be too abstracted, too insensible) I say, if he is allowed to delight in that prospect, alas! what mighty matter is there in all this?

*Ind.* No mighty matter in so disinterested a friendship!

*B. jun.* Disinterested! I can't think him so. Your hero, madam, is no more than what every gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are—he is only one who takes more delight in reflections than in sensations; he is more pleased with thinking than eating; that's the utmost you can say of him.—Why, madam, a greater expence than all this men lay out upon an unnecessary stable of horses.

*Ind.* Can you be sincere in what you say!

*B. jun.* You may depend upon it, if you know any such man, he does not love dogs inordinately.

*Ind.* No, that he does not.

*B. jun.* Nor cards, nor dice.

*Ind.* No.

*B. jun.* Nor bottle companions.

*Ind.* No.

*B. jun.* Nor loose women.

*Ind.* No, I'm sure he does not.

*B. jun.* Take my word then, if your admired hero

is not liable to any of these kind of demands; there's no such pre-eminence in this as you imagine: nay, this way of expence you speak of, is what exalts and raises him that has a taste for it, and at the same time his delight is incapable of satiety, disgust, or penitence.

*Ind.* But still I insist, his having no private interest in the action makes it prodigious, almost incredible.

*B. jun.* Dear madam! I never knew you more mistaken. Why, who can be more an usurer than he who lays out his money in such valuable purchases? If pleasure be worth purchasing, how great a pleasure is it to him, who has a true taste of life, to ease an aching heart; to see the human countenance lighted up into smiles of joy, on the receipt of a bit of ore, which is superfluous, and otherwise useless, in a man's own pocket! What could a man do better with his cash? This is the effect of a humane disposition, where there is only a general tie of nature and common necessity; what then must it be, when we serve an object of merit, of admiration!

*Ind.* Well, the more you argue against it, the more I shall admire the generosity.

*B. jun.* Nay—then, madam, 'tis time to fly, after a declaration that my opinion strengthens my adversary's argument—I had best hasten to my appointment with Mr. Myrtle, and be gone while we are friends, and—before things are brought to an extremity.—

[Exit carelessly.]



*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* Well, madam, what think you of him now, pray ?

*Ind.* I protest I begin to fear he is wholly disinterested in what he does for me. On my heart, he has no other view but the mere pleasure of doing it, and has neither good or bad designs upon me.

*Isab.* Ah, dear niece ! don't be in fear of both ; I'll warrant you, you will know time enough that he is not indifferent.

*Ind.* You please me when you tell me so ; for if he has any wishes towards me, I know he will not pursue them but with honour.

*Isab.* I wish I were as confident of one as t'other.— I saw the respectful downcast of his eye when you catch'd him gazing at you during the music. “ He, “ I warrant, was surpris'd as if he had been taken “ stealing your watch.” Oh the undissembled guilty look !

*Ind.* But did you observe any thing really ? I thought he look'd most charmingly graceful. How engaging is modesty in a man when one knows there is a great mind within ! “ So tender a confusion, and “ yet, in other respects, so much himself, so collected, so dauntless, so determin'd ! ”

*Isab.* Ah, niece ! “ there is a sort of bashfulness “ which is the best engine to carry on a shameless “ purpose.” Some men's modesty serves their wickedness, as hypocrisy gains the respect due to piety.

But I will own to you, there is one hopeful symptom, if there could be such a thing as a disinterested lover; but till—till—till—

*Ind.* 'Till what?

*Isab.* Till I know whether Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Bevil are really friends or foes—and that I will be convinc'd of before I sleep, for you shall not be deceiv'd. [Exit. Isab.]

*Ind.* I'm sure I never shall, if your fears can guard me. In the mean time, I'll wrap myself up in the integrity of my own heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

*As conscious honour all his actions steers,*

*So conscious innocence dispels my fears.*

[Exit.]

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### ACT III. SCENE I.

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SEALAND'S House. Enter TOM, meeting PHILLIS.

*Tom.*

WELL, Phillis!——What! with a face as if you had never seen me before?——What a work have I to do now! She has seen some new visitant at their house, whose airs she has catch'd, and is resolv'd to practise them upon me. Numberless are the changes she'll dance thro' before she'll answer this plain question, *videlicet*, Have you deliver'd my master's letter to your lady? Nay, I know her too well to ask an account of it in an ordinary way; I'll be in my airs as well as she. [*Aside.*]——Well, madam, as un-

happy as you are at present pleased to make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this instant.

*[Looking stedfastly at her.]*

*Phil.* Did ever any body doubt, Master Thomas, but that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

*Tom.* I am, indeed.—The thing I have least reason to be satisfied with is my fortune, and I am glad of my poverty; perhaps, if I were rich, I should overlook the finest woman in the world, that wants nothing but riches to be thought so.

*Phil.* How prettily was that said! But I'll have a great deal more before I'll say one word. *[Aside.]*

*Tom.* I should perhaps have been stupidly above her had I not been her equal, and by not being her equal, never had opportunity of being her slave. I am my master's servant for hire, I am my mistress's from choice, wou'd she but approve my passion.

*Phil.* I think it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it with any sense of anguish, if you really do suffer any.

*Tom.* Ah, Phillis! can you doubt after what you have seen?

*Phil.* I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard; but since I am at leisure, you may tell me when you fell in love with me, how you fell in love with me, and what you have suffer'd, or are ready to suffer for me.

*Tom.* Oh the unmerciful jade! when I'm in haste about my master's letter—But I must go thro' it. [*Aside.*]—Ah! too well I remember when, and how, and on what occasion, I was first surpris'd. It was on the first of April, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. Sealand's service; I was then a hobble-de-hoy, and you a pretty little tight girl, a favourite handmaid of the housekeeper.—At that time we neither of us knew what was in us. I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs; to rub the sashes clean—the person employed on the inner side was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

*Phil.* I think I remember the silly accident. What made ye, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

*Tom.* You know not, I warrant you—you could not guess what surpris'd me—you took no delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close and breath'd upon the glass, and when my lips approach'd, a dirty cloth you rubb'd against my face, and hid your beauteous form; when I again drew near, you spit and rubb'd, and smil'd at my undoing.

*Phil.* What silly thoughts you men have!

*Tom.* We were Pyramus and Thisbe—but ten times harder was my fate: Pyramus could peep only thro' a wall; I saw her, saw my Thisbe, in all her beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred walls between; for there was more, there was her will against

me.—Would she but relent!—Oh Phillis! Phillis! shorten my torment, and declare you pity me.

*Phil.* I believe it's very sufferable; the pain is not so exquisite but that you may bear it a little longer.

*Tom.* Oh, my charming Phillis! if all depended on my fair one's will, I could with glory suffer—but, dearest creature! consider our miserable state.

*Phil.* How! miserable!

*Tom.* We are miserable to be in love, and under the command of others than those we love—with that generous passion in the heart to be sent to and fro on errands, call'd, check'd, and rated for the meanest trifles—Oh, Phillis! you don't know how many China cups and glasses my passion for you has made me break: you have broken my fortune as well as my heart.

*Phil.* Well, Mr. Thomas, I cannot but own to you that I believe your master writes, and you speak, the best of any men in the world. Never was a woman so well pleas'd with a letter as my young lady was with his, and this is an answer to it. [*Gives him a letter.*]

*Tom.* This was well done, my dearest! Consider, we must strike out some pretty livelihood for ourselves by closing their affairs: it will be nothing for them to give us a little being of our own, some small tenement, out of their large possessions: whatever they give us, it will be more than what they keep for themselves: one acre with Phillis would be worth a whole country without her.

*Phil.* Oh, could I but believe you!

*Tom.* If not the utterance, believe the touch of my lips. [Kisses her.

*Phil.* There's no contradicting you. How closely you argue, Tom!

*Tom.* And will closer in due time; but I must hasten with this letter, to hasten towards the possession of you—then, Phillis, consider how I must be reveng'd (look to it!) of all your skittishness, shy looks, and at best but coy compliances.

*Phil.* Oh, Tom! you grow wanton and sensual, as my lady calls it: I must not endure it. Oh, foh! you are a man, an odious, filthy male creature! you should behave, if you had a right sense, or were a man of sense, like Mr. Cimberton, with distance and indifference; “or, let me see, some other becoming hard word, with seeming in—in—advertency,” and not rush on one as if you were seizing a prey. But hush—the ladies are coming.—Good Tom, don't kiss me above once, and be gone.—Lard! we have been fooling and toying, and not consider'd the main business of our masters and mistresses.

*Tom.* Why, their business is to be fooling and toying as soon as the parchments are ready.

*Phil.* Well remember'd—Parchments—my lady, to my knowledge, is preparing writings between her coxcomb, cousin Cimberton, and my mistress, though my master has an eye to the parchments already prepar'd between your master, Mr. Bevil, and my mistress; and I believe my mistress herself has sign'd and seal'd in her heart to Mr. Myrtle.—Did I not

bid you kiss me but once and be gone? but I know you won't be satisfy'd.

Tom. No, you smooth creature! how should I?

[*Kisses her hand.*]

Phil. Well, since you are so humble, or so cool, as to ravish my hand only, I'll take my leave of you like a great lady, and you a man of quality.

[*They salute formally.*]

Tom. Pox of all this state!

[*Offers to kiss her more closely.*]

Phil. No, pr'ythee, Tom, mind your business. "We must follow that interest which will take, but endeavour at that which will be most for us, and we like most."—Oh, here is my young mistress! [Tom taps her neck behind, and kisses his fingers.] Go, ye liquorish fool.

[*Exit Tom.*]

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. Who was that you were hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your ladyship's service, to carry your ladyship's letter to his master. I could hardly get the rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he so little love for his master?

Phil. No, but he has so much love for his mistress.

Luc. But I thought I heard him kiss you: why do you suffer that?

Phil. Why, madam, we vulgar take it to be a sign of love. We servants, we poor people, that have

nothing but our persons to bestow or treat for, "are  
"forc'd to deal and bargain by way of sample; and  
"therefore, as we have no parchments or wax ne-  
"cessary in our agreements, we" squeeze with our  
hands, and seal with our lips, to ratify vows and  
promises.

*Luc.* But can't you trust one another, without such  
earnest down?

*Phil.* We don't think it safe, any more than you  
gentry, to come together without deeds executed.

*Luc.* Thou art a pert, merry hussy.

*Phil.* I wish, madam, your lover and you were as  
happy as Tom and your servant are.

*Luc.* You grow impertinent.

*Phil.* I have done, madam; and I won't ask you  
what you intend to do with Mr. Myrtle, what your  
father will do with Mr. Bevil, nor what you all, es-  
pecially my lady, mean by admitting Mr. Cimberton  
as particularly here as if he were married to you al-  
ready; nay, you are married actually, as far as people  
of quality are.

*Luc.* How's that?

*Phil.* You have different beds in the same house.

*Luc.* Pshaw! I have a very great value for Mr.  
Bevil, but have absolutely put an end to his preten-  
sions in the letter I gave you for him; "but my fa-  
"ther, in his heart, still has a mind to him, were it  
"not for this woman they talk of, and I am apt to  
"imagine he is married to her, or never designs to  
"marry at all,"



*Phil.* Then, Mr. Myrtle——

*Luc.* He had my parents' leave to apply to me, and by that he has won me and my affections: who is to have this body of mine, without 'em, it seems is nothing to me: my mother says, 'tis indecent for me to let my thoughts stray about the person of my husband; nay, she says a maid rightly virtuous, tho' she may have been where her lover was a thousand times, should not have made observations enough to know him from another man when she sees him in a third place.

*Phil.* That's more than the severity of a nun, for not to see when one may is hardly possible, not to see when one can't is very easy: at this rate, madam, there are a great many whom you have not seen, who——

*Luc.* Mamma says, the first time you see your husband should be at that instant he is made so. When your father, with the help of the minister, gives you to him, then you are to see him, then you are to observe and take notice of him, because then you are to obey him.

*Phil.* But does not my lady remember you are to love as well as to obey?

*Luc.* To love is a passion, 'tis a desire, and we must have no desires. Oh! I cannot endure the reflection! With what insensibility on my part, with what more than patience, have I been expos'd and offer'd to some awkward booby or other in every county of Great Britain!

*Phil.* Indeed, madam, I wonder I never heard you speak of it before with this indignation.

*Luc.* Every corner of the land has presented me with a wealthy coxcomb: as fast as one treaty has gone off, another has come on, till my name and person has been the tittle-tattle of the whole town.—

“What is this world come to! no shame left! to be  
“bartered for like the beasts of the field, and that in  
“such an instance as coming together, to an entire  
“familiarity, and union of soul and body, and this  
“without being so much as well-wishers to each  
“other, but for increase of fortune!”

*Phil.* But, madam, all these vexations will end very soon in one for all: Mr. Cimberton is your mother's kinsman, and three hundred years an older gentleman than any lover you ever had; for which reason, with that of his prodigious large estate, she is resolved on him, and has sent to consult the lawyers accordingly; nay has, whether you know it or no, been in treaty with Sir Geoffry, who, to join in the settlement, has accepted of a sum to do it, and is every moment expected in town for that purpose.

*Luc.* How do you get all this intelligence?

*Phil.* By an art I have, I thank my stars, beyond all the waiting-maids in Great-Britain; the art of list'ning, madam, for your ladyship's service.

*Luc.* I shall soon know as much as you do. Leave me, leave me, Phillis; begone. Here, here, I'll turn you out. My mother says I must not converse with my servants, though I must converse with no

one else. [*Exit Phil.*] “How unhappy are we who  
 “are born to great fortunes! No one looks at us with  
 “indifference, or acts towards us on the foot of  
 “plain-dealing, yet by all I have been heretofore  
 “offered to, or treated for, I have been us’d with  
 “the most agreeable of all abuses, flattery; but now  
 “by this flegmatic fool I am us’d as nothing, or a  
 “mere thing: he, forsooth, is too wise, too learned  
 “to have any regard to desires, and I know not what  
 “the learned oaf calls sentiments of love and pas-  
 “sion!”—Here he comes, with my mother—it’s  
 much if he looks at me, or if he does, takes no more  
 notice of me than of any other moveable in the  
 room.

*Enter Mrs. SEALAND and Mr. CIMBERTON.*

*Mrs. Seal.* How do I admire this noble, this learn-  
 ed taste of yours, and the worthy regard you have to  
 our own ancient and honourable house, in consulting  
 a means to keep the blood as pure and as regularly  
 descended as may be?

*Cimb.* Why really, madam, the young women of  
 this age are treated with discourses of such a ten-  
 dency, and their imaginations so bewilder’d in flesh  
 and blood, that a man of reason cann’t talk to be  
 understood: they have no ideas of happiness but  
 what are more gross than the gratification of hunger  
 and thirst.

*Luc.* With how much reflection he is a coxcomb!

[*Aside.*

*Cimb.* And in truth, madam, I have consider'd it as a most brutal custom that persons of the first character in the world should go as ordinarily, and with as little shame, to bed as to dinner with one another. They proceed to the propagation of the species as openly as to the preservation of the individual.

*Luc.* She that willingly goes to bed to thee must have no shame, I'm sure. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Seal.* Oh, cousin Cimberton! cousin Cimberton! how abstracted, how refined is your sense of things! but indeed it is too true, there is nothing so ordinary as to say in the best govern'd families my master and lady are gone to bed—one does not know but it might have been said of one's self.

[*Hiding her face with her fan.*

*Cimb.* Lycurgus, madam, instituted otherwise: among the Lacedemonians, the whole female world was pregnant, but none but the mothers themselves knew by whom; their meetings were secret, and the amorous congress always by stealth; and no such professed doings between the sexes as are tolerated among us under the audacious word marriage.

*Mrs. Seal.* Oh! had I liv'd in those days, and been a matron of Sparta, one might with less indecency have had ten children according to that modest institution, than one under the confusion of our modern barefac'd manner.

*Luc.* And yet, poor woman! she has gone through the whole ceremony, and here I stand a melancholy proof of it. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Seal.* We will talk then of business. That girl, walking about the room there, is to be your wife: she has, I confess, no ideas, no sentiments, that speak her born of a thinking mother.

*Cimb.* I have observ'd her; her lively look, free air, and disengaged countenance, speak her very—

*Luc.* Very what?

*Cimb.* If you please, madam—to set her a little that way.

*Mrs. Seal.* Lucinda, say nothing to him, you are not a match for him: when you are married, you may speak to such a husband when you're spoken to; but I am disposing of you above yourself every way.

*Cimb.* Madam, you cannot but observe the inconveniencies I expose myself to, in hopes that your ladyship will be the consort of my better part. As for the young woman, she is rather an impediment than a help to a man of letters and speculation. Madam, there is no reflection, no philosophy, can at all times subdue the sensitive life, but the animal shall sometimes carry away the man—Ha! ay, the vermillion of her lips!

*Luc.* Pray don't talk of me thus.

*Cimb.* The pretty enough—pant of her bosom!

*Luc.* Sir! madam, don't you hear him?

*Cimb.* Her forward chest!

*Luc.* Intolerable!

*Cimb.* High health!

*Luc.* The grave, easy, impudence of him!

*Cimb.* Proud heart!

*Luc.* Stupid coxcomb!

*Cimb.* I say, madam, her impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all attractions—her arms—her neck—what a spring in her step!

*Luc.* Don't you run me over thus, you strange unaccountable——

*Cimb.* What an elasticity in her veins and arteries!

*Luc.* I have no veins, no arteries!

*Mrs. Seal.* Oh, child! hear him; he talks finely; he's a scholar; he knows what you have.

*Cimb.* The speaking invitation of her shape, the gathering of herself up, and the indignation you see in the pretty little thing!—Now I am considering her on this occasion but as one that is to be pregnant—

“*Luc.* The familiär, learned, unseasonable puppy!  
[*Aside.*”

*Cimb.* And pregnant undoubtedly she will be yearly: I fear I sha'n't for many years have discretion enough to give her one fallow season.

*Luc.* Monster! there's no bearing it. The hideous sot!—There's no enduring it, to be thus surveyed like a steed at sale!

*Cimb.* At sale!—she's very illiterate; but she's very well limb'd too. Turn her in, I see what she is.

*Mrs. Seal.* Go, you creature! I am asham'd of you. [Exit Lucinda in a rage.]

*Cimb.* No harm done.—You know, madam, the better sort of people, as I observ'd to you, treat by their lawyers of weddings, [adjusting himself at the glass] and the woman in the bargain, like the man—

sion-house in the sale of the estate, is thrown in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all consider'd.

*Mrs. Scal.* I grant it, and therefore make no demand for her youth and beauty, and every other accomplishment, as the common world think 'em, because she is not polite.

*Cimb.* "I know your exalted understanding, abstracted as it is from vulgar prejudice, will not be "offended when I declare to you," madam, I marry to have an heir to my estate, and not to beget a colony or a plantation. This young woman's beauty and constitution will demand provision for a tenth child at least.

*Mrs. Scal.* "With all that wit and learning, how "considerate! what an economist! [*Aside.*] Sir, I "cannot make her any other than what she is, or say "she is much better than the other young women of "this age, or fit for much besides being a mother;" but I have given directions for the marriage settlements, and Sir Geoffry Cimberton's counsel is to meet ours here at this hour concerning his joining in the deed, which, when executed, makes you capable of settling what is due to Lucinda's fortune. Herself, as I told you, I say nothing of.

*Cimb.* No, no, no; indeed, madam, it is not usual, and I must depend upon my own reflection and philosophy not to overstock my family.

*Mrs. Scal.* I cannot help her, cousin Cimberton,

but she is, for ought I see, as well as the daughter of any body else.

*Cimb.* That is very true, madam.

*Enter a Servant, who whispers Mrs. SEALAND.*

*Mrs. Seal.* The lawyers are come, "and now we are to hear what they have resolved as to the point, "whether it is necessary that Sir Geoffry should join "in the settlement, as being what they call in the "remainder." But, good cousin, you must have patience with 'em. These lawyers, I am told, are of a different kind; one is what they call a chamber-counsel, the other a pleader: the conveyancer is slow from an imperfection in his speech, and therefore shunn'd the bar, but extremely passionate, and impatient of contradiction: the other is as warm as he, but has a tongue so voluble, and a head so conceited, he will suffer nobody to speak but himself.

*Cimb.* You mean old Serjeant Target and Counsellor Bramble: I have heard of 'em.

*Mrs. Seal.* The same: shew in the gentlemen.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*Re-enter Servant, introducing MYRTLE and TOM, disguised as BRAMBLE and TARGET.*

*Mrs. Seal.* Gentlemen, this is the party concern'd, Mr. Cimberton; and I hope you have consider'd of the matter.

*Targ.* Yes, madam, we have agreed that it must be by indent—dent—dent—dent—



*Bramb.* Yes, madam, Mr. Serjeant and myself have agreed, as he is pleas'd to inform you, that it must be an indenture tripartite, and tripartite let it be, for Sir Geoffry must needs be a party. Old Cimberton, in the year 1619, says, in that ancient roll in Mr. Serjeant's hands, as recourse thereto being had will more at large appear——

*Targ.* Yes, and by the deeds in your hands it appears that——

*Bramb.* Mr. Serjeant, I beg of you to make no inferences upon what is in our custody, but speak to the titles in your own deeds.—I shall not shew that deed till my client is in town.

*Cimb.* You know best your own methods.

*Mrs. Seal.* The single question is, Whether the entail is such, that my cousin, Sir Geoffry, is necessary in this affair?

*Bramb.* Yes, as to the lordship of Tretriplet, but not as to the messuage of Grimgribber.

*Targ.* I say that Gr—gr—, that Gr—gr—, Grimgribber, Grimgribber is in us; that is to say, the remainder thereof, as well as that of Tr—, Tr—, Triplet.

*Bramb.* You go upon the deed of Sir Ralph, made in the middle of the last century, precedent to that in which old Cimberton made over the remainder, and made it pass to the heirs general, by which your client comes in; and I question whether the remainder even of Tretriplet is in him——but we are willing to wave that, and give him a valuable considera-

tion. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as Grimgribber is, at the rate as we guard against the contingent of Mr. Cimberton having no son.—Then we know Sir Geoffry is the first of the collateral male line in this family—yet—

*Targ.* Sir, Gr—gr—ber is—

*Bramb.* I apprehend you very well, and your argument might be of force, and we would be inclin'd to hear that in all its parts—but, sir, I see very plainly what you are going into—I tell you it is as probable a contingent that Sir Geoffry may die before Mr. Cimberton as that he may outlive him.

*Targ.* Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I must say—

*Bramb.* Sir, I allow you the whole extent of that argument, but that will go no farther than as to the claimants under old Cimberton.—I am of opinion that, according to the instructions of Sir Ralph, he could not dock the entail, and then create a new estate for the heirs in general.

*Targ.* Sir, I have no patience to be told, that when Gr—gr—ber—

*Bramb.* I will allow it you, Mr. Serjeant; but there must be the words heirs for ever to make such an estate as you pretend.

*Cimb.* I must be impartial though you are counsel for my side of the question.—Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him.—But, gentlemen, I believe

you have both consider'd this matter, and are firm in your different opinions; 'twere better therefore you proceeded according to the particular sense of each of you, and give your thoughts distinctly in writing—And, do you see, sirs, pray let me have a copy of what you say in English.

*Bramb.* Why, what is all we have been saying?—In English! Oh! but I forgot myself; you're a wit.—But however, to please you, sir, you shall have it in as plain terms as the law will admit of.

*Cimb.* But I will have it, sir, without delay.

*Bramb.* That, sir, the law will not admit of; the courts are sitting at Westminster, and I am this moment oblig'd to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I should not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at least; the rest would take it ill else:—therefore I must leave what I have said to Mr. Serjeant's consideration, and I will digest his arguments on my part, and you shall hear from me again, sir.

[Exit Bramble.]

*Targ.* Agreed, agreed.

*Cimb.* Mr. Bramble is very quick—he parted a little abruptly.

*Targ.* He could not bear my argument; I pinched him to the quick about that Gr—gr—ber.

*Mrs. Seal.* I saw that, for he durst not so much as hear you.—I shall send to you, Mr. Serjeant, as soon as Sir Geoffry comes to town, and then I hope all may be adjusted.

*Targ.* I shall be at my chambers at my usual hours.

[*Exit.*]

*Cimb.* Madam, if you please, I'll now attend you to the tea-table, where I shall hear from your ladyship reason and good sense, after all this law and gibberish.

*Mrs. Scal.* 'Tis a wonderful thing, sir, that men of their profession do not study to talk the substance of what they have to say in the language of the rest of the world; sure they'd find their account in it.

*Cimb.* They might perhaps, madam, with people of your good sense, but with the generality 'twould never do: the vulgar would have no respect for truth and knowledge if they were expos'd to naked view.

*Truth is too simple of all art bereav'd;*

*Since the world will—why let it be deceiv'd.* [*Exeunt.*]

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#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

BEVIL, *Junior's, Lodgings.* BEVIL, *Jun. with a letter in his hand,* followed by TOM.

*Tom.*

UPON my life, sir, I know nothing of the matter: I never open'd my lips to Mr. Myrtle about any thing of your honour's letter to Madam Lucinda.

*B. jun.* What's the fool in such a fright for? I don't

suppose you did: what I would know is, whether Mr. Myrtle shew'd any suspicion, or ask'd you any questions, to lead you to say casually that you had carried any such letter for me this morning?

*Tom.* Why, sir, if he did ask me any questions, how could I help it?

*B. jun.* I don't say you could, oaf! I am not questioning you but him. What did he say to you?

*Tom.* Why, sir, when I came to his chambers to be dress'd for the lawyer's part your honour was pleased to put me upon, he ask'd me if I had been to Mr. Sealand's this morning?—So I told him, sir, I often went thither—because, sir, if I had not said that, he might have thought there was something more in my going now than at another time.

*B. jun.* Very well.—The fellow's caution I find has given him this jealousy. [*Aside.*] Did he ask you no other questions?

*Tom.* Yes, sir—now I remember, as we came away in the hackney-coach from Mr. Sealand's, I om, says he, as I came in to your master this morning he bad you go for an answer to a letter he had sent; pray did you bring him any? says he—Ah! says I, sir, your honour is pleased to joke with me; you have a mind to know whether I can keep a secret or no.

*B. jun.* And so by shewing him you could, you told him you had one.

*Tom.* Sir——

[*Confusedly.*]

*B. jun.* What mean actions does jealousy make a man stoop to! how poorly has he us'd art with a ser-

vant to make him betray his master!—Well, and when did he give you this letter for me?

*Tom.* Sir, he writ it before he pull'd off his lawyer's gown at his own chambers.

*B. jun.* Very well, and what did he say when you brought him my answer to it?

*Tom.* He look'd a little out of humour, sir, and said it was very well.

*B. jun.* I knew he would be grave upon't—Wait without.

*Tom.* Hum! 'gad I don't like this: I am afraid we are in the wrong box here—— [Exit Tom.]

*B. jun.* I put on a serenity while my fellow was present, but I have never been more thoroughly disturb'd. This hot man, to write me a challenge on supposed artificial dealing, when I profess'd myself his friend!—I can live contented without glory, but I cannot suffer shame. What's to be done? But first, let me consider Lucinda's letter again. [Reads.]

“ Sir, I hope it is consistent with the laws a woman  
“ ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge that  
“ your manner of declining a treaty of marriage in  
“ our family, and desiring the refusal may come  
“ from me, has something more engaging in it than  
“ the courtship of him who I fear will fall to my lot,  
“ except your friend exerts himself for our common  
“ safety and happiness. I have reasons for desiring  
“ Mr. Myrtle may not know of this letter till here-  
“ after, and am your most obliged humble servant,

“ LUCINDA SEALAND.”

Well, but the postscript.

[Reads

"I won't, upon second thoughts, hide any thing  
"from you: but my reason for concealing this is,  
"that Mr. Myrtle has a jealousy in his temper which  
"gives me some terrors; but my esteem for him in-  
"clines me to hope that only an ill effect which  
"sometimes accompanies a tender love, and what  
"may be cured by a careful and unblamable con-  
"duct."

Thus has this lady made me her friend and confi-  
dant, and put herself in a kind under my protection.  
I cannot tell him immediately the purport of this let-  
ter, except I could cure him of the violent and un-  
tractable passion of jealousy, and so serve him and  
her, by disobeying her in the article of secrecy, more  
than I should by complying with her directions. But  
then this duelling, which custom has impos'd upon  
every man who would live with reputation and ho-  
nour in the world, how must I preserve myself from  
imputations there? he'll forsooth call it or think it  
fear, if I explain without fighting—But his letter—  
I'll read it again——

"Sir, You have us'd me basely, in corresponding  
"and carrying on a treaty where you told me you  
"were indifferent. I have chang'd my sword since  
"I saw you, which advertisement I thought proper  
"to send you against the next meeting between you  
"and the injur'd

"CHARLES MYRTLE."

G

*Enter TOM.*

*Tom.* Mr. Myrtle, sir : would your honour please to see him ?

*B. jun.* Why, you stupid creature, let Mr. Myrtle wait at my lodgings ! Shew him up. [*Exit Tom.*] Well, I am resolved upon my carriage to him—he is in love, and in every circumstance of life a little distrustful, which I must allow for.—But here he is.

*Enter TOM introducing MYRTLE.*

Sir, I am extremely obliged to you for this honour——But, sir, you with your very discerning face, leave the room. [*Exit Tom.*] Well, Mr. Myrtle, your commands with me ?

*Myrt.* The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances which affect me on this occasion, oblige me, without farther ceremony or conference, to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but also comply with the request in it. I must have farther notice taken of my message than these half lines—I have yours—I shall be at home——

*B. jun.* Sir, I own I have received a letter from you in a very unusual style, but as I design every thing in this matter shall be your own action, your own seeking, I shall understand nothing but what you are pleas'd to confirm face to face ; and I have already forgot the contents of your epistle.

*Myrt.* This cool manner is very agreeable to the



abuse you have already made of my simplicity and frankness, and I see your moderation tends to your own advantage and not mine, to your own safety, not consideration of your friend.

*B. jun.* My own safety, Mr. Myrtle!

*Myrt.* Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

*B. jun.* Look you, Mr. Myrtle, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at: but, sir, you know I have often dared to disapprove of the decisions a tyrant custom has introduced to the breach of all laws both divine and human.

*Myrt.* Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! it would be a good first principle, in those who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing injuries as—

*B. jun.* As what?

*Myrt.* As fear of answering for 'em.

*B. jun.* As fear of answering for 'em! but that apprehension is just or blamable according to the object of that fear.——I have often told you, in confidence of heart, I abhorred the daring to offend the Author of life, and rushing into his presence. I say, by the very same act, to commit the crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his tribunal.

*Myrt.* Mr. Bevil, I must tell you this coolness, this gravity, this shew of conscience, shall never cheat me of my mistress. You have indeed the best excuse for life, the hopes of possessing Lucinda; but consider, sir, I have as much reason to be weary of

it if I am to lose her, and my first attempt to recover her shall be to let her see the dauntless man who is to be her guardian and protector.

*B. jun.* Sir, shew me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authoris'd, by my own hand, to vindicate any lawless insult of this nature, and I will shew thee, to chastise thee hardly deserves the name of courage. Slight inconsiderate man! There is, Mr. Myrtle, no such terror in quick anger, and you shall you know not why be cool, as you have you know not why been warm.

*Myrt.* Is the woman one loves so little an occasion of anger? You, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign trinket, for your loose hours, and from your fortune, your specious outward carriage, and other lucky circumstances, as easy a way to the possession of a woman of honour, you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, to be distracted, with anxiety and terror of losing more than life. Your marriage, happy man! goes on like common business, and in the interim you have your rambling captive, your Indian princess, for your soft moments of dalliance, your convenient, your ready, Indiana.

*B. jun.* You have touch'd me beyond the patience of a man, and I'm excusable in the guard of innocence, or from the infirmity of human nature, which can bear no more, to accept your invitation and observe your letter.——Sir, I'll attend you.

*Enter TOM.*

*Tom.* Did you call, sir? I thought you did; I heard you speak loud.

*B. jun.* Yes; go call a coach.

*Tom.* Sir—Master—Mr. Myrtle—Friends—Gentlemen—what d'ye mean? I'm but a servant, or—

*B. jun.* Call a coach. *[Exit Tom.]*

*[A long pause, walking sullenly by each other.]*

*[Aside.]* Shall I, tho' provoked to the uttermost, recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too, and not have respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from infancy, the obligation to the best of fathers, to an unhappy virgin too, whose life depends on mine? *[Shutting the door.]*

*[To Myrtle.]* I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myself, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash man as you think of me, keep longer unexplained the false appearances under which your infirmity of temper makes you suffer, when perhaps too much regard to a false point of honour makes me prolong that suffering.

*Myrt.* I am sure Mr. Bevil cannot doubt but I had rather have satisfaction from his innocence than his sword.

*B. jun.* Why then would you ask it first that way?

*Myrt.* Consider you kept your temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the disadvantage of her you loved.

*B. jun.* True. But let me tell you I have saved

you from the most exquisite distress; even tho' you had succeeded in the dispute. I know you so well, that I am sure to have found this letter about a man you had killed, would have been worse than death to yourself.—Read it.—When he is thoroughly mortify'd, and shame has got the better of jealousy, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining Lucinda,

[*Aside.*]

*Myrt.* With what a superiority has he turn'd the injury upon me as the aggressor! I begin to fear I have been too far transported—"A treaty in our family" is not that saying too much? I shall relapse—But I find (on the postscript) "something like jealousy"—With what face can I see my benefactor, my advocate, whom I have treated like a betrayer?—Oh, Beyll! with what words shall I—

*B. jun.* There needs none; to convince is much more than to conquer.

*Myrt.* But can you—

*B. jun.* You have o'erpaid the inquietude you gave me in the change I see in you towards me. Alas! what machines are we! thy face is alter'd to that of another man, to that of my companion, my friend.

*Myrt.* That I could be such a precipitate wretch!

*B. jun.* Pray no more.

*Myrt.* Let me reflect how many friends have died by the hands of friends for want of temper; and you must give me leave to say again and again how much I am beholden to that superior spirit you have subdued me with.—What had become of one of us, or

perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of reason?

*Bi. jun.* I congratulate to us both the escape from ourselves, and hope the memory of it will make us dearer friends than ever.

*Myrt.* Dear Bevil! your friendly conduct has convinced me that there is nothing manly but what is conducted by reason, and agreeable to the practice of virtue and justice; and yet how many have been sacrificed to that idol, the unreasonable opinion of men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it that they often use their swords against each other with dissembled anger and real fear:

*Betray'd by honour, and compell'd by shame,*

*They hazard being to preserve a name,*

*Nor dare inquire into the dread mistake,*

*Till plung'd in sad eternity they wake.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*St. JAMES's Park. Enter Sir JOHN BEVIL, and Mr. SEALAND.*

*Sir J. B.* Give me leave however, Mr. Sealand, as we are upon a treaty for uniting our families, to mention only the business of an ancient house.—Genealogy and descent are to be of some consideration in an affair of this sort——

*Mr. Seal.* Genealogy and descent!—"Sir, there has

“ been in our family a very large one. There was  
“ Gulfrid the father of Edward, the father of Pto-  
“ lemy, the father of Crassus, the father of Earl  
“ Richard, the father of Henry the Marquis, the fa-  
“ ther of Duke John——

“ *Sir J. B.* What! do you rave, Mr. Sealand? all  
“ these great names in your family?

“ *Mr. Seal.* These! yes, sir—I have heard my fa-  
“ ther name them all, and more.

“ *Sir J. B.* Ay, sir!—and did he say they were all  
“ in your family?

“ *Mr. Seal.* Yes, sir, he kept them all—he was the  
“ greatest cocker in England—He said Duke John  
“ won many battles, but never lost him one.

“ *Sir J. B.* Oh, sir, your servant! you are laugh-  
“ ing at my laying any stress upon descent.—But I  
“ must tell you, sir, I never knew any one, but he that  
“ wanted that advantage, turn it into ridicule.

“ *Mr. Seal.* And I never knew any who had many  
“ better advantages put that into his account. But,”  
Sir John, value yourself as you please upon your an-  
cient house, I am to talk freely of every thing you  
are pleased to put into your bill of rates on this oc-  
casion.—Yet, sir, I have made no objections to your  
son’s family—it is his morals that I doubt.

*Sir J. B.* Sir, I can’t help saying, that what might  
injure a citizen’s credit, may be no stain to a gentle-  
man’s honour.

*Mr. Seal.* Sir John, the honour of a gentleman is  
liable to be tainted by as small a matter as the credit

of a trader: we are talking of a marriage, and in such a case, the father of a young woman will not think it an addition to the honour or credit of her lover—that he is a keeper——

*Sir J. B.* Mr. Sealand, don't take upon you to spoil my son's marriage with any woman else.

*Mr. Seal.* Sir John, let him apply to any woman else, and have as many mistresses as he pleases.——

*Sir J. B.* My son, sir, is a discreet and sober gentleman.

*Mr. Seal.* Sir, I never saw a man that wench'd soberly and discreetly that ever left it off—the decency observed in the practice hides, from the sinner even, the iniquity of it: “they pursue it, not that their appetites hurry 'em away, but, I warrant you, because 'tis their opinion they may do it.

“*Sir J. B.* Were what you suspect a truth—do you design to keep your daughter a virgin till you find a man unblemish'd that way?

“*Mr. Seal.* Sir, as much a cit as you take me for—  
“I know the town and the world—and give me leave  
“to say that we merchants are a species of gentry  
“that have grown into the world this last century,  
“and are as honourable, and almost as useful, as you  
“landed folks that have always thought yourselves  
“so much above us, for your trading, forsooth! is  
“extended no farther than a load of hay or a fat ox  
“—You are pleasant people indeed! because you are  
“generally bred up to be lazy, therefore warrant  
“you industry is dishonourable,

*Sir J. B.* Be not offended, sir; let us go back to our point.

*Mr. Seal.* Oh! not at all offended—but I don't love to leave any part of the account unclos'd—  
“Look you, Sir John, comparisons are odious, and  
“more particularly so on occasions of this kind, when  
“we are projecting races that are to be made out of  
“both sides of the comparisons.”

*Sir J. B.* But my son, sir, is in the eye of the world a gentleman of merit.

*Mr. Seal.* I own to you I think him so—But, Sir John, I am a man exercised and experienced in chances and disasters; I lost in my earlier years a very fine wife, and with her a poor little infant: this makes me perhaps overcautious to preserve the second bounty of Providence to me, and be as careful as I can of this child.—You'll pardon me; my poor girl, sir, is as valuable to me as your boasted son to you.

*Sir J. B.* Why, that's one very good reason, Mr. Sealand, why I wish my son had her.

*Mr. Seal.* There is nothing but this strange lady here, this incognita, that can be objected to him.—Here and there a man falls in love with an artful creature, and gives up all the motives of life to that one passion.

*Sir J. B.* A man of my son's understanding cannot be supposed to be one of them.

*Mr. Seal.* Very wise men have been so enslaved; and when a man marries with one of them upon his hands, whether moved from the demand or the world



or slighter reasons, such a husband soils with his wife for a month perhaps—then good b'w'ye, madam—the show's over—Ah! John Dryden points out such a husband to a hair, where he says,

*And while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,  
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.*

Now, in plain terms, sir, I shall not care to have my poor girl turned a grazing, and that must be the case when—

*Sir J. B.* But pray consider, sir, my son—

*Mr. Seal.* Look you, sir, I'll make the matter short. This unknown lady, as I told you, is all the objection I have to him: but one way or other he is or has been certainly engaged to her—I am therefore resolved this very afternoon to visit her: now from her behaviour or appearance I shall soon be let into what I may fear or hope for.

*Sir J. B.* Sir, I am very confident there can be nothing inquired into relating to my son that will not, upon being understood, turn to his advantage.

*Mr. Seal.* I hope that as sincerely as you believe it—Sir John Bevil, when I am satisfied in this great point, if your son's conduct answers the character you give him, I shall wish your alliance more than that of any gentleman in Great Britain, and so your servant. [Exit.

*Sir J. B.* He is gone in a way but barely civil; but his great wealth, and the merit of his only child, the heiress of it, are not to be lost for a little peevishness— [Exit.

“ *Enter HUMPHREY.*

“ Oh! Humphrey, you are come in a seasonable minute; I want to talk to thee, and to tell thee that my head and heart are on the rack about my son.

“ *Humph.* Sir, you may trust his discretion, I am sure you may.

“ *Sir J. B.* Why, I do believe I may, and yet I’m in a thousand fears when I lay this vast wealth before me. When I consider his prepossessions, either generous to a folly in an honourable love, or abandoned past redemption in a vicious one, and from the one or the other his insensibility to the fairest prospect towards doubling our estate, a father who knows how useful wealth is, and how necessary even to those who despise it, I say a father, Humphrey, a father, cannot bear it.

“ *Humph.* Be not transported, sir; you will grow incapable of taking any resolution in your perplexity.

“ *Sir J. B.* Yes, as angry as I am with him, I would not have him surprised in any thing.—This mercantile rough man may go grossly into the examination of this matter, and talk to the gentlewoman so as to——

“ *Humph.* No, I hope not in an abrupt manner.

“ *Sir J. B.* No, I hope not! Why, dost thou know any thing of her, or of him, or of any thing of it, or all of it?

“ *Humph.* My dear master! I know so much, that

"I told him this very day you had reason to be secretly out of humour about her.

"*Sir J. B.* Did you go so far? Well, what said he to that?

"*Humph.* His words were, looking upon me steadily, Humphrey, says he, that woman is a woman of honour.

"*Sir J. B.* How! do you think he is married to her, or designs to marry her?

"*Humph.* I can say nothing to the latter—but he says he can marry no one without your consent while you are living.

"*Sir J. B.* If he said so much, I know he scorns to break his word with me.

"*Humph.* I am sure of that.

"*Sir J. B.* You are sure of that!—Well, that's some comfort—then I have nothing to do but to see the bottom of this matter during this present ruffle.—Oh, Humphrey—

"*Humph.* You are not ill, I hope, sir.

"*Sir J. B.* Yes, a man is very ill that is in a very ill humour. To be a father, is to be in care for one whom you oftener disoblige than please by that very care.—Oh that sons could know the duty to a father before they themselves are fathers!—But perhaps you'll say now that I am one of the happiest fathers in the world; but I assure you that of the very happiest is not a condition to be envied.

"*Humph.* Sir, your pain arises not from the thing itself, but your particular sense of it.—You are

“over fond, nay, give me leave to say you are unjustly apprehensive from your fondness. My master Bevil never disobliged you, and he will, I know he will, do every thing you ought to expect.

“*Sir J. B.* He won’t take all this money with this girl—For ought I know he will, forsooth, have so much moderation, as to think he ought not to force his liking for any consideration.

“*Humph.* He is to marry her, not you; he is to live with her, not you, sir.

“*Sir J. B.* I know not what to think; but I know nothing can be more miserable than to be in this doubt—Follow me; I must come to some resolution.”

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### SCENE III.

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BEVIL, *Junior’s, Lodgings.* Enter TOM and PHILLIS.

*Tom.* Well, madam, if you must speak with Mr. Myrtle, you shall; he is now with my master in the library.

*Phil.* But you must leave me alone with him, for he can’t make me a present, nor I so handsomely take any thing from him before you; it would not be decent.

*Tom.* It will be very decent indeed for me to retire, and leave my mistress with another man!

*Phil.* He is a gentleman, and will treat one properly.

*Tom.* I believe so—but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to trust you. I'll call him to you. [Exit Tom.]

*Phil.* What a deal of pother and sputter here is between my mistress and Mr. Myrtle “from mere “punctilio!” I could any hour of the day get her to her lover, and would do it—but she, forsooth, will allow no plot to get him, but if he can come to her, I know she would be glad of it; I must therefore do her an acceptable violence, and surprise her into his arms. I am sure I go by the best rule imaginable: if she were my maid, I should think her the best servant in the world for doing so by me.

*Enter MYRTLE and TOM.*

Oh, sir! you and Mr. Bevil are fine gentlemen, to let a lady remain under such difficulties as my poor mistress, and not attempt to set her at liberty, or release her from the danger of being instantly married to Cimberton.

*Myrt.* Tom has been telling—But what is to be done?

*Phil.* What is to be done!—when a man can't come at his mistress—why, can't you fire our house, or the next house to us, to make us run out, and you take us?

*Myrt.* How, Mrs. Phillis——

*Phil.* Ay—let me see that rogue deny to fire a house, make a riot, or any other little thing, when there were no other way to come at me.

Hij

*Tom.* I am obliged to you, madam.

*Phil.* Why, don't we hear every day of people's hanging themselves for love, and won't they venture the hazard of being hanged for love?—Oh! were I a man—

*Myrt.* What manly thing would you have me undertake, according to your ladyship's notion of a man?

*Phil.* Only be at once what one time or other you may be, and wish to be, and must be.

*Myrt.* Dear girl! talk plainly to me, and consider I, in my condition, can't be in very good humour—You say, to be at once what I must be.

*Phil.* Ay, ay——I mean no more than to be an old man; “I saw you do it very well at the masquerade.” In a word, old Sir Geoffrey Cimberton is every hour expected in town, to join in the deeds and settlements for marrying Mr. Cimberton——He is half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; though, as to his passions and desires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the heat of youth.

*Tom.* Come, to the business, and don't keep the gentleman in suspense for the pleasure of being courted, as you serve me.

*Phil.* I saw you at the masquerade act such a one to perfection: go, and put on that very habit, and come to our house as Sir Geoffrey: there is not one there but myself knows his person; I was born in the parish where he is lord of the manor; I have seen him often and often at church in the country. Do

not hesitate, but come thither ; they will think you bring a certain security against Mr. Myrtle, and you bring Mr. Myrtle. Leave the rest to me ; I leave this with you, and expect——They don't, I told you, know you ; they think you out of town, which you had as good be for ever, if you lose this opportunity.——I must be gone ; I know I am wanted at home.

*Myrt.* My dear Phillis !

*[Catches and kisses her, and gives her money.]*

*Phil.* Oh fy ! my kisses are not my own ; you have committed violence ; but I'll carry 'em to the right owner. *[Tom kisses her.]* Come, see me down stairs, *[To Tom.]* and leave the lover to think of his last game for the prize. *[Exeunt Tom and Phillis.]*

*Myrt.* I think I will instantly attempt this wild expedient——“ the extravagance of it will make me “ less suspected, and it will give me opportunity to “ assert my own right to Lucinda, without whom I “ cannot live.” But I am so mortify'd at this conduct of mine towards poor Bevil ! he must think meanly of me.——I know not how to reassume myself, and be in spirit enough for such an adventure as this——yet I must attempt it, if it be only to be near Lucinda under her present perplexities ; and sure——

*The next delight to transport with the fair,*

*Is to relieve her in her hours of care.*

*[Exit.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SEALAND's House. Enter PHILLIS, with lights before MYRTLE, disguised like old Sir GEOFFRY, supported by Mrs. SEALAND, LUCINDA, and CIMBERTON.

*Mrs. Sealand.*

NOW I have seen you thus far, Sir Geoffry, will you excuse me a moment, while I give my necessary orders for your accommodation? [*Exit Mrs. Sealand.*]

*Myrt.* I have not seen you, cousin Cimberton, since you were ten years old; and as it is incumbent on you to keep up your name and family, I shall, upon very reasonable terms, join with you in a settlement to that purpose, tho' I must tell you, cousin, this is the first merchant that has married into our house.

*Luc.* Dénce on 'em! am I a merchant because my father is? [*Aside.*]

*Myrt.* But is he directly a trader at this time?

*Cimb.* There's no hiding the disgrace, sir; he trades to all parts of the world.

*Myrt.* We never had one of our family before who descended from persons that did any thing.

*Cimb.* Sir, since it is a girl that they have, I am, for the honour of my family, willing to take it in again, and to sink it into our name, and no harm done.



*Myrt.* 'Tis prudently and generously resolved——  
Is this the young thing?

*Cimb.* Yes, sir.

*Phil.* Good madam! don't be out of humour, but  
let them run to the utmost of their extravagance——  
Hear them out.

*Myrt.* Can't I see her nearer? my eyes are but  
weak.

*Phil.* Beside, I am sure the uncle has something  
worth your notice. I'll take care to get off the young  
one, and leave you to observe what may be wrought  
out of the old one for your good. [Exit.

*Cimb.* Madam, this old gentleman, your great un-  
cle, desires to be introduced to you, and to see you  
nearer——Approach, sir.

*Myrt.* By your leave, young lady—[Puts on spec-  
tacles.]—Cousin Cimberton, she has exactly that sort  
of neck and bosom, for which my sister Gertrude  
was so much admir'd in the year sixty-one, before  
the French dresses first discovered any thing in women  
below the chin.

*Luc.* "What a very odd situation am I in! tho'  
"I cannot but be diverted at the extravagance of  
"their humours, equally unsuitable to their age."  
Chin, quotha!——I don't believe my passionate  
lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha!  
ha!

*Cimb.* Madam, I would not willingly offend, but  
I have a better glass—— [Pulls out a large one.

*Enter PHILLIS to CIMBERTON.*

*Phil.* Sir, my lady desires to shew the apartment to you that she intends for Sir Geoffry.

*Cim.* Well, sir, by that time you have sufficiently gazed and sunned yourself in the beauties of my spouse there, I will wait on you again.

*[Exit Cim. and Phil.]*

*Myrt.* Were it not, madam, that I might be troublesome, there is something of importance, tho' we are alone, which I would say more safe from being heard.

*Luc.* There is something in this old fellow, methinks, that raises my curiosity.

*Myrt.* To be free, madam, I as heartily contemn this kinsman of mine as you do, and am sorry to see so much beauty and merit devoted by your parents to so insensible a possessor.

*Luc.* Surprising!—I hope then, sir, you will not contribute to the wrong you are so generous to pity, whatever may be the interest of your family.

*Myrt.* This hand of mine shall never be employ'd to sign any thing against your good and happiness.

*Luc.* I am sorry, sir, it is not in my power to make you proper acknowledgments, but there is a gentleman in the world whose gratitude will, I'm sure, be worthy of the favour.

*Myrt.* All the thanks I desire, madam, are in your power to give.

*Luc.* Name them, and command them.

*Myrt.* Only, madam, that the first time you are alone with your lover you will with open arms receive him.

*Luc.* As willingly as heart could wish it.

*Myrt.* Thus then he claims your promise. Oh, Lucinda!

*Luc.* Oh, a cheat, a cheat, a cheat!

*Myrt.* Hush! 'tis I, 'tis I, your lover; Myrtle himself, madam.

*Luc.* Oh, bless me! what rashness and folly to surprise me so!—But hush—my mother—

*Enter Mrs. SEALAND, CIMBERTON, and PHILLIS.*

*Mrs. Seal.* How now! what's the matter?

*Luc.* Oh, madam! as soon as you left the room my uncle fell into a sudden fit, and—and—so I cry'd out for help to support him, and conduct him to his chamber.

*Mrs. Seal.* That was kindly done. Alas, sir! how do you find yourself?

*Myrt.* Never was taken in so odd a way in my life—Pray lead me—Oh, I was talking here—Pray carry me—to my cousin Cimberton's young lady—

“*Mrs. Seal.* [*Aside.*] My cousin Cimberton's young lady! How zealous he is, even in his extremity, for the match! A right Cimberton!”

[*Cimberton and Lucinda lead him as one in pain.*]

*Cimb.* Pox, uncle, you will pull my ear off!

*Luc.* Pray, uncle, you will squeeze me to death!

*Mrs. Seal.* No matter, no matter—he knows not what he does. Come, sir, shall I help you out?

*Myrt.* By no means; I'll trouble nobody but my young cousins here. [*Cim. and Luc. lead him off.*]

*Phil.* But pray, madam, does your ladyship intend that Mr. Cimberton shall really marry my young mistress at last? I don't think he likes her.

*Mrs. Seal.* That's not material; men of his speculation are above desires.—But be it as it may, now I have given old Sir Geoffry the trouble of coming up to sign and seal, with what countenance can I be off?

*Phil.* As well as with twenty others, madam. It is the glory and honour of a great fortune to live in continual treaties, and still to break off; it looks great, madam.

*Mrs. Seal.* True, Phillis—yet to return our blood again into the Cimbertons' is an honour not to be rejected.—But were not you saying that Sir John Bevil's creature, Humphrey, has been with Mr. Sealand?

*Phil.* Yes, madam, I overheard them agree that Mr. Sealand should go himself and visit this unknown lady that Mr. Bevil is so great with, and if he found nothing there to fright him, that Mr. Bevil should still marry my young mistress.

*Mrs. Seal.* How! nay, then he shall find she is my daughter as well as his—I'll follow him this instant, and take the whole family along with me.

“ The disputed power of disposing of my own daughter shall be at an end this very night.—I’ll live no longer in anxiety for a little hussy that hurts my appearance wherever I carry her, and for whose sake I seem to be not at all regarded, and that in the best of my days.

“ *Phil.* Indeed, madam, if she were married your ladyship might very well be taken for Mr. Sealand’s daughter.

“ *Mrs. Seal.* Nay, when the chit has not been with me I have heard the men say as much—I’ll no longer cut off the greatest pleasure of a woman’s life (the shining in assemblies) by her forward anticipation of the respect that’s due to her superior—She shall down to Cimberton-hall—she shall—she shall.

“ *Phil.* I hope, madam, I shall stay with your ladyship.

“ *Mrs. Seal.* Thou shalt, Phillis, and I’ll place thee then more about me—But order chairs immediately—I’ll be gone this minute.” [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Charing-Cross.* Enter Mr. SEALAND and HUMPHREY.

*Mr. Seal.* I am very glad, Mr. Humphrey, that you agree with me, that it is for our common good I should look thoroughly into this matter.

*Humph.* I am indeed of that opinion; for there is no artifice, nothing concealed in our family which ought in justice to be known. I need not desire you, sir, to treat the lady with care and respect.

*Mr. Seal.* Mr. Humphrey—I shall not be rude, tho' I design to be a little abrupt, and come into the matter at once, to see how she will bear upon a surprise——

*Humph.* That's the door; sir, I wish you success. [*While Humphrey speaks Sealand consults his table-book.*]  
 “I am less concern'd what happens there, because I  
 “hear Mr. Myrtle is as well lodg'd as old Sir Geoffry,  
 “so I am willing to let this gentleman employ him-  
 “self here to give them time at home; for I am sure  
 “it is necessary for the quiet of our family that Lu-  
 “cinda were dispos'd of out of it, since Mr. Bevil's  
 “inclination is so much otherwise engaged.” [*Exit.*]

*Mr. Seal.* “I think this is the door.” [*Knocks.*] I'll carry this matter with an air of authority, to inquire, tho' I make an errand to begin discourse. [*Knocks again, enter a footboy.*] So, young man, is your lady within?

*Boy.* Alack, sir! I am but a country boy—I don't know whether she is or noa; but an you'll stay a bit I'll go and ask the gentlewoman that's with her.

*Mr. Seal.* Why, sirrah, tho' you are a country boy you can see, can't you? you know whether she is at home when you see her, don't you?

*Boy.* Nay, nay, I'm not such a country lad neither,

master, to think she is at home because I see her ; I have been in town but a month, and I lost one place already for believing my own eyes.

*Mr. Seal.* Why, sirrah, have you learnt to lie already ?

*Boy.* Ah, master ! things that are lies in the country are not lies at London—I begin to know my business a little better than so—but an you please to walk in, I'll call a gentlewoman to you that can tell you for certain—she can make bold to ask my lady herself.

*Mr. Seal.* Oh, then she is within I find, tho' you dare not say so.

*Boy.* Nay, nay, that's neither here nor there ; what's matter whether she is within or no if she has not amind to see any body ?

*Mr. Seal.* I can't tell, sirrah, whether you are arch or simple ; but however, get me a direct answer, and here's a shilling for you.

*Boy.* Will you please to walk in ; I'll see what I can do for you.

*Mr. Seal.* I see you will be fit for your business in time, child ; but I expect to meet with nothing but extraordinaries in such a house.

*Boy.* Such a house, sir ! you ha'n't seen it yet. Pray walk in.

*Mr. Seal.* Sir, I'll wait upon you.

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SCENE III.

INDIANA'S House. Enter ISABELLA and BOY.

*Isab.* "What anxiety do I feel for this poor creature! What will be the end of her? Such a languishing unreserved passion for a man that at last must certainly leave or ruin her, and perhaps both! then the aggravation of the distress is that she dare not believe he will—not but I must own if they are both what they would seem, they are made for one another as much as Adam and Eve were, for there is no other of their kind but themselves." So, Daniel, what news with you?

*Boy.* Madam, there's a gentleman below wou'd speak with my lady.

*Isab.* Sirrah, don't you know Mr. Bevil yet?

*Boy.* Madam, 'tis not the gentleman who comes every day and asks for you, and won't go in till he knows whether you are with her or no.

*Isab.* Ha! that's a particular I did not know before. Well, be it who it will, let him come up to me.

[Exit Boy, and re-enters with Mr. Sealand. Isabella looks amaz'd.]

*Mr. Seal.* Madam, I can't blame your being a little surpris'd to see a perfect stranger make a visit, and——

*Isab.* I am indeed surpris'd—I see he does not know me. [Aside.]

*Mr. Seal.* You are very prettily lodg'd here, ma-



dam; in troth you seem to have every thing in plenty—a thousand a-year I warrant you, upon this pretty nest of rooms, and the dainty one within them.

[*Aside, and looking about.*]

*Isab.* [*Apart.*] Twenty years, it seems, have less effect in the alteration of a man of thirty than of a girl of fourteen—he's almost still the same: "but, " alas! I find by other men as well as himself I am " not what I was.—As soon as he spoke, I was con- " vinced 'twas he."—How shall I contain my surprise and satisfaction!—He must not know me yet.

*Mr. Seal.* Madam, I hope I don't give you any disturbance; but there is a young lady here with whom I have a particular business to discourse, and I hope she will admit me to that favour.

*Isab.* Why, sir, have you had any notice concerning her? I wonder who could give it you.

*Mr. Seal.* That, madam, is fit only to be communicated to herself.

*Isab.* Well, sir, you shall see her—"I find he " knows nothing yet, nor shall for me: I am re- " solved I will observe this interlude, this sport of " nature and fortune."—You shall see her presently, sir; for now I am as a mother, and will trust her with you. [Exit.

*Mr. Seal.* As a mother! right; that's the old phrase for one of those commode ladies who lend out beauty for hire to young gentlemen that have pressing occasions. But here comes the precious lady herself: in troth a very sightly woman!

*Enter* INDIANA.

*Ind.* I am told, sir, you have some affair that requires your speaking with me.

*Mr. Seal.* Yes, madam. There came to my hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable to-morrow, and he, in the intercourse of business, sent it to me, who have cash of his, and desired me to send a servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the money myself.

*Ind.* Sir, was that necessary?

*Mr. Seal.* No, madam; but to be free with you, the fame of your beauty, and the regard which Mr. Bevil is a little too well known to have for you, excited my curiosity.

*Ind.* Too well known to have for me! Your sober appearance, sir, which my friend described, made me expect no rudeness or absurdity at least—Who's there? Sir, if you pay the money to a servant 'twill be as well.

*Mr. Seal.* Pray, madam, be not offended; I came hither on an innocent, nay, a virtuous design; and if you will have patience to hear me, it may be as useful to you, as you are in friendship with Mr. Bevil, as to my only daughter, whom I was this day disposing of.

*Ind.* You make me hope, sir, I have mistaken you: I am compos'd again: be free, say on—what I am afraid to hear.

[*Aside.*

*Mr. Seal.* I fear'd indeed an unwarranted passion

here, but I did not think it was in abuse of so worthy an object, so accomplish'd a lady, as your sense and mien bespeak—but the youth of our age care not what merit and virtue they bring to shame, so they gratify——

*Ind.* Sir—you are going into very great errors—but as you are pleas'd to say you see something in me that has chang'd at least the colour of your suspicions, so has your appearance alter'd mine, and made me earnestly attentive to what has any way concern'd you, to inquire into my affairs and character.

*Mr. Seal.* How sensibly, with what an air she talks!

*Ind.* Good sir, be seated—and tell me tenderly—keep all your suspicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared way—acquaint me why the care of your daughter obliges a person of your seeming worth and fortune to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless—[*Weeping.*] But I beg your pardon—tho' I am an orphan, your child is not, and your concern for her, it seems, has brought you hither—I'll be compos'd—pray go on, sir.

*Mr. Seal.* How could Mr. Bevil be such a monster to injure such a woman?

*Ind.* No, sir, you wrong him; he has not injured me—my support is from his bounty.

*Mr. Seal.* Bounty! when gluttons give high prices for delicacies, they are prodigious bountiful!

*Ind.* Still, still you will persist in that error—but

my own fears tell me all. You are the gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy daughter he is design'd a husband by his good father, and he has, perhaps, consented to the overture, and he is to be, perhaps, this night a bridegroom.

*Mr. Seal.* I own he was intended such; but, madam, on your account, I am determin'd to defer my daughter's marriage till I am satisfied, from your own mouth, of what nature are the obligations you are under to him.

*Ind.* His actions, sir, his eyes, have only made me think he design'd to make me the partner of his heart. The goodness and gentleness of his demeanour made me misinterpret all; 'twas my own hope, my own passion, that deluded me; he never made one amorous advance to me; his large heart and bestowing hand have only help'd the miserable: nor know I why, but from his mere delight in virtue, that I have been his care, the object on which to indulge and please himself with pouring favours.

*Mr. Seal.* Madam, I know not why it is, but I, as well as you, am methinks afraid of entering into the matter I came about; but 'tis the same thing as if we had talk'd ever so distinctly—he ne'er shall have a daughter of mine.

*Ind.* If you say this from what you think of me, you wrong yourself and him. Let not me, miserable though I may be, do injury to my benefactor: no, sir, my treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his virtues.—If to bestow without a prospect of return,

if to delight in supporting what might, perhaps, be thought an object of desire, with no other view than to be her guard against those who would not be so disinterested, if these actions, sir, can in a careful parent's eye commend him to a daughter, give your's, sir; give her to my honest, generous, Bevil!—What have I to do but sigh, and weep, to rave, run wild, a lunatic in chains, or, hid in darkness, mutter in distracted starts and broken accents my strange, strange story!

*Mr. Seal.* Take comfort, madam.

*Ind.* All my comfort must be to expostulate in madness, to relieve with frenzy my despair, and, shrieking, to demand of Fate why, why was I born to such variety of sorrows?

*Mr. Seal.* If I have been the least occasion——

*Ind.* No; 'twas Heaven's high will I should be such—to be plunder'd in my cradle, toss'd on the seas, and even there, an infant captive, to lose my mother, hear but of my father—to be adopted, lose my adopter, then plunged again in worse calamities!

*Mr. Seal.* An infant captive!

*Ind.* Yet then to find the most charming of mankind once more to set me free from what I thought the last distress, to load me with his services, his bounties, and his favours, to support my very life in a way that stole, at the same time, my very soul itself from me.

*Mr. Seal.* And has young Bevil been this worthy man?

*Ind.* Yet then again, this very man to take another without leaving me the right, the pretence, of easing my fond heart with tears?—for oh! I can't reproach him, tho' the same hand that rais'd me to this height now throws me down the precipice.

*Mr. Seal.* Dear lady! oh yet one moment's patience; my heart grows full with your affliction! but yet there's something in your story that *promises relief when you least hope it.*

*Ind.* My portion here is bitterness and sorrow.

*Mr. Seal.* Do not think so. Pray answer me; does Bevil know your name and family?

*Ind.* Alas, too well! Oh! could I be any other thing than what I am—I'll tear away all traces of my former self, my little ornaments, the remains of my first state, the hints of what I ought to have been——

*[In her disorder she throws away her bracelet, which Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly at it.]*

*Mr. Seal.* Ha! what's this? my eyes are not deceiv'd! it is, it is the same; the very bracelet which I bequeath'd my wife at our last mournful parting.

*Ind.* What said you, sir? your wife! Whither does my fancy carry me? what means this new felt motion at my heart? And yet again my fortune but deludes me; for if I err not, sir, your name is Sealand; but my lost father's name was——

*Mr. Seal.* Danvers, was it not?

*Ind.* What new amazement! that is, indeed, my family.

*Mr. Seal.* Know then, when my misfortunes drove me to the Indies, for reasons too tedious now to mention, I changed my name of Danvers into Sealand.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* If yet there wants an explanation of your wonder, examine well this face—yours, sir, I well remember—Gaze on, and read in me your sister Isabella.

*Mr. Seal.* My sister!

*Isab.* But here's a claim more tender yet—your Indiana, sir, your long-lost daughter.

*Mr. Seal.* Oh, my child, my child!

*Ind.* All-gracious Heav'n! is it possible! do I embrace my father!

*Mr. Seal.* And do I hold thee!—These passions are too strong for utterance.—Rise, rise, my child, and give my tears their way—Oh, my sister!

*[Embracing her.]*

*Isab.* Now, dearest niece! “my groundless fears, my painful cares, no more shall vex thee:” if I have wrong'd thy noble lover with too hard suspicions, my just concern for thee I hope will plead my pardon.

*Mr. Seal.* Oh! make him then the full amends, and be yourself the messenger of joy: fly this instant—tell him all these wondrous turns of Providence in his favour; tell him I have now a daughter to bestow which he no longer will decline; that this day he still shall be a bridegroom; nor shall a fortune, the

merit which his father seeks, be wanting. Tell him the reward of all his virtues waits on his acceptance. [*Exit Isabella.*] My dearest Indiana!

[*Turns and embraces her.*]

*Ind.* Have I then at last a father's sanction on my love? his bounteous hand to give, and make my heart a present worthy of Bevil's generosity?

*Mr. Seal.* Oh my child! how are our sorrows past o'erpaid by such a meeting! Tho' I have lost so many years of soft paternal dalliance with thee, yet in one day to find thee thus, and thus bestow thee, in such perfect happiness, is ample, ample reparation! and yet again the merit of thy lover——

*Ind.* Oh had I spirits left to tell you of his actions; "how strongly filial duty has suppressed his love, and "how concealment still has doubled all his obligation," the pride, the joy of his alliance, sir, would warm your heart, as he has conquered mine.

*Mr. Seal.* How laudable is love when born of virtue! I burn to embrace him.——

*Ind.* See, sir, my aunt already has succeeded, and brought him to your wishes.

*Enter ISABELLA with Sir JOHN BEVIL, BEVIL jun.*

*Mrs. SEALAND, CIMBERTON, MYRTLE, and LUCINDA.*

*Sir J. B.* [*entering.*] Where, where's this scene of wonder!—*Mr. Sealand*, I congratulate on this occasion our mutual happiness—Your good sister, sir, has with the story of your daughter's fortune fill'd



us with surprise and joy. Now all exceptions are remov'd ; my son has now avow'd his love, and turn'd all former jealousies and doubts to approbation, and I am told your goodness has consented to reward him.

*Mr. Seal.* If, sir, a fortune equal to his father's hopes can make this object worthy his acceptance.

*B. jun.* I hear your mention, sir, of fortune with pleasure only, as it may prove the means to reconcile the best of fathers to my love ; let him be provident, but let me be happy.—My ever destined, my acknowledged wife !  
[Embracing Indiana.]

*Ind.* Wife!—oh ! my ever-loved, my lord, my master !

*Sir J. B.* I congratulate myself as well as you that I have a son who could, under such disadvantages, discover your great merit.

*Mr. Seal.* Oh, Sir John, how vain, how weak is human prudence ! what care, what foresight, what imagination could contrive such blest events to make our children happy, as Providence in one short hour has laid before us ?

*Cimb.* [To Mrs. Sealand.] I am afraid, madam, Mr. Sealand is a little too busy for our affair ; if you please we'll take another opportunity.

*Mrs. Seal.* Let us have patience, sir.

*Cimb.* But we make Sir Geoffrey wait, madam.

*Myrt.* Oh, sir, I'm not in haste.

[During this, Bev. jun. presents Lucinda to Indiana.]

*Mr. Seal.* But here, here's our general benefactor.

Excellent young man! that could be at once a lover to her beauty, and a parent to her virtue!

*B. jun.* If you think that an obligation, sir, give me leave to overpay myself in the only instance that can now add to my felicity, by begging you to bestow this lady on Mr. Myrtle.

*Mr. Seal.* She is his without reserve; I beg he may be sent for.—Mr. Cimberton, notwithstanding you never had my consent, yet there is, since I saw you, another objection to your marriage with my daughter.

*Cimb.* I hope, sir, your lady has conceal'd nothing from me?

*Mr. Seal.* Troth, sir, nothing but what was conceal'd from myself; another daughter, who has an undoubted title to half my estate.

*Cimb.* How, Mr. Sealand! why then, if half Mrs. Lucinda's fortune is gone, you can't say that any of my estate is settled upon her; I was in treaty for the whole: but if that's not to be come at, to be sure there can be no bargain.—Sir—I have nothing to do but to take my leave of your good lady my cousin, and beg pardon for the trouble I have given this old gentleman.

*Myrt.* That you have, Mr. Cimberton, with all my heart.

[*Discovers himself.*]

*Omnes.* Mr. Myrtle!

*Myrt.* And I beg pardon of the whole company that I assumed the person of Sir Geoffry only to be present at the danger of this lady's being disposed of, and in her utmost exigence to assert my right to her,

which if her parents will ratify, as they once favour'd my pretensions, no abatement of fortune shall lessen her value to me.

*Luc.* Generous man!

*Mr. Seal.* If, sir, you can overlook the injury of being in treaty with one who has meanly left her, as you have generously asserted your right in her, she is yours.

*Luc.* Mr. Myrtle, though you have ever had my heart, yet now I find I love you more, because I deserve you less,

*Mrs. Seal.* Well, however, I'm glad the girl's disposed of any way. *[Aside.]*

*B. jun.* Myrtle, no longer rivals now but brothers.

*Myrt.* Dear Bevil! you are born to triumph over me; but now our competition ceases: I rejoice in the pre-eminence of your virtue, and your alliance adds charms to Lucinda.

*Sir J. B.* Now ladies and gentlemen, you have set the world a fair example; your happiness is owing to your constancy and merit, and the several difficulties you have struggled with evidently shew

*Whate'er the generous mind itself denies*

*The secret care of Providence supplies.* *[Exeunt.]*

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## EPILOGUE.

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Intended to be spoken by INDIANA.

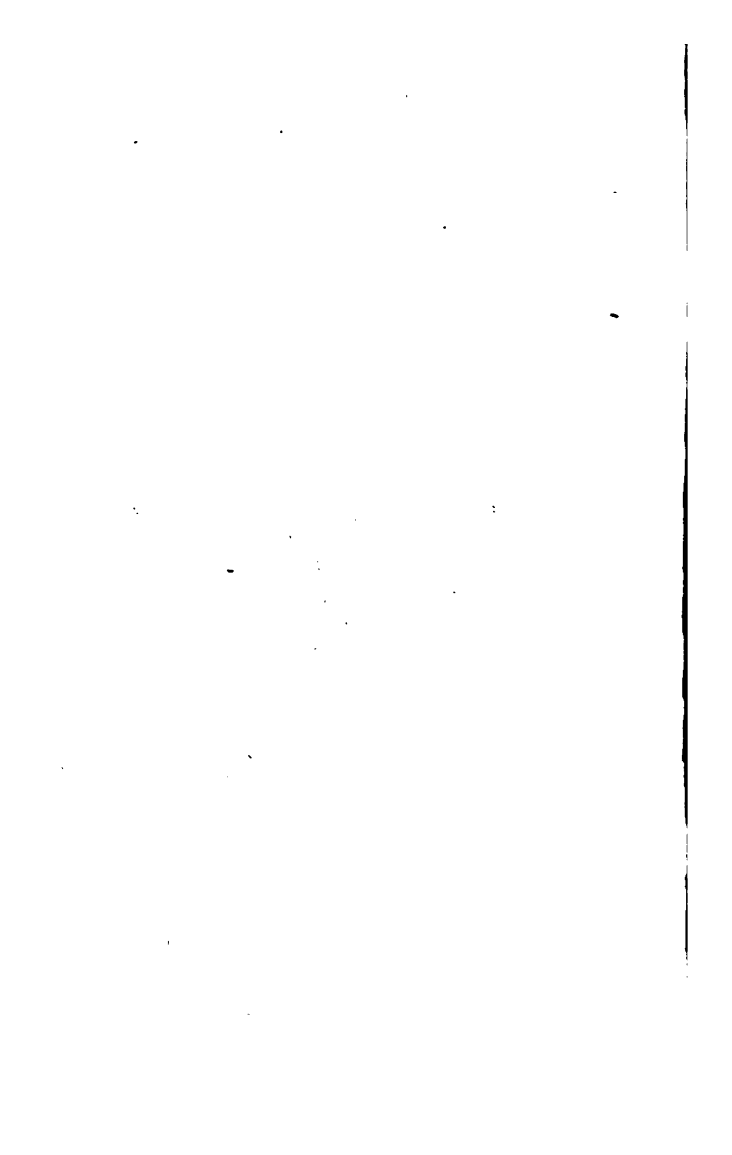
*OUR Author, whom entreaties cannot move,  
Spie of the dear coquetry that you love,  
Swears he'll not frustrate, so he plainly means,  
By a loose Epilogue his decent scenes.  
Is it not, sirs, hard fate I meet to-day,  
To keep me rigid still beyond the play?  
And yet I'm sav'd a world of pains that way :  
I now can look, I now can move, at ease,  
Nor need I torture these poor limbs to please,  
Nor with the hand or foot attempt surprise,  
Nor wrest my features nor fatigue my eyes.  
Bless me ! what freakish gambols have I play'd,  
What motions try'd and wanton looks betray'd,  
Out of pure kindness all ! to over-rule  
The threaten'd hiss, and screen some scribbling fool.  
With more respect I'm entertain'd to-night ;  
Our Author thinks I can with ease delight :  
My artless looks, while modest graces arm,  
He says I need but to appear, and charm.  
A wife so form'd, by these examples bred,  
Pours joy and gladness round the marriage-bed,*

---

*Soft source of comfort, kind relief from care,  
And 'tis her least perfection to be fair.  
The nymph with Indiana's worth who vies,  
A nation will behold with Bevil's eyes.*

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THE  
**TENDER HUSBAND;**

OR, THE  
**ACCOMPLISHED FOOLS.**

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A  
COMEDY.  
BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.

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ADAPTED FOR  
**THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,**  
AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRES-ROYAL,  
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,  
*By Permission of the Managers.*

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<sup>66</sup> The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation. <sup>77</sup>

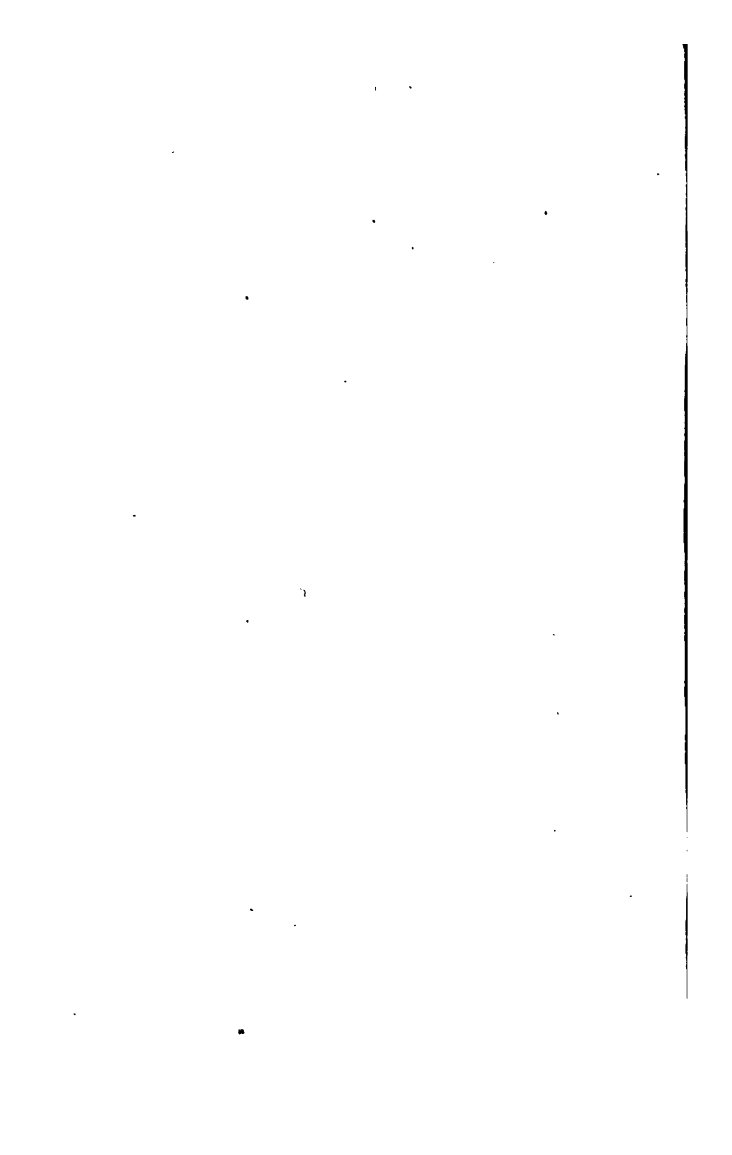
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TO  
MR. ADDISON.

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SIR,

*YOU will be surprized, in the midst of a daily and familiar conversation, with an address which bears so distant an air as a public dedication : But to put you out of the pain which I know this will give you, I assure you I do not design in it, what would be very needless, a panegyrick on yourself, or what, perhaps, is very necessary, a defence of the play. In the one I should discover too much the concern of an author, in the other too little the freedom of a friend.*

*My purpose, in this application, is only to show the esteem I have for you, and that I look upon my intimacy with you, as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life. At the same time I hope I make the town no ill compliment for their kind acceptance of this comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far raised my opinion of it, as to make me think it no improper memorial of an inviolable friendship.*

*I should not offer it to you as such, had I not been very careful to avoid every thing that might look ill-*

*natured, immoral, or prejudicial to what the better part of mankind hold sacred and honourable.*

*Poetry, under such restraints, is an obliging service to human society; especially when it is used, like your admirable vein, to recommend more useful qualities in yourself, or immortalize characters truly heroic in others. I am, here, in danger of breaking my promise to you, therefore shall take the only opportunity that can offer itself of resisting my own inclinations, by complying with yours.*

*I am, SIR,*

*Your most faithful humble servant,*

*RICHARD STEELE.*

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## SIR RICHARD STEELE.

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WAS of the number of brilliant yet eccentric geniusses, who have conferred by their birth the fame of producing wit, in a more than equal degree, upon the kingdom of Ireland. In the county of Wexford his family possessed a considerable property.

Sir RICHARD, however, was of the British Charter-House, and thence he went to Merton-College, Oxford. What proficiency he made has been sufficiently obvious. As a classical prose writer of his time, he yields only to ADDISON. If he be considered as a dramatist, he cannot rank high; for he is not an original: he drew from French models, and the dialogue of his pieces was more distinguished by sentiment than by wit or humour. His characters are none of them new, nor are they marked with much strength of conception or peculiarity of diction—*Ex uno disce omnes*.—BEVIL indeed is the dramatic GRANDISON, humane, tender, delicate and honourable.

STEELE's thoughts seem to have, in despite of his life and manners, tended always to virtue; and if indulgence may be extended to any man who acts against internal evidence, STEELE may deserve the commiseration of him, who can sigh over the records of indiscretion, and resolve to become better himself.

He was connected with the fluctuating parties in the reign of Queen ANNE; and, as the one or the other triumphed, he was in place to day, and in poverty to-morrow. He was now theatrically a manager of Drury-Lane House, but he managed there as he managed in his own house, which long together he did not keep *over his head*. He was concerned in a variety of periodical publications—The Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, Spinster, Reader, Theatre, &c. &c.

GEORGE I. conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, April 28, 1715, and WALPOLE ordered him Five Hundred Pounds for especial services. He ended a life discriminated with nearly endless incursions of misery and returns of affluence, at his seat of Languinnor, near Caermarthen, September 21, 1729, and was interred in the church of Caermarthen.

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*His plays are in number six, two of which are yet unpublished:*

*Funeral; or, Grief A-la-mode, 1702.*

*The Tender Husband; or, The Accomplished Fools, 1704.*

*The Lying Lover; or, The Ladies' Friendship, 1706.*

*The Conscious Lovers, 1721.*

*The Gentlemen, N. D.*

*The School of Action, N. D.*

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THE  
*TENDER HUSBAND.*

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THE character of this Comedy may be extracted from the general character of STEELE's plays, as mentioned in the life. It, in the present times, has not much theatrical attraction, though it certainly may be read with great pleasure. The incidents are many of them borrowed, and the Husband who solicits his own dishonour, tastes of *Ford* in the Merry Wives of Windsor. The language is very pure and neat.

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## PROLOGUE.

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WRITTEN BY MR. ADDISON.

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*IN the first rise and infancy of farce,  
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,  
The raw, unpractised authors could with ease,  
A young and unexperienced audience please:  
No single character had e'er been shown,  
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;  
Rich in originals, they set to view,  
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.*

*But now our British Theatre can boast  
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!  
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows  
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;  
Rough country knights are found of every shire,  
Of every fashion, gentle fops appear;  
And punks of different characters we meet,  
As frequent on the stage as in the pit:  
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,  
And here and there, by chance glean up a fool:  
Long ere they find the necessary spark,  
They search the town, and beat about the park:*

---

*To all his most frequented haunts resort,  
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court ;  
As love of pleasure, or of place invites :  
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.*

*How'er, to do you right, the present age  
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage,  
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,  
And won't be blockheads in the common road.  
Do but survey this crowded house to night :  
——Here's still encouragement for those that write.*

*Our author to divert his friends to day,  
Stocks with variety of fools his play ;  
And that there may be something gay, and new,  
Two ladies errant has exposed to view :  
The first a damsel, travell'd in romance ;  
The t'other more refin'd ; she comes from France :  
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,  
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.*

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## A S O N G.

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Designed for the FOURTH ACT, but not set.

*SEE Britons, see with awful eyes,  
Britannia from her seas arise!  
“ Ten thousand billows round me roar  
While winds and waves engage,  
That break in froth upon my shore  
And impotently rage.  
Such were the terrors, which of late  
Surrounded my afflicted state ;  
United fury thus was bent  
On my devoted seats,  
'Till all the mighty force was spent  
In feeble swells, and empty threats.*

*But now with rising glory crown'd,  
My joys run high, they know no bounds ;  
Tides of unruly pleasure flow  
Through every swelling vein,  
New raptures in my bosom glow,  
And warm me up to youth again.  
Passing pomps my streets adorn ;  
Captive spoils in triumph born,*

*Standards of Gauls, in fight subdued  
Colours in hostile blood embrued,  
Ensigns of tyrannic might,  
Foes to equity and right,  
In courts of British justice wave on high,  
Sacred to law and liberty.  
My crowded theatres repeat,  
In songs of triumph, the defeat.  
Did ever joyful mother see  
So bright, so brave a progeny!  
Daughters with so much beauty crown'd,  
Or sons for valour so renown'd!*

*But oh, I gaze, and seek in vain  
To find amidst this warlike train  
My absent sons, that us'd to grace  
With decent pride this joyous place:  
Unhappy youths! How do my sorrows rise,  
Swell my breast and melt my eyes,  
While I your mighty loss deplore,  
Wild and raging with distress  
I mourn, I mourn my own success,  
And boast my victories no more.  
Unhappy youths! far from their native sky,  
On Danube's banks interr'd they lie.  
Germania, give me back my slain,  
Give me my slaughter'd sons again.  
Was it for this they ranged so far,  
To free thee from oppressive war!"*  
*Germania, &c.*

---

*Tears of sorrow while I shed,  
O'er the manes of my dead,  
Lasting altars let me raise  
To my living heroes praise;  
Heaven give them a longer stay,  
As glorious actions to display,  
Or perish on as great a day.*

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Dramatis Personae.

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DRURY-LANE.

*Men.*

Sir HARRY GUBBIN,	- - - - -	Mr. Baddeley.
HUMPHRY GUBBIN,	- - - - -	Mr. Dodd,
Mr. TIPKIN,	- - - - -	Mr. Parsons.
CLERIMONT, Sen.	- - - - -	Mr. Packer.
Captain CLERIMONT,	- - - - -	Mr. Brereton.
Mr. POUNCE,	- - - - -	Mr. Aickin.

*Women.*

Mrs. CLERIMONT,	- - - - -	Mrs. Ward.
AUNT,	- - - - -	Mrs. Hopkins.
NIECE,	- - - - -	Miss Farren.
FAINLOVE,	- - - - -	Mrs. Wells.
JENNY <i>Maid to Mrs. Clerimont,</i>	- - - - -	Miss Tidswell.

COVENT-GARDEN.

*Men.*

Sir HARRY GUBBIN,	- - - - -	Mr. Quick.
HUMPHRY GUBBIN,	- - - - -	Mr. Edwin.
Mr. TIPKIN,	- - - - -	Mr. Wewitzer.
CLERIMONT, Sen.	- - - - -	Mr. Farren.
Captain CLERIMONT,	- - - - -	Mr. Lewis.
Mr. POUNCE,	- - - - -	Mr. Fearon.

*Women.*

Mrs. CLERIMONT,	- - - - -	Mrs. Mattocks.
AUNT,	- - - - -	Mrs. Webb.
NIECE,	- - - - -	Mrs. Abington.
FAINLOVE.	- - - - -	Mrs. Bernard.
JENNY, <i>Maid to Mrs. Clerimont,</i>	- - - - -	Miss Brangin.



THE  
TENDER HUSBAND.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Park. Enter CLERIMONT, Sen. and FAINLOVE.*

*Clerimont, Sen.*

WELL, Mr. Fainlove, how do you go on in your amour with my wife?

*Fain.* I am very civil and very distant; if she smiles or speaks, I bow and gaze at her—Then throw down my eyes, as if opprest by fear of offence, then steal a look again till she again sees me—This is my general method.

*Cler. Sen.* And 'tis right—For such a fine lady has no guard to her virtue, but her pride; therefore you must constantly apply yourself to that: But dear Lucy, as you have been a very faithful, but a very costly wench to me, so my spouse also has been constant to my bed, but careless of my fortune.

*Fain.* Ah! my dear, how could you leave your poor Lucy, and run into France to see sights, and show your gallantry with a wife? Was not that unnatural?

*Cler. Sen.* She brought me a noble fortune, and I thought she had a right to share it: therefore carried her to see the world, forsooth, and make the tour of France and Italy, where she learned to lose her money gracefully, to admire every vanity in our sex, and condemn every virtue in her own; which, with ten thousand other perfections, are the ordinary improvements of a travell'd lady. Now I can neither mortify her vanity that I may live at ease with her, or quite discard her, till I have catch'd her a little enlarging her innocent freedoms, as she calls 'em: for this end I am content to be a French husband, tho' now and then with the secret pangs of an Italian one; and therefore, sir, or madam, you are thus equipt to attend and accost her ladyship: it concerns you to be diligent: if we wholly part—I need say no more: if we do not—I'll see thee well provided for.

*Fain.* I'll do all I can, I warrant you, but you are not to expect I'll go much among the men.

*Cler. Sen.* No, no, you must not go near men, you are only (when my wife goes to a play) to sit in a side-box with pretty fellows—I don't design you to personate a real man, you are only to be a pretty gentleman——Not to be of any use or consequence in the world, as to yourself, but merely as a property

to others ; “ such as you see now and then have a  
“ life in the intail of a great estate, that seem to have  
“ come into the world only to be tags in the pedigree  
“ of a wealthy house.”—You must have seen many  
of that species.

*Fain.* I apprehend you, such as stand in assemblies,  
with an indolent softness and contempt of all around  
’em ; who make a figure in public, and are scorn’d  
in private ; I have seen such a one with a pocket  
glass to see his own face, and an affected perspective  
to know others. [Imitates each.

*Cler. Sen.* Aye, aye, that’s my man—Thou dear  
rogue.

*Fain.* Let me alone—I’ll lay my life I’ll horn you,  
that is, I’ll make it appear I might if I could.

*Cler. Sen.* Aye, that will please me quite as well.

*Fain.* To shew you the progress I have made, I  
last night won of her five hundred pounds, which I  
have brought you safe. [Giving him bills.

*Cler. Sen.* Oh the damn’d vice ! That women can  
imagine all household care, regard to posterity, and  
fear of poverty, must be sacrificed to a game at cards  
—Suppose she had not had it to pay, and you had  
been capable of finding your account another way—

*Fain.* That’s but a suppose——

*Cler. Sen.* I say, she must have complied with  
every thing you ask’d——

*Fain.* But she knows you never limit her expences  
—I’ll gain him from her for ever if I can. [Aside.

*Cler. Sen.* With this you have repaid me two thou-

sand pounds, and if you did not refund thus honestly, I could not have supplied her—We must have parted.

*Fain.* Then you shall part—if t'other way fails.  
[*Aside.*] However, I can't blame your fondness of her, she has so many entertaining qualities with her vanity—Then she has such a pretty unthinking air, while she saunters round a room, and prattles sentences—

*Cler. Sen.* That was her turn from her infancy ; she always had a great genius for knowing every thing but what it was necessary she should—"The wits of the age, the great beauties, and short-lived people of vogue, were always her discourse and imitation"—Thus the case stood when she went to France ; but her fine follies improved so daily, that, tho' I was then proud of her being call'd Mr. Clerimont's wife, I am now as much out of countenance to hear myself call'd Mrs. Clerimont's husband, so much is the superiority of her side.

*Fain.* I am sure if ever I gave myself a little liberty, I never found you so indulgent.

*Cler. Sen.* I should have the whole sex on my back, should I pretend to retrench a lady so well visited as mine is—I therefore I must bring it about that it shall appear her own act, if she reforms ; or else I shall be pronounced jealous, and have my eyes pull'd out for being open—But I hear my brother Jack coming, who, I hope, has brought yours with him—Hist, not a word.



*Enter Captain CLERIMONT and POUNCE.*

*Capt.* I have found him out at last, brother, and brought you the obsequious Mr. Pounce; I saw him at a distance in a crowd, whispering in their turns with all about him—He is a gentleman so received, so courted, and so trusted——

*Pounce.* I am very glad if you saw any thing like that, if the approbation of others can recommend me (where I much more desired it) to this company——

*Capt.* Oh the civil person—But, dear Pounce, you know I am your profest admirer; “I always celebrated you for your excellent skill and address, for that happy knowledge of the world, which makes you seem born for living with the persons you are with, wherever you come”——Now my brother and I want your help in a business that requires a little more dexterity than we ourselves are masters of.

*Pounce.* You know, sir, my character is helping the distressed, which I do freely, and without reserve; while others are for distinguishing rigidly on the justice of the occasion, and so lose the grace of the benefit——Now 'tis my profession to assist a free-hearted young fellow against an unnatural long-lived father—to disencumber men of pleasure of the vexation of unwieldy estates, to support a feeble title to an inheritance, to——

*Cler. Sen.* I have been well acquainted with your ~~name~~, ever since I saw you, with so much compas-

sion, prompt a stammering witness in Westminster-hall—that wanted instruction—I love a man that can venture his ears with so much bravery for his friend.

*Pounce.* Dear sir, spare my modesty, and let me know to what all this panegyric tends.

*Cler. Sen.* Why, sir, what I would say is in behalf of my brother the Captain here, whose misfortune it is that I was born before him.

*Pounce.* I am confident he had rather you should have been so, than any other man in England.

*Capt.* You do me justice, Mr. Pounce—But though 'tis to that gentleman, I am still a younger brother, and you know we that are so, are generally condemn'd to shops, colleges, or inns of court.

*Pounce.* But you, sir, have escaped 'em; you have been trading in the noble mart of glory——

*Capt.* That's true—But the general makes such haste to finish the war, that we red coats may be soon out of fashion—and then I am a fellow of the most easy, indolent disposition in the world; I hate all manner of business.

*Pounce.* A composed temper, indeed!

*Capt.* In such case, I should have no way of livelihood, but calling over this gentleman's dogs in the country, drinking his stale beer to the neighbourhood, or marrying a fortune.

*Cler. Sen.* To be short, Pounce——I am putting Jack upon marriage; and you are so publican envoy, or rather plenipotentiary, from the very different na-

tions of Cheapside, Covent-Garden, and St. James's; you have, too, the mien and language of each place so naturally, that you are the properest instrument I know in the world, to help an honest young fellow to favour in one of 'em, by credit in the other.

*Pounce.* By what I understand of your many pre-faces, gentlemen, the purpose of all this is—That it would not, in the least, discompose this gentleman's easy, indolent disposition, to fall into twenty thousand pounds, tho' it came upon him never so suddenly.

*Capt.* You are a very discerning man—How could you see so far through me, as to know I love a fine woman, pretty equipage, good company, and a clean habitation?

*Pounce.* Well, though I am so much a conjuror—What then?

*Cler. Sen.* You know a certain person, into whose hands you now and then recommend a young heir, to be relieved from the vexation of tenants, taxes, and so forth—

*Pounce.* What! my worthy friend, and city patron, Hezekiah Tipkin, banker, in Lombard-street; would the noble captain lay any sums in his hands?

*Capt.* No—But the noble captain would have treasure out of his hands—You know his niece.

*Pounce.* To my knowledge, ten thousand pounds in money.

*Capt.* Such a stature! such a blooming countenance! so easy a shape!

*Pounce.* In jewels of her grandmother's five thousand—

*Capt.* Her wit so lively, her mien so alluring !

*Pounce.* In land a thousand a year.

*Capt.* Her lips have that certain prominence, that swelling softness, that they invite to a pressure ; her eyes that languish, that they give pain, though they look only inclined to rest—Her whole person that one charm—

*Pounce.* “ Raptures ! raptures !

“ *Capt.* How can it, so insensibly to itself, lead us  
“ through cares it knows not, through such a wilder-  
“ ness of hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, desires, de-  
“ spairs, ecstasies, and torments, with so sweet, yet  
“ so anxious vicissitude !

“ *Pounce.*” Why I thought you had never seen her—

*Capt.* No more I ha'n't.

*Pounce.* Who told you, then, of her inviting lips, her soft sleepy eyes ?——

*Capt.* You yourself——

*Pounce.* Sure you rave ; I never spoke of her before to you.

*Capt.* Why, you won't face me down—Did you not just now say, she had ten thousand pounds in money, five in jewels, and a thousand a year ?

*Pounce.* I confess my own stupidity, and her charms—Why, if you were to meet, you would certainly please her ; you have the cant of loving ; but, pray, may we be free—That young gentleman—

*Capt.* A very honest, modest gentleman of my acquaintance : one that has much more in him than he appears to have ; you shall know him better, sir ; this is Mr. Pounce. Mr. Pounce, this is Mr. Fainlove ; I must desire you to let him be known to you, and your friends.

*Pounce.* I shall be proud—Well, then, since we may be free, you must understand, the young lady, by being kept from the world, has made a world of her own.—She has spent all her solitude in reading romances ; her head is full of shepherds, knights, flowery meads, groves, and streams ; so that if you talk like a man of this world to her, you do nothing.

*Capt.* Oh let me alone—I have been a great traveller in fairy land myself ; I know Oroondates, Cassandra ; Astrea and Clelia are my intimate acquaintance.

“ Go, my heart’s envoys, tender sighs make haste,

“ And with your breath swell the soft Zephyr’s  
blast :

“ Then near that fair one, if you chance to fly,

“ Tell her, in whispers, ’tis for her I die.”

*Pounce.* That would do, that would do——her very language.

*Cler. Sen.* Why then, dear Pounce, I know thou art the only man living that can serve him.

*Pounce.* Gentlemen, you must pardon me, I am soliciting the marriage settlement between her and a country booby, her cousin, Humphry Gubbin, Sir

Harry's heir, who is come to town to take possession of her.

*Cler. Sen.* Well, all that I can say to the matter is, that a thousand pounds on the day of Jack's marriage to her, is more than you'll get by the dispatch of those deeds.

*Pounce.* Why a thousand pounds is a pretty thing, especially when 'tis to take a lady fair out of the hands of an obstinate ill-bred clown, to give her to a gentle swain, a dying enamour'd knight.

*Cler. Sen.* Ay, dear Pounce—consider but that—the justice of the thing.

*Pounce.* Besides, he is just come from the glorious Blenheim! Look ye, Captain, I hope you have learn'd an implicit obedience to your leaders.

*Capt.* 'Tis all I know.

*Pounce.* Then, if I am to command—make no one step without me—And since we may be free—I am also to acquaint you, there will be more merit in bringing this matter to bear than you imagine—Yet right measures make all things possible.

*Capt.* We'll follow yours exactly.

*Pounce.* But the great matter against us is want of time, for the nymph's uncle, and 'Squire's father, this morning met, and made an end of the matter—But the difficulty of a thing, captain, shall be no reason against attempting it.

*Capt.* I have so great an opinion of your conduct that I warrant you we conquer all.

*Pounce.* I am so intimately employ'd by old Tipkin, and so necessary to him, that I may, perhaps, puzzle things yet.

*Cler. Sen.* I have seen thee cajole the knave very dextrously.

*Pounce.* Why, really, sir, generally speaking, 'tis but knowing what a man thinks of himself, and giving him that, to make him what else you please——Now Tipkin is an absolute Lombard-street wit, a fellow that drolls on the strength of fifty thousand pounds: he is called on 'Change, Sly-boots, and by the force of a very good credit, and very bad conscience, he is a leading person: but we must be quick, or he'll sneer old Sir Harry out of his senses, and strike up the sale of his niece immediately.

*Capt.* But my rival, what's he——

*Pounce.* There's some hopes there, for I hear the booby is as averse, as his father is inclined to it——One is as obstinate, as the other cruel.

*Cler. Sen.* He is, they say, a pert blockhead, and and very lively out of his father's sight.

*Pounce.* He that gave me his character, call'd him a docile dunce, a fellow rather absurd, than a direct fool——When his father's absent, he'll pursue any thing he's put upon——But we must not lose time——Pray be you two brothers at home to wait for any notice from me——While that pretty gentleman and I, whose face I have known, take a walk and look about for 'em——So, so——Young lady——[*Aside to Fainlove.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sir HARRY GUBBIN and TIPKIN.*

*Sir Har.* Look ye, brother Tipkin, as I told you before, my business in town is to dispose of an hundred head of cattle, and my son.

*Tip.* Brother Gubbin, as I signified to you in my last, bearing date September 13th, my niece has a thousand pounds per annum, and because I have found you a plain-dealing man, (particularly in the easy pad you put into my hands last summer,) I was willing you should have the refusal of my niece, provided that I have a discharge from all retrospects while her guardian, and one thousand pounds for my care.

*Sir Har.* Aye, but brother, you rate her too high, the war has fetch'd down the price of women : the whole nation is over-run with petticoats ; our daughters lie upon our hands, brother Tipkin ; girls are drugs, sir, mere drugs.

*Tip.* Look ye, sir Harry—Let girls be what they will—a thousand pounds a year, is a thousand pounds a year ; and a thousand pounds a year is neither girl nor boy.

*Sir Har.* Look ye, Mr. Tipkin, the main article with me is, that foundation of wives rebellion, and husbands cuckoldom, that cursed pin-money—Five hundred pounds per annum pin-money.

*Tip.* The word pin-money, sir Harry, is a term.—

*Sir Har.* It is a term, brother, we never had in our family, nor ever will—make her jointure in widow-



hood accordingly large, but four hundred pounds a year is enough to give no account of.

*Tip.* Well, sir Harry, since you can't swallow these pins, I will abate to four hundred pounds.

*Sir Har.* And to mollify the article—as well as specify the uses, we'll put in the names of several female utensils, as needles, knitting-needles, tape, thread, scissors, bodkins, fans, play-books, with other toys of that nature. And now, since we have as good as concluded the marriage, it will not be improper that the young people see each other.

*Tip.* I don't think it prudent 'till the very instant of marriage, lest they should not like one another.

*Sir Har.* They shall meet—As for the young girl she cannot dislike Numps; and for Numps, I never suffer'd him to have any thing he liked in his life. He'll be here immediately; he has been train'd up from his childhood under such a plant as this in my hand—I have taken pains in his education.

*Tip.* Sir Harry, I approve your method; for since you have left off hunting, you might otherwise want exercise, and this is a subtle expedient to preserve your own health, and your son's good manners.

*Sir Har.* It has been the custom of the Gubbins to preserve severity and discipline in their families—I myself was caned the day before my wedding.

*Tip.* Aye, sir Harry, had you not been well cudgelled in youth, you had never been the man you are.

*Sir Har.* You say right, now I feel the benefit of it—There's a crab-tree, near our house, which

*Sir Har.* Not like him, quotha'!

*Tip.* He may see his cousin when he pleases.

*Hump.* But hark ye, uncle, I have a scruple I had better mention before marriage than after.

*Tip.* What's that? what's that?

*Hump.* My cousin, you know, is a-kin to me, and I don't think it lawful for a young man to marry his own relations.

*Sir Har.* Hark ye, hark ye, Numps, we have got a way to solve all that: sirrah! consider this cudgel! Your cousin! Suppose I'd have you marry your grandmother; what then? [*Apart.*]

*Tip.* Well has your father satisfied you in the point, Mr. Humphry?

*Hump.* Aye, aye, sir, very well: I have not the least scruple remaining; no, no—not in the least, sir.

*Tip.* Then hark ye, brother; we'll go take a whet, and settle the whole affair.

*Sir Har.* Come, we'll leave Numps here—he knows the way. Not marry your own relations, sirrah! [*Apart.*] [*Excunt Sir Harry and Tipkin.*]

*Hump.* Very fine, very fine; how prettily this park is stockt with soldiers, and deer, and ducks, and ladies——Ha! where are the old fellows gone; where can they be, tro'——I'll ask these people——

*Enter POUNCE and FAINLOVE.*

*Hump.* Ha, you pretty young gentleman, did you see my father?

*Fain.* Your father, sir?

*Hump.* A weazel-faced cross old gentleman, with spindle shanks?

*Fain.* No, sir.

*Hump.* A crab-tree stick in his hand?

*Pounce.* We ha'n't met any body with these marks, but sure I have seen you before—Are not you Mr. Humphry Gubbin, son and heir to sir Henry Gubbin?

*Hump.* I am his son and heir—But how long I shall be so, I can't tell, for he talks every day of disinheriting me.

*Pounce.* Dear sir, let me embrace you—Nay, don't be offended if I take the liberty to kiss you; Mr. Fainlove, pray [*Fainlove kisses.*] kiss the gentleman—Nay, dear sir, don't stare and be surprized, for I have had a desire to be better known to you ever since I saw you one day clinch your fist at your father, when his back was turn'd upon you—For I must own I very much admire a young gentleman of spirit.

*Hump.* Why, sir, would it not vex a man to the heart, to have an old fool snubbing a body every minute afore company—

*Pounce.* Oh fye, he uses you like a boy.

*Hump.* Like a boy! He lays me on, now and then, as if I were one of his hounds—You can't think what a rage he was in this morning because I boggled a little at marrying my own cousin.

*Pounce.* A man can't be too scrupulous, Mr. Humphry; a man can't be too scrupulous.

*Hump.* Sir, I could as soon love my own flesh and blood, we should squabble like brother and sister; do you think we should not, Mr.—? Pray, gentlemen, may I crave the favour of your names?

*Pounce.* Sir, I am the very person that have been employed to draw up the articles of marriage between you and your cousin.

*Hump.* Aye, say you so? Then you can inform me in some things concerning myself?—Pray, sir, what estate am I heir to?

*Pounce.* To fifteen hundred pounds a year, an intailed estate——

*Hump.* I am glad to hear it, with all my heart; and can you satisfy me in another question—Pray how old am I at present?

*Pounce.* Three and twenty last March.

*Hump.* Why, as sure as you are there they have kept me back. I have been told by some of the neighbourhood, that I was born the very year the pigeon-house was built, and every body knows the pigeon-house is three and twenty—Why, I find there has been tricks play'd me; I have obey'd him all along, as if I had been obliged to it.

*Pounce.* Not at all, sir; your father can't cut you out of one acre of fifteen hundred pounds a year.

*Hump.* What a fool have I been to give him his head so long!

*Pounce.* A man of your beauty and fortune may find out ladies enough that are not a-kin to you.

*Hump.* Look ye, Mr. What-d'ye-call—As to my

beauty, I don't know but they may take a liking to that—But, sir, mayn't I crave your name?

*Pounce.* My name, sir, is Pounce, at your service.

*Hump.* Pounce, with a P——

*Pounce.* Yes, sir, and Samuel with an S——

*Hump.* Why, then, Mr. Samuel Pounce, do you know any gentlewoman that you think I could like? For to tell you truly, I took an antipathy to my cousin ever since my father proposed her to me—And since every body knows I came up to be married, I don't care to go down and look baulkt.

*Pounce.* I have a thought just come into my head—Do you see this young gentleman? he has a sister, a prodigious fortune—'faith you two shall be acquainted—

*Fain.* I can't pretend to expect so accomplish'd a gentleman as Mr. Humphry for my sister! but, being your friend, I'll be at his service in the affair.

*Hump.* If I had your sister, she and I should live like too turtles.

*Pounce.* Mr. Humphry, you shan't be fool'd any longer. I'll carry you into company; Mr. Fain here, you shall introduce him to Mrs. Clerimont's toilet.

*Fain.* She'll be highly taken with him, for she loves a gentleman whose manner is particular.

*Pounce.* What, sir, a person of your pretensions, a clear estate, no portions to pay! 'Tis barbarous, your treatment—Mr. Humphry, I'm afraid you want money—There's for you—What, a man of your accomplishments!

[Giving a purse.]

*Hump.* And yet you see, sir, how they use me—Dear sir, you are the best friend I ever met with in all my life—Now I am flush of money bring me to your sister, and I warrant you for my behaviour—A man's quite another thing with money in his pocket—you know.

*Pounce.* How little the oaf wonders why I should give him money! You shall never want, Mr. Humphry, while I have it—Mr. Humphry; but, dear friend, I must take my leave of you, I have some extraordinary business on my hands; I can't stay; but you must not say a word—

*Fain.* But you must be in the way half an hour hence, and I'll introduce you at Mrs. Clerimont's.

*Pounce.* Make 'em believe you are willing to have your cousin Bridget, 'till opportunity serves: Farewell, dear friend. [*Exeunt Pounce and Fainlove.*]

*Hump.* Farewell, good Mr. Samuel Pounce—But let's see my cash—'tis very true, the old saying, a man meets with more friendship from strangers, than his own relations—Let's see my cash, 1, 2, 3, 4, there on that side—1, 2, 3, 4, on that side; 'tis a foolish thing to put all one's money in one pocket, 'tis like a man's whole estate in one county—These five in my fob—I'll keep these in my hand, lest I should have present occasion—But this town's full of pick pockets—I'll go home again. [*Exit whistling.*]

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ACT II. SCENE I.

*Continues. Enter POUNCE, and Captain CLERIMONT with his arm in a scarf.*

*Pounce.*

YOU are now well enough instructed both in the aunt and niece to form your behaviour.

*Capt.* But to talk with her apart is the great matter.

*Pounce.* The antiquated virgin has a mighty affectation for youth, and is a great lover of men and money—One of these, at least, I am sure I can gratify her in, “by turning her pence in the annuities, “or the stocks of one of the companies;” some way or other I’ll find to entertain her, and engage you with the young lady.

*Capt.* Since that is her ladyship’s turn, so busy and fine a gentleman as Mr. Pounce must needs be in her good graces.

*Pounce.* So shall you too—But you must not be seen with me at first meeting; I’ll dog ’em, while you watch at a distance. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter AUNT and NIECE.*

*Niece.* Was it not my gallant that whistled so charmingly in the parlour, before he went out this morning? He’s a most accomplish’d cavalier.

*Aunt.* Come, niece, come—You don’t do well to make sport with your relations, especially with a

young gentleman that has so much kindness for you.

*Niece.* Kindness for me! What a phrase is there to express the darts and flames, the sighs and languishings of an expecting lover!

*Aunt.* Pray, niece, forbear this idle trash, and talk like other people. Your cousin Humphry will be true and hearty in what he says, and that's a great deal better than the talk and compliment of romances.

*Niece.* Good madam, don't wound my ears with such expressions: do you think I can ever love a man that's true and hearty! What a peasant-like amour do these coarse words import? True and hearty! Pray, aunt, endeavour a little at the embellishment of your stile.

*Aunt.* Alack-a-day, cousin Biddy, these idle romances have quite turn'd your head.

*Niece.* How often must I desire you, madam, to lay aside that familiar name, cousin Biddy? I never hear it without blushing—Did you ever meet with an heroine, in those idle romances—as you call 'em, that was term'd Biddy?

*Aunt.* Ah! Cousin, cousin—These are mere vapours, indeed—Nothing but vapours—

*Niece.* No, the heroine has always something soft and engaging in her name—Something that gives us a motion of the sweetness of her beauty and behaviour. A name that glides through half a dozen tender syllables, as Elismunda, Clidamira, Deidamia, that runs upon vowels of the tongue, not hissing through one's



teeth, or breaking them with consonants.—'Tis strange rudeness these familiar names they give us, when there is Aurelia, Saccharissa, Gloriana, for people of condition; and Celia, Chlonis, Coriana, Mopsa, for their maids and those of lower rank.

*Aunt.* Look ye, Biddy, this is not to be supported—I know not where you learnt this nicety; but I can tell you, forsooth, as much as you despise it, your mother was a Bridget afore you, and an excellent housewife.

*Niece.* Good madam, don't upbraid me with my mother Bridget, and an excellent housewife.

*Aunt.* Yes, I say, she was, and spent her time in better learning than ever you did—not in reading of fights and battles of dwarfs and giants; but in writing out receipts for broths, possets, caudles, and surfeit-waters, as became a good country gentlewoman.

*Niece.* My mother, and a Bridget!

*Aunt.* Yes, niece, I say again your mother, my sister, was a Bridget! the daughter of her mother Margory, of her mother Cicely, of her mother Alice.

*Niece.* Have you no mercy? O the barbarous genealogy!

*Aunt.* Of her mother Winifred, of her mother Joan.

*Niece.* Since you will run on, then I must needs tell you I am not satisfied in the point of my nativity. Many an infant has been placed in a cottage with obscure parents, 'till by chance some ancient servant of the family has known it by its marks.

*Aunt.* Aye, you had best be search't—That's like your calling the winds the fanning gales, before I don't know how much company; and the tree that was blown by it, had, forsooth, a spirit imprison'd in the trunk of it.

*Niece.* Ignorance!

*Aunt.* Then a cloud this morning had a flying dragon in it.

*Niece.* What eyes had you that you could see nothing? For my part, I look upon it to be a prodigy, and expect something extraordinary will happen to me before night—But you have a gross relish of things. What noble descriptions in romances had been lost, if the writers had been persons of your *gout*?

*Aunt.* I wish the authors had been hang'd, and their books burnt, before you had seen 'em.

*Niece.* Simplicity!

*Aunt.* A parcel of improbable lies.

*Niece.* Indeed, madam, your raillery is coarse—

*Aunt.* Fit only to corrupt young girls, and fill their heads with a thousand foolish dreams of I don't know what.

*Niece.* Nay, now, madam, you grow extravagant.

*Aunt.* What I say is not to vex, but advise you for your good.

*Niece.* What, to burn Philocles, Artaxerxes, Oroonates, and the rest of the heroic lovers, and take my country booby, cousin Humphry, for an husband!

*Aunt.* Oh dear, Oh dear, Biddy! Pray, good dear,

learn to act and speak like the rest of the world ; come, come, you shall marry your cousin, and live comfortably.

*Niece.* Live comfortably ! What kind of life is that ? A great heiress live comfortably ! Pray, aunt, learn to raise your ideas——What is, I wonder, to live, comfortably ?

*Aunt.* To live comfortably, is to live with prudence and frugality, as we do in Lombard-street.

*Niece.* As we do——That's a fine life indeed, with one servant of each sex——Let's see how many things, our coachman is good for——He rubs down his horses, lays the cloth, whets the knives, and sometimes makes beds.

*Aunt.* A good servant should turn his hand to every thing in a family.

*Niece.* Nay, there's not a creature in our family, that has not two or three different duties ; as John is butler, footman, and coachman ; so Mary is cook, laundress, and chamber-maid.

*Aunt.* Well, and do you laugh at that ?

*Niece.* No—not I——nor at the coach-horses, tho' one has an easy trot for my uncle's riding, and t'other an easy pace for your side-saddle.

*Aunt.* And so you jeer at the good management of your relations, do you ?

*Niece.* No, I'm well satisfied that all the house are creatures of business ; but, indeed, was in hopes that my poor lap-dog might have lived with me upon my fortune without an employment ; but my uncle threat-

one every day to make him a turnspit, that he too, in his sphere, may help us to live comfortably——

*Aunt.* Hark ye, cousin Biddy.

*Niece.* I vow I'm out of countenance, when our butler, with his careful face, drives us all stowed in a chariot drawn by one horse ambling, and t'other trotting with his provisions behind for the family, from Saturday night till Monday morning, bound for Mackeney——Then we make a comfortable figure indeed.

*Aunt.* So we do, and so wilt you always, if you marry your cousin Humphry.

*Niece.* Name not the creature.

*Aunt.* Creature! what your own cousin a creature!

*Niece.* Oh, let's be going, I see yonder another creature that does my uncle's law business, and has, I believe, made ready the deeds, those barbarous deeds.

*Aunt.* What, Mr. Pounce a creature too! Nay, now I'm sure you're ignorant——You shall stay, and you'll learn more wit from him in an hour, than in a thousand of your foolish books in an age——Your servant, Mr. Pounce.

*Enter POUNCE.*

*Pounce.* Ladies, I hope I don't interrupt any private discourse.

*Aunt.* Not in the least, sir.

*Pounce.* I should be loth to be esteemed one of those who think they have a privilege of mixing in all companies, without any business, but to bring forth a loud laugh, or vain jest.

*Niece.* He talks with the mien and gravity of a Paladin. [*Aside.*

*Pounce.* Madam, I bought the other day at three and an half, and sold at seven.

*Aunt.* Then pray, sir, sell for me in time. *Niece,* mind him : he has an infinite deal of wit—

*Pounce.* This that I speak of was for you—I never neglect such opportunities to serve my friends.

*Aunt.* Indeed, Mr. Pounce, you are, I protest, without flattery, the wittiest man in the world.

*Pounce.* I assure you, madam, I said last night, before an hundred head of citizens, that Mrs. Barsheba Tipkin was the most ingenious young lady in the liberties,

*Aunt.* Well, Mr. Pounce, you are so facetious—But you are always among the great ones—'Tis no wonder you have it.

*Niece.* Idle! idle!

*Pounce.* But, madam, you know Alderman Grey-Goose, he's a notable joking man—Well, says he, here's Mrs. Barsheba's health—She's my mistress.

*Aunt.* That man makes me split my sides with laughing, he's such a wag—(Mr. Pounce pretends Grey-Goose said all this, but I know 'tis his own wit, for he's in love with me.) [*Aside.*

*Pounce.* But, madam, there's a certain affair I should communicate to you. [*Apart.*

*Aunt.* Aye, 'tis certainly so—He wants to break his mind to me. [*Captain Clerimont passing.*

*Pounce.* Oh, Captain Clerimont, Captain Clerimont,

—Ladies, pray let me introduce this young gentleman, he's my friend, a youth of great virtue and goodness, for all he is in a red coat.

*Aunt.* If he's your friend, we need not doubt his virtue.

*Capt.* Ladies, you are taking the cool breath of the morning.

*Niece.* A pretty phrase. [*Aside.*

*Aunt.* That's the pleasantest time this warm weather.

*Capt.* Oh, 'tis the season of the pearly dews, and gentle zephyrs.

*Niece.* Aye! pray mind that again, Aunt. [*Aside.*

*Pounce.* Shan't we repose ourselves on yonder seat, I love improving company, and to communicate.

*Aunt.* 'Tis certainly so—He's in love with me, and wants opportunity to tell me so—I don't care if we do—He's a most ingenious man. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Aunt and Pounce.*

*Capt.* We enjoy here, madam, all the pretty landscapes of the country, without the pains of going thither.

*Niece.* Art and nature are in a rivalry, or rather a confederacy, to adorn this beauteous park with all the agreeable variety of water, shade, walks, and air.—What can be more charming than these flowery lawns?

*Capt.* Or these gloomy shades?—

*Niece.* Or these embroider'd vallies?—

*Capt.* Or that transparent stream?—

*Niece.* Or these bowing branches on the banks of it, that seem to admire their own beauty in the crystal mirror?

*Capt.* I am surprized, madam, at the delicacy of your phrase—Can such expressions come from Lombard-street?

*Niece.* Alas! sir, what can be expected from an innocent virgin, that has been immured almost one and twenty years from the conversation of mankind, under the care of an Urganda of an aunt?

*Capt.* Bless me, madam, how have you been abused! many a lady before your age has had an hundred lances broken in her service, and as many dragons cut to pieces in honour of her.

*Niece.* Oh, the charming man! [Aside.

*Capt.* Do you believe Pamela was one and twenty before she knew Musidorus?

*Niece.* I could hear him ever.— [Aside.

*Capt.* A lady of your wit and beauty might have given occasion for a whole romance in folio before that age,

*Niece.* Oh, the powers! Who can he be? Oh, youth unknown! But let me, in the first place, know whom I talk to, for, sir, I am wholly unacquainted both with your person and your history—You seem, indeed, by your deportment, and the distinguishing mark of your bravery which you bear, to have been in a conflict—May I not know what cruel beauty obliged you to such adventures, till she pitied you?

*Capt.* Oh, the pretty coxcomb ! [*Aside.*] Oh, Blenheim ! Oh, Cordelia, Cordelia !

*Niece.* You mention the place of battle—I would fain hear an exact description of it—Our public papers are so defective, they don't so much as tell us how the sun rose on that glorious day—Were there not a great many flights of vultures before the battle began ?

*Capt.* Oh, madam, they have eaten up half my acquaintance.

*Niece.* Certainly never birds of prey were so feasted—By report, they might have lived half a year on the very legs and arms our troops left behind 'em.

*Capt.* Had we not fought near a wood, we should ne'er have got legs enough to have come home upon. The Joiner of the Foot Guards has made his fortune by it.

*Niece.* I shall never forgive your general—He has put all my ancient heroes out of countenance ; he has pulled down Cyrus and Alexander, as much as Louis le Grand—But your own part in that action ?

*Capt.* Only that slight hurt, for the astrologer said at my nativity—Nor fire, nor sword, nor pike, nor musquet shall destroy this child, let him but avoid fair eyes—But, madam, mayn't I crave the name of her that has captivated my heart ?

*Niece.* I can't guess whom you mean by that description ; but if you ask my name—I must confess you put me upon revealing what I always keep as the



greatest secret I have—for, would you believe it—they have call'd me—I don't know how to own it, but have call'd me—Bridget.

*Capt.* Bridget?

*Niece.* Bridget.

*Capt.* Bridget?

*Niece.* Spare my confusion, I beseech you, sir, and if you have occasion to mention me, let it be by Parthenissa, for that's the name I have assumed ever since I came to years of discretion.

*Capt.* The insupportable tyranny of parents, to fix names on helpless infants which they must blush at all their lives after! I don't think there's a surname in the world to match it.

*Niece.* No! what do you think of Tipkin?

*Capt.* Tipkin! Why, I think if I was a young lady that had it, I'd part with it immediately.

*Niece.* Pray how would you get rid of it?

*Capt.* I'd change it for another—I could recommend to you three very pretty syllables—What do you think of Clerimont?

*Niece.* Clerimont! Clerimont! Very well—But what right have I to it?

*Capt.* If you will give me leave, I'll put you in possession of it. By a very few words I can make it over to you, and your children after you.

*Niece.* Oh, fye! Whither are you running! You know a lover should sigh in private, and languish whole years before he reveals his passion; he should retire into some solitary grove, and make the woods

and wild beasts his confidants—You should have told it to the echo half a year before you had discovered it even to my hand-maid. And yet besides—to talk to me of children—Did you ever hear of an heroine with a big belly ?

*Capt.* What can a lover do, madam ; now the race of giants is extinct ? Had I lived in those days, there had not been a mortal six feet high, but should have own'd Parthenissa for the paragon of beauty, or measured his length on the ground—Parthenissa should have been heard by the brooks and deserts at midnight—the echo's burden, and the river's murmur.

*Niece.* That had been a golden age, indeed ! But see, my aunt has left her grave companion, and is coming towards us—I command you to leave me.

*Capt.* Thus Oroondates, when Statira dismiss him her presence, threw himself at her feet, and implored permission but to live. [*Offering to kneel.*]

*Niece.* And thus Statira raised him from the earth, permitting him to live and love. [*Exit Capt. Cler.*]

*Enter AUNT.*

*Aunt.* Is not Mr. Pounce's conversation very improving, niece ?

*Niece.* Is not Mr. Clerimont a very pretty name, aunt ?

*Aunt.* He has so much prudence.

*Niece.* He has so much gallantry.

*Aunt.* So sententious in his expressions.

*Niece.* So polish'd in his language.

*Aunt.* All he says, is, methinks, so like a sermon.

*Niece.* All he speaks savours of romance.

*Aunt.* Romance, niece? Mr. Pounce! what savours of romance?

*Niece.* No, I mean his friend, the accomplish'd Mr. Clerimont.

*Aunt.* Fye, for one of your years to commend a young fellow!

*Niece.* One of my years is mightily govern'd by example! You did not dislike Mr. Pounce.

*Aunt.* What, censorious too? I find there is no trusting you out of the house—A moment's fresh air does but make you still the more in love with strangers, and despise your own relations.

*Niece.* I am certainly by the power of an enchantment placed among you, but I hope I this morning employ'd one to seek adventures, and break the charm.

*Aunt.* Vapours, Biddy, indeed! Nothing but vapours—Cousin Humphry shall break the charm.

*Niece.* Name him not—Call me still Biddy, rather than name that brute. [*Exeunt Aunt and Niece.*]

*Enter Captain CLERIMONT and POUNCE.*

*Capt.* A perfect Quixote in petticoats! I tell thee, x  
Pounce, she governs herself wholly by romance—  
It has got into her very blood—She starts by rule,  
and blushes by example—Could I have produced  
one instance of a lady's complying at first sight, I

should have gained her promise on the spot—Now am I bound to curse the cold constitutions of the Philoclea's and Stasira's! I am undone for want of precedents.

*Pounce.* I am sure I labour'd hard to favour your conference; and plied the old woman all the while with something that tickled either her vanity or her covetousness; “I consider'd all the stocks, old and new company, her own complexion and youth, partners for sword-blades, chamber of London, banks for charity, and mine adventurers, till she told me I had the repute of the most facetious man that ever came to Garraway's—For you must know, public knaves and stock jobbers pass for wits at her end of the town, as common cheats and gamblers do at yours.”

*Capt.* I pity the drudgery you have gone through; but what's next to be done towards getting my pretty heroine?

*Pounce.* What should next be done, in ordinary method of things—You have seen her, the next regular approach is, that you cannot subsist a moment, without sending forth musical complaints of your misfortune, by way of a serenade.

*Capt.* I can nick you there, sir, “I have a scribbling army friend, that has wrote a triumphant, rare, noisy song, in honour of the late victory, that will hit the nymph's fantasque to a hair;” I'll get every thing ready as soon as possible.

*Pounce.* While you are playing upon the fort, I'll

be within, and observe what execution you do, and give you intelligence accordingly.

*Capt.* You must have an eye upon Mr. Humphry, while I feed the vanity of Parthenissa—For I am so experienced in these matters, that I know none but coxcombs think to win a woman by any desert of their own—No, it must be done rather by complying with some prevailing humour of your mistress, than exerting any good quality in yourself.

*'Tis not the lover's merit wins the field,  
But to themselves alone the beauteous yield.* [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Chamber. Enter Mrs. CRERIMONT, FAINLOVE, (carrying her lap dog), and JENNY.*

*Jenny.*

MADAM, the footman that's recommended to you is below, if your ladyship will please to take him.

*Mrs. Cler.* Oh, fye; don't believe I'll think on't—It is impossible he should be good for any thing—The English are so saucy with their liberty—I'll have all my lower servants French—There cannot be a good footman born out of an absolute monarchy—

*Jen.* I am beholden to your ladyship, for believing so well of the maid-servants in England.

*Mrs. Cler.* Indeed, Jenny, I could wish thou wert

really French: for thou art plain English in spite of example—Your arms do but hang on, and you move perfectly upon joints. Not with a swim of the whole person—But I am talking to you, and have not adjusted myself to-day: what pretty company a glass is, to have another self! [*Kisses the dog.*] The converse is soliloquy! To have company that never contradicts or displeases us! The pretty visible echo of our actions. [*Kisses the dog.*] How easy, too, it is to be disincumber'd with stays, where a woman has any thing like shape, if no shape, a good air—But I look best when I'm talking.

[*Kisses the lap-dog in Fainlove's arms.*]

*Jen.* You always look well.

*Mrs. Cler.* For I'm always talking, you mean so, that disquiets thy sullen English temper, but I don't really look so well when I am silent—If I do but offer to speak—Then I may say that—Oh, bless me, Jenny, I am so pale, I am afraid of myself—I have not laid on half red enough—What a dough-baked thing I was before I improved myself, and travelled for beauty—However, my face is very prettily design'd to-day.

*Fain.* Indeed, madam, you begin to have so fine an hand, that you are younger every day than other.

*Mrs. Cler.* The ladies abroad used to call me *Mademoiselle Titian*, I was so famous for my colouring; but pr'ythee, wench, bring me my black eye-brows out of the next room.

*Jen.* Madam, I have 'em in my hand.

*Fain.* It would be happy for all that are to see you to-day, if you could change your eyes too.

*Mrs. Cler.* Gallant enough—No, hang it, I'll wear these I have on; this mode of visage takes mightily; I had three ladies last week came over to my complexion—I think to be a fair woman this fortnight, 'till I find I'm aped too much—I believe there are an hundred copies of me already.

*Jen.* Dear madam, won't your ladyship please to let me be of the next countenance you leave off?

*Mrs. Cler.* You may, Jenny—but I assure you—it is a very pretty piece of ill-nature, for a woman that has any genius for beauty, to observe the servile imitation of her manner, her motion, her glances, and her smiles.

*Fain.* Aye, indeed, madam, nothing can be so ridiculous as to imitate the inimitable.

*Mrs. Cler.* Indeed, as you say, Fainlove, the French mien is no more to be learn'd, than the language, without going thither—Then again to see some poor ladies who have clownish, penurious English husbands, turn and torture their old clothes into so many forms, and dye 'em into so many colours, to follow me—What say'st, Jenny? What say'st? Not a word?

*Jen.* Why, madam, all that I can say——

*Mrs. Cler.* Nay, I believe, Jenny, thou hast nothing to say any more than the rest of thy country women—The spleneticks speak just as the weather lets 'em—They are mere talking barometers—Abroad the people of quality go on so eternally, and still go

on, and are gay and entertain—In England discourse is made up of nothing but question and answer—I was t'other day at a visit, where there was a profound silence, for, I believe, the third part of a minute.

*Jen.* And your ladyship there?

*Mrs. Cler.* They infected me with their dullness. Who can keep up their good humour at an English visit?—They sit as at a funeral, silent in the midst of many candles—One, perhaps, alarms the room—'Tis very cold weather—then all the mutes play their fans—'till some other question happens, and then the fans go off again.——

“ *Enter Boy.*

“ *Boy.* Madam, your spinnet master is come.

“ *Mrs. Cler.* Bring him in, he's very pretty company.

“ *Fain.* His spinnet is, he never speaks himself.

“ *Mrs. Cler.* Speak, simpleton! What then, he keeps out silence, does not he [*Enter.*]—Oh, sir, you must forgive me, I have been very idle—Well, you pardon me, (*Master bows.*)—(Did you think I was perfect in the song—) (*bows*) but pray let me hear it once more. Let us see it. [*Reads.*

“ S O N G.

“ *With studied airs, and practised smiles,*

“ *Flavia my ravish'd heart beguiles:*

“ *The charms we make, are ours alone,*

“ *Nature's works are not our own.*



“ Her skilful hand gives ev’ry grace,  
 “ And shows her fancy in her face;  
 “ She feeds with art an amorous rage,  
 “ Nor fears the force of coming age.

“ You sing it very well : But, I confess, I wish you’d  
 “ give more into the French manner.—Observe me  
 “ hum it *à la Française*.

“ *With studied airs, &c.*

“ The whole person, every limb, every nerve sings  
 “ —the English way is only being for that time a  
 “ mere musical instrument, just sending forth a  
 “ sound without knowing they do so—Now I’ll  
 “ give you a little of it, like an English woman—  
 “ You are to suppose I’ve denied you twenty times,  
 “ look’d silly, and all that—Then with hands and  
 “ face insensible—I have a mighty cold.

“ *With studied airs, &c.*”

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, Captain Clerimont, and a very  
 strange gentleman, are come to wait on you.

*Mrs. Cler.* Let him and the very strange gentleman  
 come in.

*Fain.* Oh ! madam, that’s the country gentleman I  
 was telling you of.

*Enter HUMPHRY and Captain CLERIMONT.*

*Fain.* Madam, may I do myself the honour to re-

commend Mr. Gubbin, son and heir to Sir Harry Gubbin, to your ladyship's notice?

*Mrs. Cler.* Mr. Gubbin, I am extremely pleased with your suit, 'tis antique, and originally from France.

*Hump.* It is always lock'd up, madam, when I'm in the country. My father prizes it mightily.

*Mrs. Cler.* 'Twould make a very pretty dancing suit in a mask. Oh! Captain Clerimont, I have a quarrel with you.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, your ladyship's husband desires to know whether you see company to-day, or not?

*Mrs. Cler.* Who, you clown?

*Serv.* Mr. Clerimont, madam.

*Mrs. Cler.* He may come in.

*Enter CLERIMONT, Senior.*

*Mrs. Cler.* Your very humble servant.

*Cler. Sen.* I was going to take the air this morning in my coach, and did myself the honour, before I went, to receive your commands, finding you saw company.

*Mrs. Cler.* At any time, when you know I do, you may let me see you. Pray how did you sleep last night?—If I had not asked him that question, they might have thought we lay together. [*Aside.*] [*Here Fainlove looking through a perspective, bows to Clerimont, Senior.*] But, captain, I have a quarrel with

you—I have utterly forgot those three couplees, you promised to come again and shew me. Your humble servant, sir.—But, oh! [*As she is going to be led by the captain.*] Have you sign'd that mortgage to pay off my Lady Faddle's winnings at Ombre?

*Cler. Sen.* Yes, madam.

*Mrs. Cler.* Then all's well, my honour's safe. [*Exit. Clerimont, Sen.*] Come, captain, lead me this step—for I am apt to make a false one—you shall shew me.

*Capt.* I'll shew you, madam, 'tis no matter for a fiddle; I'll give you 'em the French way, in a teaching tune. Pray, more quick—*O Mademoiselle que faites vous—A moi*—There again—Now slide, as it were, with and without measure—There you out-did the gipsy—and you have all the smiles of the dance to a tittle.

“*Mrs. Cler.* Why truly, I think, that the greatest part—I have seen an English woman dance a jig “with the severity of a vestal virgin”——

*Hump.* If this be French dancing and singing, I fancy I could do it—Haw, Haw! [*Capers aside.*

*Mrs. Cler.* I protest, Mr. Gubbin, you have almost the step, without any of our country bashfulness. Give me your hand—Haw, haw! So, so a little quicker—that's right, Haw! “Captain, your brother “deliver'd this spark to me, to be diverted here till “he calls for him.” [*Exit Capt. Clerimont.*

*Hump.* This cutting so high makes one's money jingle confoundedly. I'm resolved I'll never carry above one pocket full hereafter.

*Mrs. Cler.* You do it very readily—You amaze me.

*Hump.* Are the gentlemen of France generally so well bred as we are in England?—Are they, madam, ha! But, young gentleman, when shall I see this sister? Haw, haw, haw! Is not the higher one jumps the better?

*Fain.* She'll be mightily taken with you, I'm sure. One would not think 'twas in you—you're so gay—and dance so very high——

*Hump.* What should ail me? Did you think I was wind-gall'd? I can sing, too, if I please—but I won't 'till I see your sister. This is a mighty pretty house.

*Mrs. Cler.* Well, do you know that I like this gentleman extremely; I should be glad to inform him——But were you never in France, Mr Gubbin?

*Hump.* No;—but I'm always thus pleasant, if my father's not by—I protest, I'd advise your sister to have me—I'm for marrying her at once—why should I stand shilly shally, like a country Bumpkin?

*Fain.* Mr. Gubbin, I dare say she'll be as forward as you; we'll go in and see her. [Apart.

*Mrs. Cler.* Then he has not yet seen the lady he is in love with. I protest very new and gallant—Mr. Gubbin, she must needs believe you a frank person——Fainlove, I must see this sister too, I'm resolved she shall like him.

*There needs not time true passion to discover;  
The most believing is the most a lover.* [Exeunt.

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SCENE II.

*The Park. Enter NIECE, sola.*

*Niece.* Oh Clerimont! Clerimont! To be struck at first sight! I'm asham'd of my weakness; I find in myself all the symptoms of a raging amour; I love solitude; I grow pale; I sigh frequently; I call upon the name of Clerimont when I don't think of it——his person is ever in my eyes, and his voice in my ears——methinks I long to lose myself in some pensive grove, or to hang over the head of some warbling fountain, with a lute in my hand, softening the murmurs of the water.

*Enter AUNT.*

*'Aunt.* Biddy, Biddy; where's Biddy Tipkin?

*Niece.* Whom do you inquire for?

*Aunt.* Come, come, he's just a coming at the park door.

*Niece.* Who is coming?

*Aunt.* Your cousin Humphry—who should be coming? Your lover, your husband that is to be——Pray, my dear, look well, and be civil for your credit and mine too.

*Niece.* If he answers my idea, I shall rally the rustic to death.

*Aunt.* Hist——here he is.

*Enter HUMPHRY.*

*Hump.* Aunt, your humble servant——Is that—  
ha! Aunt?

*Aunt.* Yes, cousin Humphry, that's your cousin  
Bridget. Well, I'll leave you together.

*[Exit Aunt. They sit.]*

*Hump.* Aunt does as she'd be done by, cousin  
Bridget, does not she, cousin? ha! What, are you  
a Londoner, and not speak to a gentleman? Look  
ye, cousin, the old folks resolving to marry us, I  
thought it would be proper to see how I liked you,  
as not caring to buy a pig in a poke—for I love to  
look before I leap.

*Niece.* Sir, your person and address bring to my  
mind the whole history of Valentine and Orson:  
what! would they marry me to a wild man? Pray  
answer me a question or two.

*Hump.* Aye, aye, as many as you please, cousin  
Bridget.

*Niece.* What wood were you taken in? How long  
have you been caught?

*Hump.* Caught!

*Niece.* Where were your haunts?

*Hump.* My haunts!

*Niece.* Are not clothes very uneasy to you? Is this  
strange dress the first you ever wore?

*Hump.* How!

*Niece.* Are you not a great admirer of roots, and

raw flesh?—Let me look upon your nails——Don't you love blackberries, haws, and pig-nuts, mightily?

*Hump.* How!

*Niece.* Can'st thou deny that thou wert suckled by a wolf? You han't been so barbarous, I hope, since you came amongst men, as to hunt your nurse—Have you?

*Hump.* Hunt my nurse? Aye, 'tis so, she's distracted as sure as a gun——Hark ye, cousin, pray will you let me ask you a question or two?

*Niece.* If thou hast yet learnt the use of language, speak, monster.

*Hump.* How long have you been thus?

*Niece.* Thus! what would'st thou say?

*Hump.* What's the cause of it? Tell me truly now—Did you never love any body before me?

*Niece.* Go, go, thou'rt a savage. [*Rises.*]

*Hump.* They never let you go abroad, I suppose.

*Niece.* Thou'rt a monster, I tell thee.

*Hump.* Indeed, cousin, tho' 'tis folly to tell thee so—I am afraid thou art a mad woman.

*Niece.* I'll have thee into some forest.

*Hump.* I'll take thee into a dark room.

*Niece.* I hate thee.

*Hump.* I wish you did—There's no hate lost, I assure you, cousin Bridget.

*Niece.* Cousin Bridget, quoth'a—I'd as soon claim kindred with a mountain bear—I detest thee.

*Hump.* You never do any harm in these fits, I hope—But do you hate me in earnest?

*Niece.* Dost thou ask it, ungentle forester.

*Hump.* Yes, for I've a reason, look ye. It happens very well if you hate me, and in your senses, for to tell you truly—I don't much care for you; and there is another fine woman, as I am inform'd, that is in some hopes of having me.

*Niece.* This merits my attention. [Aside.

*Hump.* Look ye d'ye see—as I said, I don't care for you—I would not have you set your heart on me—but if you like any body else let me know it—and I'll find out a way for us to get rid of one another, and deceive the old folks that would couple us.

*Niece.* This wears the face of an amour—There is something in that thought which makes thy presence less unsupportable.

*Hump.* Nay, nay, now you're growing fond; if you come with these maids tricks, to say you hate at first and afterwards like me,—you'll spoil the whole design.

*Niece.* Don't fear it—When I think of consorting with thee, may the wild boar defile the cleanly ermin, may the tiger be wedded to the kid!

*Hump.* When I of thee, may the pole-cat catterwaul with the civet.

*Niece.* When I harbour the least thought of thee, may the silver Thames forget its course!

*Hump.* When I like thee, may I be soused over head and ears in a horse-pond?—But do you hate me?



*Enter AUNT.*

*Niece.* For ever ; and you me ?

*Hump.* Most heartily.

*Aunt.* Ha ! I like this—They are come to promises—and protestations. [*Aside.*

*Hump.* I am very glad I have found a way to please you.

*Niece.* You promise to be constant.

*Hump.* 'Till death.

*Niece.* Thou best of savages !

*Hump.* Thou best of savages ! poor Biddy.

*Aunt.* Oh the pretty couple joking on one another. Well, how do you like your cousin Humphry now ?

*Niece.* Much better than I thought I should—He's quite another thing than what I took him for—We have both the same passions for one another.

*Hump.* We wanted only an occasion to open our hearts—Aunt.

*Aunt.* Oh, how this will rejoice my brother, and Sir Harry ! we'll go to 'em.

*Hump.* No, I must fetch a walk with a new acquaintance, Mr. Samuel Pounce.

*Aunt.* An excellent acquaintance for your husband ! come, Niece, come.

*Niece.* Farewell, rustic.

*Hump.* B'ye, Biddy.

*Aunt.* Rustic ! Biddy ! Ha ! ha ! pretty creatures.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Continues. Enter Captain CLERIMONT and POUNCE.*

*Captain.*

DOES she expect me, then, at this very instant ?

*Pounce.* I tell you, she ordered me to bring the painter at this very hour precisely, to draw her niece — “ for to make her picture peculiarly charming, “ she has now that down-cast pretty shame, that “ warm cheek, glowing with the fear and hope of “ to-day’s fate, with the inviting, coy affectation of “ a bride, all in her face at once.” Now I know you are a pretender that way.

*Capt.* Enough, I warrant, to personate the character on such an inspiring occasion.

*Pounce.* “ You must have the song I spoke of per- “ form’d at this window—at the end of which I’ll “ give you a signal—Every thing is ready for you, “ your pencil, your canvas stretch’d—your——” Be sure you play your part in humour: to be a painter for a lady, you’re to have the excessive flattery of a lover, the ready invention of a poet, and the easy gesture of a player.

*Capt.* Come, come, no more instructions; my imagination out-runs all you can say: begone, begone!

[*Exit Pounce.*]

A S O N G.

“ *Why, lovely charmer, tell me why,*

“ *So very kind, and yet so shy ?*

“ *Why does the cold forbidding air  
Give damps of sorrow and despair ?  
Or why that smile my soul subdue,  
And kindle up my flames anew ?*

“ *In vain you strive with all your art,  
By turns to freeze and fire my heart :  
When I behold a face so fair,  
So sweet a look, so soft an air,  
My ravish'd soul is charm'd all o'er,  
I cannot love thee less nor more.*

“ *After the Song, POUNCE appears beckoning the Captain.*

“ *Pounce. Captain, Captain.*” [Exit Captain.

## SCENE II.

NIECE's Lodgings. Enter AUNT and NIECE.

Aunt. Indeed, Niece, I am as much overjoy'd to see your wedding day, as if it were my own.

Niece. But why must it be huddled up so ?

Aunt. Oh, my dear, a private wedding is much better ; your mother had such a bustle at her's, with feasting and fooling : besides, they did not go to bed till two in the morning.

Niece. Since you understand things so well, I wonder you never married yourself.

Aunt. My dear, I was very cruel thirty years ago, and no body ask'd me since.

*Niece.* Alas-a-day!

*Aunt.* Yet, I assure you, there were a great many matches proposed to me—There was Sir Gilbert Jolly; but he, forsooth, could not please; he drank ale, and smoak'd tobacco, and was no fine gentleman, forsooth—but, then again, there was young Mr. Peregrine Shapely, who had travell'd, and spoke French, and smiled at all I said; he was a fine gentleman—but then he was consumptive: and yet again, to see how one may be mistaken: Sir Jolly died in half a year, and my lady Shapely has by that thin slip eight children, that should have been mine; but here's the bridegroom. So, cousin Humphry!

*Enter HUMPHRY.*

*Hump.* Your servant, ladies—So, my dear—

*Niece.* So, my savage—

*Aunt.* O fy, no more of that to your husband, Biddy.

*Hump.* No matter, I like it as well as duck or love: I know my cousin loves me as well as I do her.

*Aunt.* I'll leave you together; I must go and get ready an entertainment for you when you come home. [Exit.

*Hump.* Well, cousin, are you constant?—Do you hate me still?

*Niece.* As much as ever.

*Hump.* What an happiness it is, when people's inclinations jump! I wish I knew what to do with you: can you get no body, d'ye think, to marry you?

*Niece.* Oh, Clerimont, Clerimont ! where art thou ?

*Aside.*

*Enter AUNT, and Captain CLERIMONT disguised.*

*Aunt.* This, sir, is the lady whom you are to draw—You see, sir, as good flesh and blood as a man would desire to put in colours—I must have her maiden picture.

*Hump.* Then the painter must make haste—Ha, cousin !

*Niece.* Hold thy tongue, good savage.

*Capt.* Madam, I'm generally forced to new-mould every feature, and mend nature's handy-work ; but here she has made so finish'd an original, that I despair of my copy's coming up to it.

*Aunt.* Do you hear that, Niece ?

*Niece.* I don't desire you to make graces where you find none.

*Capt.* To see the difference of the fair sex—I protest to you, madam, my fancy is utterly exhausted with inventing faces for those that sit to me. The first entertainment I generally meet with, are complaints for want of sleep ; they never look'd so pale in their lives, as when they sit for their pictures—Then, so many touches and re-touches, when the face is finish'd—That wrinkle ought not to have been, those eyes are too languid, the colour's too weak, that side-look hides the mole on the left cheek. In short, the whole likeness is struck out : but in

you, madam, the highest I can come up to will be but rigid justice.

*Hump.* A comical dog, this!

*Aunt.* Truly the gentleman seems to understand his business.

*Niece.* Sir, if your pencil flatters like your tongue, you are going to draw a picture that won't be at all like me. Sure, I have heard that voice somewhere.

[*Aside.*

*Capt.* Madam, be pleased to place yourself near me, nearer still, madam, here falls the best light—You must know, madam, there are three kinds of airs which the ladies most delight in—There is your haughty—your mild—and your pensive air—The haughty may be exprest with the head a little more erect than ordinary, and the countenance with a certain disdain in it, so as she may appear almost, but not quite, inexorable: this kind of air is generally heightened with a little knitting of the brows—I gave my Lady Scornwell her choice of a dozen frowns, before she could find one to her liking.

*Niece.* But what's the mild air?

*Capt.* The mild air is compos'd of a languish, and a smile—But if I might advise, I'd rather be a pensive beauty; the pensive usually feels her pulse, leans on one arm, or sits ruminating with a book in her hand—which conversation she is supposed to choose, rather than the endless importunities of lovers.

*Hump.* A comical dog.

*Aunt.* Upon my word he understands his business

well ; I'll tell you, Niece, how your mother was drawn—She had an orange in her hand, and a nosegay in her bosom, but a look so pure and fresh-colour'd, you'd have taken her for one of the seasons.

*Capt.* You seem, indeed, madam, most inclined to the pensive—The pensive delights also in the fall of waters, pastoral figures, or any rural view suitable to a fair lady, who, with a delicate spleen, has retired from the world, as sick of its flattery and admiration.

*Niece.* No—since there is room for fancy in a picture, I would be drawn like the Amazon Thalestris, with a spear in my hand, and an helmet on a table before me—At a distance behind, let there be a dwarf, holding by the bridle a milk-white palfrey—

*Capt.* Madam, the thought is full of spirit ; and, if you please, there shall be a Cupid stealing away your helmet, to shew that love should have a part in all gallant actions.

*Niece.* That circumstance may be very picturesque.

*Capt.* Here, madam, shall be your own picture, here the palfrey, and here the dwarf—The dwarf must be very little, or we shan't have room for him.

*Niece.* A dwarf cannot be too little.

*Capt.* I'll make him a blackamoor, to distinguish him from the other too powerful dwarf—[*Sighs.*] the Cupid—I'll place that beauteous boy near you, 'twill look very natural—He'll certainly take you for his mother Venus.

*Niece.* I leave these particulars to your own fancy.

*Capt.* Please, madam, to uncover your neck a little ; a little lower still—a little, little lower.

*Niece.* I'll be drawn thus, if you please, sir.

*Capt.* Ladies, have you heard the news of a late marriage between a young lady of a great fortune and a younger brother of a good family?

*Aunt.* Pray, sir, how is it?

*Capt.* This young gentleman, ladies, is a particular acquaintance of mine, and much about my age and stature ; (look me full in the face, madam ;) he accidentally met the young lady, who had in her all the perfections of her sex ; (hold up your head, madam, that's right ;) she let him know that his person and discourse were not altogether disagreeable to her—the difficulty was, how to gain a second interview, (your eyes full upon mine, madam ;) for never was there such a sigher in all the vallies of Arcadia, as that unfortunate youth, during the absence of her he loved——

*Aunt.* A-lack-a-day—poor young gentleman!

*Niece.* It must be he——what a charming amour is this ! [*Aside.*

*Capt.* At length, ladies, he bethought himself of an expedient ; he drest himself just as I am now, and came to draw her picture ; (your eyes full upon mine, pray, madam.)

*Hump.* A subtle dog, I warrant him.

*Capt.* And by that means found an opportunity of carrying her off, and marrying her.



*Aunt.* Indeed, your friend was a very vicious young man.

*Niece.* Yet perhaps the young lady was not displeased at what he had done.

*Capt.* But, madam, what were the transports of the lover, when she made him that confession.

*Niece.* I dare say she thought herself very happy, when she got out of her guardian's hands.

*Aunt.* 'Tis very true, Niece—There are abundance of those head-strong young baggages about town.

*Capt.* The gentleman has often told me, he was strangely struck at first sight ; but when she sat to him for her picture, and assumed all those graces that are proper for the occasion, his torment was so exquisite, his occasions so violent, that he could not have lived a day, had he not found means to make the charmer of his heart his own.

*Hump.* 'Tis certainly the foolishhest thing in the world to stand shilly-shally about a woman, when one has a mind to marry her.

*Capt.* The young painter turn'd poet on the subject ; I believe I have the words by heart.

*Niece.* A sonnet ! pray repeat it.

*Capt.* When gentle Parthenissa walks,  
And sweetly smiles, and gaily talks,  
A thousand shafts around her fly,  
A thousand swains unheeded die :

If then she labours to be seen,  
With all her killing air and mein ;

From so much beauty, so much art,  
What mortal can secure his heart ?

*Hump.* I fancy if 'twas sung, 'twould make a very pretty catch.

*Capt.* My servant has a voice, you shall hear it.

[*Here it is sung.*]

*Aunt.* Why, this is pretty. I think a painter should never be without a good singer—It brightens the features strangely—I profess I'm mightily pleased ; I'll but just step in, and give some orders, and be with you presently. [Exit.]

*Niece.* Was not this adventurous painter called Clerimont ?

*Capt.* It was Clerimont, the servant of Parthenissa ; but let me beseech that beauteous maid to resolve, and make the incident I feign'd to her a real one—consider, madam, you are environ'd by cruel and treacherous guards, which would force you to a disagreeable marriage ; your case is exactly the same with the princess of the Leontines in Clelia.

*Niece.* How can we commit such a solecism against all rules ! what, in the first leaf of our history to have the marriage ? You know it cannot be.

*Capt.* The pleasantest part of the history will be after marriage.

*Niece.* No ! I never yet read of a knight that entered tilt or tournament after wedlock—'Tis not to be expected—When the husband begins, the hero ends ; all that noble impulse to glory, all the gene-

rous passion for adventures is consumed in the nuptial torch; I don't know how it is, but Mars and Hymen never hit it.

*Hump.* [*Listening.*] Consumed in the nuptial torch! Mars and Hymen! What can all this mean?—I am very glad I can hardly read—They could never get these foolish fancies into my head—I had always a strong brain. [*Aside.*] Hark ye, cousin, is not this painter a comical dog?

*Niece.* I think he's very agreeable company—

*Hump.* Why then I tell you what—marry him. A painter's a very genteel calling—He's an ingenious fellow, and certainly poor, I fancy he'd be glad on't; I'll keep my aunt out of the room a minute or two, that's all the time you have to consider. [*Exit.*

*Capt.* Fortune points out to us this only occasion of our happiness: love's of celestial origin, and needs no long acquaintance to be manifest. Lovers, like angels, speak by intuition—Their souls are in their eyes.

*Niece.* Then I fear he sees mine. [*Aside.*] But I can't think of abridging our amours, and cutting off all farther decorations of disguise, serenade, and adventure.

*Capt.* Nor would I willingly lose the merit of long services, midnight sighs, and plaintive solitudes—were there not a necessity.

*Niece.* Then to be seized by stealth!

*Capt.* Why, madam, you are a great fortune, and should not be married the common way. Indeed,

madam, you ought to be stolen; nay, in strictness, I don't know but you ought to be ravish'd.

*Niece.* But then our history will be short.

*Capt.* I grant it; but you don't consider there's a device in other's leading you instead of this person that's to have you; and, madam, tho' our amours can't furnish out a romance, they'll make a very pretty novel—Why smiles my fair?

*Niece.* I am almost of opinion, that had Oroondates been as pressing as Clerimont, Cassandra had been but a pocket-book: but it looks so ordinary, to go out at a door to be married—Indeed, I ought to be taken out of a window, and run away with.

*Enter HUMPHRY and POUNCE.*

*Hump.* Well, cousin, the coach is at the door. If you please I'll lead you.

*Niece.* I put myself into your hands, good savage; but you promise to leave me.

*Hump.* I tell you plainly, you must not think of having me.

*Pounce.* [*To Capt.*] You'll have opportunity enough to carry her off? the old fellow will be busy with me—I'll gain all the time I can, but be bold and prosper.

*Niece.* Clerimont, you follow us.

*Capt.* Upon the wings of love.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Chamber. Enter CLERIMONT, Sen. and FAINLOVE.*

*Clerimont, Sen.*

THEN she gave you this letter, and bid you read it as a paper of verses ?

*Fain.* This is the place, the hour, the lucky minute—Now am I rubbing up my memory, to recollect all you said to me when you first ruin'd me, that I may attack her right.

*Cler. Sen.* Your eloquence would be needless—'tis so unmodish to need persuasion: modesty makes a lady embarrass—But my spouse is above that, as for example, [*Reading the letter.*] *Fainlove, you don't seem to want wit—therefore I need say no more, than that distance to a woman of the world is becoming in no man, but a husband. An hour hence, come up the back stairs to my closet.*

*Adieu, Mon Mignon.*

I am glad you are punctual. I'll conceal myself to observe your interview—Oh, torture ! but this wench must not see it. [*Aside.*]

*Fain.* Be sure you come time enough to save my reputation.

*Cler. Sen.* Remember your orders, distance becomes no man but an husband.

*Fain.* I am glad you are in so good humour on the occasion ; but you know me to be but a bully in love, that can bluster only 'till the minute of engagement—

But I'll top my part, and form my conduct by my own sentiments—If she grows coy, I'll grow more saucy—'Twas so I was won myself—

*Cler. Sen.* Well, my dear rival—your assignation draws nigh—you are to put on your transport, your impatient throbbing heart won't let you wait her arrival—let the dull family-thing and husband, who reckons his moments by his cares, be content to wait, but you are gallant, and measure time by extasies.

*Fain.* I hear her coming—to your post—good husband know your duty, and don't be in the way when your wife has a mind to be in private—to your post, into the coal hole.

*Enter Mrs. CLERIMONT.*

Welcome my dear, my tender charmer—Oh! to my longing arms—feel the heart pat, that falls and rises as you smile or frown—Oh, the extatic moment!

I think that was something like what has been said to me.

[*Aside.*

*Mrs. Cler.* Very well—Fainlove—I protest I value myself for my discerning—I knew you had fire through all the respect you shewed me—But how came you to make no direct advances, young gentleman?—why was I forced to admonish your gallantry.

*Fain.* Why, madam, I knew you a woman of breeding, and above the senseless niceties of an English wife—The French way is, you are to go so far, whether they are agreeable or not: If you are so happy

as to please, nobody that is not of a constrain'd behaviour, is at a loss to let you know it—Besides, if the humble servant makes the first approaches, he has the impudence of making a request, but not the honour of obeying a command.

*Mrs. Cler.* Right—a woman's man should conceal passion in a familiar air of indifference. Now there's Mr. Clerimont; I can't allow him the least freedom, but the unfashionable fool grows so fond of me, he cannot hide it in public.

*Fain.* Aye, madam, have often wondered at your ladyship's choice of one who seems to have so little of the Beau Monde in his carriage, but just what you force him to——while there were so many pretty gentlemen.—— [*Dancing.*]

*Mrs. Cler.* O young gentleman you are mightily mistaken, if you think such animals as you, and pretty beau Titmouse, and pert Billy Butterfly, tho' I suffer you to come in, and play about my rooms, are any ways in competition with a man whose name one would wear.

*Fain.* Oh, madam! then I find we are——

*Mrs. Cler.* A woman of sense must have respect for a man of that character; but, alas! respect——is respect! respect is not the thing——respect has something too solemn for soft moments——You things are more proper for hours of dalliance.

*Cler. Sen.* [*Peeping.*] How have I wronged this fine lady!——I find I am to be a cuckold out of her pure esteem for me.

*Mrs. Cler.* Besides, those fellows for whom we have respect, have none for us ; I warrant on such an occasion Clerimont would have ruffled a woman out of all form, while you——

*Cler. Sen.* A good hint——now my cause comes on. *[Aside.*

*Fain.* Since, then, you allow us fitter for soft moments, why do we misemploy 'em. Let me kiss that beauteous hand, and clasp that graceful frame.

*Mrs. Cler.* How, Fainlove! What, you don't design to be impertinent——but my lips have a certain roughness on 'em to day, han't they ?

*Fain.* *[Kissing.]* No——they are all softness——their delicious sweetness is inexpressible——here language fails—let me applaud thy lips not by the utterance, but by the touch of mine.

*Enter CLERIMONT, Sen. drawing his sword.*

*Cler. Sen.* Ha, villain! ravisher! invader of my bed and honour! draw.

*Mrs. Cler.* What means this insolence, this intrusion into my privacy ? What, do you come into my very closet without knocking ? Who put this into your head ?

*Cler. Sen.* My injuries have alarm'd me, and I'll bear no longer, but sacrifice your bravado, the author of 'em.

*Mrs. Cler.* O poor Mr. Fainlove——Must he die for his complaisance, and innocent freedoms with me ? How could you, if you might ? Oh ! the sweet youth !



What, fight Mr. Fainlove? What will the ladies say?

*Fain.* Let me come at the intruder on ladies private hours——the unfashionable monster——I'll prevent all future interruption from him——let me come——  
[*Drawing his sword.*]

*Mrs. Cler.* O the brave pretty creature! Look at his youth and innocence——He is not made for such rough encounters——Stand behind me——Poor Fainlove?—There is not a visit in town, sir, where you shall not be displayed at fool length for this intrusion——I banish you for ever from my sight and bed.

*Cler. Sen.* I obey you, madam, for distance is becoming in no man but an husband——[*Giving her the letter, which she reads, and falls into a swoon.*] I've gone too far——[*Kissing her.*] The impertinent was guilty of nothing but what my indiscretion led her to——This is the first kiss I've had these six weeks—but she awakes.——Well, Jenny, you topp'd your part, indeed——Come to my arms thou ready willing fair one——Thou hast no vanities, no niceties; but art thankful for every instance of love that I bestow on thee——  
[*Embracing her.*]

*Mrs. Cler.* What, am I then abused? Is it a wench then of his? Oh me! Was ever poor abused wife, poor innocent lady thus injured!

[*Runs and seizes Fainlove's sword.*]

*Cler. Sen.* Oh the brave pretty creature!——Hurt Mr. Fainlove! Look at his youth, his innocence——  
Ha, ha!

[*Interposing.*]

*Fain.* Have a care, have a care, dear sir—I know myself she'll have no mercy.

*Mrs. Cler.* I'll be the death of her——let me come on——Stand from between us, Mr. Clerimont——  
I would not hurt you. [*Pushing and crying.*]

*Cler. Sen.* Run, run, Jenny [*Exit Jenny.*]

[*Looks at her upbraidingly before he speaks.*]

Well, madam, are these the innocent freedoms you claim'd of me? Have I deserv'd this? How has there been a moment of yours ever interrupted with the real pangs I suffer? The daily importunities of creditors, who become so by serving your profuse vanities: did I ever murmur at supplying any of your diversions, while I believed 'em (as you call'd 'em) harmless? must, then, those eyes, that used to glad my heart with their familiar brightness, hang down with guilt? guilt has transform'd thy whole person; nay the very memory of it——Fly from my growing passion.

*Mrs. Cler.* I cannot fly, nor bear it—Oh! look not——

*Cler. Sen.* What can you say? speak quickly.

[*Offering to draw.*]

*Mrs. Cler.* I never saw you moved before—Don't murder me, impenitent; I'm wholly in your power as a criminal, but remember I have been so in a tender regard.

*Cler. Sen.* But how have you consider'd that regard?

*Mrs. Cler.* Is't possible you can forgive what you ensnared me into?—Oh! look at me kindly——You

know I have only err'd in my intention, nor saw my danger, till, by this honest art, you had shown me what 'tis to venture to the utmost limit of what is lawful. You laid that train, I'm sure, to alarm, not to betray, my innocence—Mr. Clerimont scorns such baseness! therefore I kneel—I weep—I am convinced. [Kneels.

[Cler. Sen. takes her up embracing her.

*Cler. Sen.* Then kneel, and weep no more—my fairest—my reconciled!—Be so in a moment, for know I cannot (without wringing my own heart,) give you the least compunction—Be in humour—It shall be your own fault, if ever there's a serious word more on this subject.

*Mrs. Cler.* I must correct every idea that rises in my mind, and learn every gesture of my body a-new—I detest the thing I was.

*Cler. Sen.* No, no—You must not do so—Our joy and grief, honour and reproach, are the same; you must slide out of your foppery by degrees, so that it may appear your own act.

*Mrs. Cler.* But this wench!—

*Cler. Sen.* She is already out of your way—You shall see the catastrophe of her fate yourself—But still keep up the fine lady till we go out of town—You may return to it with as decent airs as you please—And now I have shown you your error, I'm in so good humour as to repeat you a couplet on the occasion—

"They only who gain minds, true laurels wear,

"'Tis less to conquer, than convince the fair."

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.

*A Room. Enter POUNCE, with papers.*

[*A table, chairs, pen, ink, and paper.*]

*Pounce.* 'Tis a delight to gall these old rascals, and set 'em at variance about stakes, which I know neither of 'em will ever have possession of.

*Enter TIPKIN, and Sir HARRY.*

*Tip.* Do you design, Sir Harry, that they shall have an estate in their own hands, and keep house themselves, poor things?

*Sir Har.* No, no, sir, I know better; they shall go down into the country, and live with me, nor touch a farthing of money, but having all things necessary provided, they shall go tame about the house, and breed.

*Tip.* Well, Sir Harry, then considering that all human things are subject to change, it behoves every man that has a just sense of mortality, to take care of his money.

*Sir Har.* I don't know what you mean, brother—What do you drive at, brother?

*Tip.* This instrument is executed by you, your son,

and my niece, which discharges me of all retrospects.

*Sir Har.* It is confest, brother; but what then?—

*Tip.* All that remains is, that you pay me for the young lady's twelve years board, as also all other charges, as wearing apparel, &c.

*Sir Har.* What is this you say? Did I give you my discharge from all retrospects, as you call it, and after all do you come with this and t'other, and all that? I find you are, I tell you, sir, to your face, I find you are——

*Tip.* I find, too, what you are, Sir Harry.

*Sir Har.* What am I, sir? What am I?

*Tip.* Why, sir, you are angry.

*Sir Har.* Sir I scorn your words, I am not angry—Mr. Pounce is my witness, I am gentle as a lamb—Would it not make any flesh alive angry, to see a close hunk come after all with a demand of——

*Tip.* Mr. Pounce, pray inform Sir Harry in this point.

*Pounce.* Indeed, Sir Harry, I must tell you plainly, that Mr. Tipkin, in this, demands nothing but what he may recover—For tho' this case may be consider'd *multifariam*; that is to say, as 'tis usually, commonly, *vicatim*, or vulgarly exprest——Yet, I say, when we only observe, that the power is settled as the law requires, *assensu patris*, by the consent of the father—That circumstance imports you are well acquainted with the advantages which accrue to your family by this alliance, which corroborates Mr. Tipkin's

demand, and avoids all objections that can be made.

*Sir Har.* Why then I find you are his adviser in all this—

*Pounce.* Look ye, Sir Harry, to show you I love to promote among my clients a good understanding ; tho' Mr. Tipkin may claim four thousand pounds, I'll engage for him, and I know him so well, that he shall take three thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds, four shillings, and eight-pence farthing.

*Tip.* Indeed, Mr. Pounce, you are too hard upon me.

*Pounce.* You must consider a little, Sir Harry is your brother.

*Sir Har.* Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds, four shillings, and eight-pence farthing ! for what, I say ? for what, sir ?

*Pounce.* For what, sir ! for what she wanted, sir, a fine lady is always in want, sir—Her very clothes would come to that money in half the time.

*Sir Har.* Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds, four shillings and eight-pence farthing for clothes ! pray how many suits does she wear out in a year ?

*Pounce.* Oh, dear sir, a fine lady's clothes are not old by being worn, but by being seen.

*Sir Har.* Well, I'll save her clothes for the future, after I have got her into the country—I'll warrant her she shall not appear more in this wicked town, where clothes are worn out by sight—And as to what you demand, I tell you, sir, 'tis extortion.

*Tip.* Sir Harry, do you accuse me of extortion?

*Sir Har.* Yes, I say extortion.

*Tip.* Mr. Pounce, write down that—There are very good laws provided against scandal and calumny—Loss of reputation may tend to loss of money—

*Pounce. Item,* For having accused Mr. Tipkin of extortion.

*Sir Har.* Nay, if you come to your *Items*—Look ye, Mr. Tipkin, this is an inventory of such goods as were left to my Niece Bridget by her deceased father, and which I expect shall be forth-coming at her marriage to my son—

*Imprimis,* A golden locket of her mother's, with something very ingenious in Latin on the inside of it.

*Item,* A couple of musquets, with two shoulder-belts and bandeliers.

*Item,* A large silver caudle-cup, with a true story engraven on it.

*Pounce.* But, Sir Harry—

*Sir Har. Item,* A base viol, with almost all the strings to it, and only a small hole on the back.

*Pounce.* But nevertheless, sir—

*Sir Har.* This is the furniture of my brother's bed-chamber that follows—A suit of tapestry hangings, with the story of Judith and Holofernes, torn only where the head should have been off—an old bedstead curiously wrought about the posts, consisting of two load of timber—a hone, a bason, three razors, and a comb-case—Look ye, sir, you see I can  
*Item* it.

*Pounce.* Alas! Sir Harry, if you had ten quire of *Items*, 'tis all answer'd in the word retrospect.

*Sir Har.* Why then, Mr. Pounce and Mr. Tipkin, you are both rascals.

*Tip.* Do you call me rascal, sir Harry?

*Sir Har.* Yes, sir.

*Tip.* Write it down, Mr. Pounce—at the end of the leaf.

*Sir Har.* If you have room, Mr. Pounce—put down villain, son of a whore, curmudgeon, hunks, and scoundrel.

*Tip.* Not so fast, Sir Harry, he cannot write so fast, you are at the word villain—Son of a whore, I take it, was next—You may make the account as large as you please, Sir Harry.

*Sir Har.* Come, come, I won't be used thus—Hark ye, sirrah, draw—What do you do at this end of the town without a sword?—Draw, I say—

*Tip.* Sir Harry, you are a military man, a colonel of the militia.

*Sir Har.* I am so, sirrah, and will run such an extorting dog as you through the guts, to show the militia is useful.

*Pounce.* Oh dear, oh dear!—How am I concern'd to see persons of your figure thus moved—The wedding is coming in—We'll settle these things afterwards.

*Tip.* I am calm.

*Sir Har.* Tipkin, live these two hours—but expect—



*Enter HUMPHRY leading NIECE, Mrs. CLERIMONT led by FAINLOVE, Capt. CLERIMONT, and CLERIMONT, Sen.*

*Pounce.* Who are these? Hey-day, who are these, sir Harry? Ha!

*Sir Har.* Some frolic, 'tis wedding-day—no matter.

*Hump.* Haw, haw; father—master uncle—Come, you must stir your stumps, you must dance—Come, old lads, kiss the ladies—

*Mrs. Cler.* Mr. Tipkin, sir Harry,—I beg pardon for an introduction so mal-a-propos—I know sudden familiarity is not the English way—Alas, Mr. Gubbin, this father and uncle of yours must be new modell'd—How they stare both of them!

*Sir Har.* Hark ye, Numps, who is this you have brought hither? is it not the famous fine lady Mrs. Clerimont—What a pox did you let her come near your wife—

*Hump.* Look ye, don't expose yourself, and play some mad country prank to disgrace me before her—I shall be laught at, because she knows I understand better.

*Mrs. Cler.* I congratulate, madam, your coming out of the bondage of a virgin state—A woman can't do what she will properly 'till she's married.

*Sir Har.* Did you hear what she said to your wife?

*Enter AUNT before a service of dishes.*

*Aunt.* So, Mr. Bridegroom, pray take that nap-

H

kin, and serve your spouse to-day, according to custom.

*Hump.* Mrs. Clerimont, pray know my aunt.

*Mrs. Cler.* Madam, I must beg your pardon; I can't possibly like all that vast load of meat that you are sending in to table—besides, 'tis so offensively sweet, it wants that haut-goût we are so delighted with in France.

*Aunt.* You'll pardon it, since we did not expect you. Who is this? [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Cler.* Oh, madam, I only speak for the future, little saucers are so much more polite——Look ye, I'm perfectly for the French way, whene'er I'm admitted, I take the whole upon me.

*Sir Har.* The French, madam,——I'd have you to know——

*Mrs. Cler.* You'll not like it at first, out of a natural English sullenness, but that will come upon you by degrees——When I first went into France, I was mortally afraid of a frog, but in a little time I could eat nothing else, except sallads.

*Aunt.* Eat frogs! have I kist one that has eat frogs—paw! paw!

*Mrs. Cler.* Oh, madam—A frog and a sallad are delicious fare——'tis not long come up in France itself, but their glorious monarch has introduced the diet which makes 'em so spiritual——He eradicated all gross food by taxes, and for the glory of the monarch sent the subject a grazing; but I fear I defer the entertainment and diversion of the day."

*Hump.* Now, father, uncle—before we go any further, I think 'tis necessary we know who and who's together—then I give either of you two hours to guess which is my wife——And 'tis not my cousin——so far I'll tell you.

*Sir Har.* How ! What do you say ? But oh!—you mean she is not your cousin now—she's nearer a-kin ; that's well enough—Well said, Numps—Ha, ha, ha !

*Hump.* No, I don't mean so, I tell you I don't mean so—My wife hides her face under her hat.

[*All looking at Fainlove.*]

*Tip.* What does the puppy mean : his wife under a hat !

*Hump.* Aye, aye, that's she, that's she—a good jest, 'faith.——

*Sir Har.* Hark ye, Numps,—what dost mean, child ? —Is that a woman, and are you really married to her ?

*Hump.* I am sure of both.

*Sir Har.* Are you so, sirrah ? then, sirrah, this is your wedding dinner, sirrah——Do you see, sirrah, here's roast meat.

[*Shakes his cane at Humphry.*]

*Hump.* Oh, ho ! what, beat a married man ! hold him, Mr. Clerimont, brother Pounce, Mr. Wife ; no body stand by a young married man !

[*Runs behind Fainlove.*]

*Sir Har.* Did not the dog say, brother Pounce ? What, is this Mrs. Ragoût—This madam Clerimont ! Who the devil are you all, but especially who the devil are you too ?

[*Beats Humphry and Fainlove off the stage, following.*]

*Tip.* [*Aside.*] Master Pounce, all my niece's fortune will be demanded now—for I suppose that red-coat has her—Don't you think that you and I had better break?

*Pounce.* You may as soon as you please, but 'tis my interest to be honest a little longer.

*Tip.* Well, Biddy, since you would not accept of your cousin, I hope you han't disposed of yourself elsewhere.

*Niece.* If you'll for a little while suspend your curiosity, you shall have the whole history of my amour to this my nuptial day, under the title of the loves of Clerimont and Parthenissa.

*Tip.* Then, madam, your portion is in safe hands—

*Capt.* Come, come, old gentleman, 'tis in vain to contend; here's honest Mr. Pounce shall be my engineer, and I warrant you we beat you out of all your holds.

*Aunt.* What, then, is Mr. Pounce a rogue? he must have some trick, brother; it cannot be; he must have cheated t'other side, for I'm sure he's honest. [*Apart to Tipkin.*]

*Cler. Sen.* Mr. Pounce, all your sister has won of this lady, she has honestly put into my hands, and I'll return it her, at this lady's particular request.

[*To Pounce.*]

*Pounce.* And the thousand pounds you promised in your brother's behalf, I'm willing should be her's also.

*Capt.* Then go in, and bring 'em all back to make

“the best of an ill game; we’ll eat the dinner and  
 “have a dance together, or we shall transgress all  
 “form.”

*Re-enter FAINLOVE, HUMPHRY, and Sir HARRY.*

*Sir Har.* Well, since you say you are worth something, and the boy has set his heart upon you, I’ll have patience till I see further.

*Pounce.* Come, come, Sir Harry, you shall find my alliance more considerable than you imagine; the Pounces are a family that will always have money, if there’s any in the world—Come, fiddlers.

DANCE *here.*

*Capt.* *You’ve seen th’ extremes of the domestic life.*

*A son too much confined—too free a wife;*

*By generous bonds you either should restrain,*

*And only on their inclinations gain;*

*Wives to obey must love, children revere,*

*While only slaves are govern’d by their fear.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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## EPILOGUE.

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*BRITONS, who constant war, with factious rage,  
For liberty against each other wage,  
From Foreign insult save this English Stage.  
No more th' Italian squalling tribe admit,  
In tongues unknown ; 'tis Popery in wit.  
The songs, (their selves confess,) from Rome they bring,  
And 'tis High Mass, for aught you know, they sing.  
Husbands take care, the danger may come nigher,  
The women say their eunuch is a friar.*

*But is it not a serious ill, to see  
Europe's great arbiters so mean can be ;  
Passive, with an affected joy to sit,  
Suspend their native taste of manly wit ;  
Neglect their Comic humour, Tragic rage,  
For known defects of Nature, and of age :  
Arise, from shame, ye conquering Britons rise ;  
Such unadorn'd effeminacy despise ;  
Admire, (if you will doat on foreign wit,)  
Not what Italians sing, but Romans writ.  
So shall less work, such as to-night's slight Play,  
At your command with justice die away ;  
'Till then forgive your writers, that can't bear  
You should such very Tramontanes appear,  
The nation, which contemns you, to revere.*

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*Let Anna's soil be known for all its charms ;  
As fam'd for liberal sciences, as arms : -  
Let those derision meet, who would advance  
Manners, or speech, from Italy or France.  
Let them learn you, who would your favour find,  
And English be the language of mankind.*

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THE  
**BEAUX STRATAGEM.**

A  
**COMEDY.**

**By GEO. FARQUHAR.**

ADAPTED FOR  
**THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,**

AS PERFORMED AT THE  
**THEATRES - ROYAL,  
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.**

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,  
*By Permission of the Managers.*

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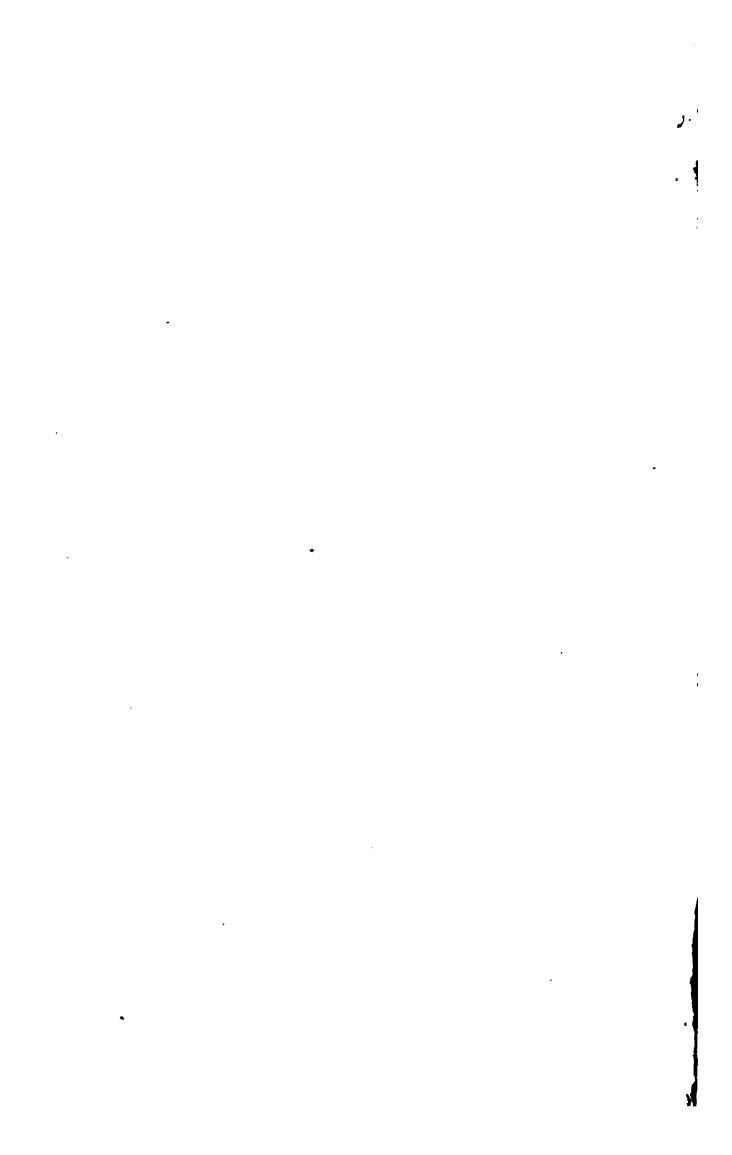
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**M DCC XCI.**



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## GEORGE FARQUHAR.

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THIS gentleman offers to us a view, over which the lover of man will weep with sincere commiseration.—A view of splendid talents and gentlemanly manners, labouring with disorder and distress through life, though happily not labouring long—for perhaps mental misery hastened his death before he could complete his 30th year.

THERE are beginning traits of character which anticipate the course of life, and from such a commencement as profaneness, little short of profligacy could be expected to follow. For impiety he was expelled the college of Dublin, *tanquam pestilentia hujus societatis*. His resource upon this circumstance was to seek the receptacle of the greater part of our indiscreet youth; and he accordingly attempted the profession of an actor.—He was never, it is said, free from that timidity which so destroys all effort, and the stage would perhaps never have seen him excellent—but an accident drove him from the profession soon—

As he was personating *Guyomar* in DRYDEN'S Indian Emperor, he had to kill *Vasquez*, one of the Spanish generals, an act which he had very nearly performed—for taking by mistake a sword up instead of a foil, he wounded his brother tragedian very dangerously.—This circumstance upon Mr. FARQUHAR operated so strongly that he left the stage as an actor.

He was fortunate enough then to secure the patronage of the Earl of ORRERY, and that nobleman gave him a lieutenant's commission in his own regiment, then in Ireland.—It was at his solicitation also Mr. FARQUHAR began to write those Comedies, which have established for him a reputation not likely to perish.

WHAT remains it is painful to tell:—He imprudently married—had children too many for his means to maintain—he died in indigence, and left them to the charitable attention of a friend.—That friend was WILKS the comedian; and to his honour be it mentioned, what was then enjoined by a dying friend he punctually performed.—FARQUHAR died in 1707.

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*The following is a list of his Comedies :*

<i>Love in a Bottle</i>	— —	1699	<i>Stage Coach</i>	— —	1705
<i>Constant Couple</i>	— —	1700	<i>Recruiting Officer</i>	—	1705
<i>Sir Harry Wildair</i>	—	1701	<i>Twin Rivals</i>	— —	1706
<i>Inconstant</i>	— — —	1702	<i>Beaux Stratagem</i>	—	1707

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## THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

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THIS Comedy is every way, but *morally*, perfect.—Virtue can derive little aid or encouragement from the scenes of FARQUHAR. They, however, who possess sufficient discrimination to separate what is good from the licentious impress of FARQUHAR's seal, may see his Plays with advantage.

THE Comedy before us is a pleasing, various assemblage of characters truly comic, and situations irresistibly diverting.—When it is considered relative to its wit, humour, and the correct knowledge of life displayed throughout, the Reader shall be told that it was written in six weeks, amid the inconveniencies of poverty, and during that illness which brought its author to his grave.

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## PROLOGUE.

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*WHEN* strife disturbs, or sloth corrupts an age,  
Keen satire is the business of the stage.  
When the Plain Dealer writ, he lash'd those crimes  
Which then infested most—the modish times.  
But now when faction sleeps, and sloth is fled,  
And all our youth in active fields are bred;  
When thro' Great Britain's fair extensive round,  
The trumps of Fame the notes of Union sound;  
When Anna's sceptre points the laws their course,  
And her example gives her precepts force;  
There scarce is room for satire; all our lays  
Must be, or songs of triumph, or of praise.  
But as in grounds best cultivated, tares  
And poppies rise among the golden ears;  
Our product so, fit for the field or school,  
Must mix with Nature's favourite plant—a fool,  
A weed that has to twenty summers ran,  
Shoots up in stalk, and vegetates to man.  
Simpling our author goes from field to field,  
And culls such fools as may diversion yield.  
And, thanks to nature, there's no want of those,  
For rain or shine the thriving cōxcomb grows.  
Follies to-night we shew ne'er lash'd before,  
Yet such as nature shews you ev'ry hour:  
Nor can the picture give a just offence,  
For fools are made for jests to men of sense.

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## Dramatis Personae.

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### DRURY-LANE.

			<i>Men.</i>
AIMWELL,	} <i>Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes</i>	{	Mr. Barrymore.
ARCHER,			Mr. Wroughton.
SULLEN, a Country Blockhead	-	-	Mr. Phillimore.
SIR C. FREEMAN, a Gentleman from London	-	-	Mr. Haymes.
FOIGARD, a French Priest	-	-	Mr. Moody.
GIBBET, a Highwayman	-	-	Mr. Suet.
HOUNSLOW,	} <i>His Companions</i>	{	Mr. Alfred.
BAGSHOT,			Mr. Webb.
BONIFACE, Landlord of the Inn	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
SCRUB, Servant to Mr. Sullen	-	-	Mr. Dodd.
			<i>Women.</i>
LADY BOUNTIFUL, an old civil Country Gentlewoman, that cures all Distempers	-	-	Mrs. Hopkins.
DORINDA, Lady Bountiful's Daughter	-	-	Mrs. Kemble.
Mrs. SULLEN, her Daughter-in-law	-	-	Miss Henrey.
GIPSEY	-	-	Miss Tidswell.
CHERRY	-	-	Miss Williams.

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### COVENT-GARDEN.

			<i>Men.</i>
AIMWELL,	} <i>Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes</i>	{	Mr. Farren.
ARCHER,			Mr. Lewis.
SULLEN, a Country Blockhead	-	-	Mr. Davies.
SIR C. FREEMAN, a Gentleman from London	-	-	Mr. Evat.
FOIGARD, a French Priest	-	-	Mr. Johnstone.
GIBBET, a Highwayman	-	-	Mr. Cubit.
HOUNSLOW,	} <i>His Companions</i>	{	Mr. Rock.
BAGSHOT,			Mr. Milburne.
BONIFACE, Landlord of the Inn	-	-	Mr. Powell.
SCRUB, Servant to Mr. Sullen	-	-	Mr. Quick.
			<i>Women.</i>
LADY BOUNTIFUL, an old civil Country Gentlewoman, that cures all Distempers	-	-	Mrs. Platt.
DORINDA, Lady Bountiful's Daughter	-	-	Mrs. Mountain.
Mrs. SULLEN, her Daughter-in-law	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
GIPSEY	-	-	Miss Steward.
CHERRY	-	-	Mrs. Martyr.

SCENE, Litchfield.

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THE  
BEAUX STRATAGEM.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*An Inn. Enter BONIFACE running.*

[*Bar-bell rings.*

*Boniface.*

CHAMBERLAIN, maid, Cherry, daughter Cherry !  
All asleep, all dead ?

*Enter CHERRY, running.*

*Cher.* Here, here. Why, d'y'e bawl so, father ?  
Dy'e think we have no ears ?

*Bon.* You deserve to have none, you young minx  
—the company of the Warrington coach has stood in  
the hall this hour, and nobody to shew them to their  
chambers.

*Cher.* And let 'em wait, father ; there's neither red-  
coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

*Bon.* But they threaten to go to another inn to-  
night.

*Cher.* That they dare not, for fear the coachman shou'd overturn them to-morrow [*Ring.*] Coming, coming : here's the London coach arriv'd.

*Enter several people with trunks, band-boxes, with other luggage, and cross the stage.*

*Bon.* Welcome, ladies.

*Cher.* Very welcome, gentlemen.—Chamberlain, shew the Lion and the Rose.

[*Exit with the Company.*]

*Enter AIMWELL in a riding habit, ARCHER as footman, carrying a portmanteau.*

*Bon.* This way, this way, gentlemen.

*Aim.* Set down the things ; go to the stable, and see my horses well rubb'd. 21

*Arch.* I shall, sir.

*Aim.* You're my landlord, I suppose ?

*Bon.* Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface, pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

*Aim.* O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

*Bon.* O, Sir—What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is ?

*Aim.* I have heard your town of Litchfield much fam'd for ale : I think I'll taste that.

*Bon.* Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire : 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

*Aim.* You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

*Bon.* As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale.—Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is.—Sir, you shall taste my anno domini—I have liv'd in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

*Aim.* At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

*Bon.* Not in my life, sir: I have fed purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

*Enter TAPSTER with a tankard.*

Now, sir, you shall see [*filling it out.*] Your worship's health: Ha! delicious, delicious—fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

*Aim.* [*drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

*Bon.* Strong! It must be so, or how wou'd we be strong that drink it?

*Aim.* And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

*Bon.* Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it kill'd my wife, poor woman! as the saying is.

*Aim.* How came that to pass?

*Bon.* I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualify-

ing it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is ; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after ; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

*Aim.* Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her ?

*Bon.* My lady Bountiful said so—she, good lady, did what could be done ; she cur'd her of three tympanies, but the fourth carried her off ; but she's happy, and I am contented, as the saying is.

*Aim.* Who's that lady Bountiful, you mentioned ?

*Bon.* Ods my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*drinks.*] My lady Bountiful is one of the best of women : her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year ; and I believe, she lays out one half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours ; she cures rheumatisms, ruptures, and broken shins in men : “ green sickness, obstructions, and fits of the mother in women ;” the king's evil, chin-cough, and chilblains in children : in short, she has cured more people in and about Litchfield within ten years, than the doctors have kill'd in twenty, and that's a bold word.

*Aim.* Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation ?

*Bon.* Yes, sir, she has a daughter, by Sir Charles, the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune ; she has a son too, by her first husband, 'squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London

to other day ; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health.

*Aim.* What sort of a man is he ?

*Bon.* Why, sir, the man's well enough ; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, faith ; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

*Aim.* A sportsman, I suppose ?

*Bon.* Yes, sir, he's a man of pleasure : he plays at whist, and smoaks his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

*Aim.* A fine sportsman, truly ! and marry'd you say ?

*Bon.* Ay, and to a curious woman, sir.—But he's a—He wants it here, sir. [*Pointing to his forehead.*]

*Aim.* He has it there, you mean.

*Bon.* That's none of my business, he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not—But I cod, he's no better than—sir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*] Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me ; I pay him his rent at quarter-day ; I have a good running trade ; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—But no matter for that.

*Aim.* You're very happy, Mr. Boniface ; pray, what other company have you in town ?

*Bon.* A power of fine ladies ; and then we have the French officers.

*Aim.* O that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen : pray, how do you like their company ?

*Bon.* So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em : they're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have ; they know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the

taking of them, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little : one of 'em lodges in my house.

*Enter ARCHER.*

*Arch.* Landlord, there are some French gentlemen below that ask for you.

*Bon.* I'll wait on 'em——Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is? [To Archer.]

*Arch.* I can't tell, as the saying is.

*Bon.* Come from London?

*Arch.* No.

*Bon.* Going to London, may hap.

*Arch.* No.

*Bon.* An odd fellow this! [Bar-bell rings.] I beg your worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute. [Exit.]

*Aim.* The course is clear, I see——Now, my dear Archer, welcome to Litchfield.

*Arch.* I thank thee, my dear brother in iniquity.

*Aim.* Iniquity! pr'ythee leave canting; you need not change your stile with your dress.

*Arch.* Don't mistake me, Aimwell, for 'tis still my maxim, that there's no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty. Men must not be poor; idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough, let 'em bustle: fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their industry.

*Aim.* Upon which topic we proceed, and, I think, luckily hitherto. Would not any man swear now

that I am a man of quality, and you my servant, when, if our intrinsic value were known. —

*Arch.* Come, come, we are the men of intrinsic value, who can strike our fortunes out of ourselves, whose worth is independent of accidents in life, or revolutions in government: we have heads to get money, and hearts to spend it.

*Aim.* As to our hearts, I grant ye they are as willing tits as any within twenty degrees; but I can have no great opinion of our heads from the service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from London hither to Litchfield, made me a lord, and you my servant.

*Arch.* That's more than you could expect already. — But what money have we left!

*Aim.* But two hundred pounds.

*Arch.* And our horses, cloaths, rings, &c. Why, we have very good fortunes now for moderate people: and let me tell you, that this two hundred pounds, with the experience that we are now masters of, is a better estate than the ten thousand we have spent—our friends, indeed, began to suspect that our pockets were low; but we came off with flying colours, shewed no signs of want either in word or deed.

*Aim.* Ay, and our going to Brussels was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our friends imagine that we are gone a volunteering.

*Arch.* Why 'faith if this project fails, it must e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the hun-

dreds, if you will, upon this knight errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some counterscap, where we may die as we liv'd, in a blaze.

*Aim.* With all my heart; and we have liv'd justly, Archer; we can't say that we have spent our fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

*Arch.* Right; so much pleasure for so much money; we have had our penny-worths; and had I millions I would go to the same market again. O London, London! Well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful: past pleasures, for ought I know, are best, such as we are sure of: those to come may disappoint us. But you command for the day, and so I submit.—At Nottingham, you know, I am to be master.

*Aim.* And at Lincoln I again.

*Arch.* Then, at Norwich I mount, which, I think, shall be our last stage? for if we fail there, we'll embark for Holland, bid adieu to Venus, and welcome Mars.

*Aim.* A match! [*Enter Boniface.*] Mum.

*Bon.* What will your worship please to have for supper?

*Aim.* What have you got?

*Bon.* Sir, we have a delicate piece of beef in the pot, and a pig at the fire.

*Aim.* Good supper-meat, I must confess—I can't eat beef, landlord.

*Arch.* And I hate pig.



*Aim.* Hold your prating, sirrah! Do you know who you are? *[Aside.*

*Bon.* Please to bespeak something else; I have every thing in the house.

*Aim.* Have you any veal?

*Bon.* Veal! sir, we had a delicate loin of veal on Wednesday last.

*Aim.* Have you got any fish, or wild-fowl?

*Bon.* As for fish, truly, sir, we are an inland town, and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth on't; but then for wild-fowl!—we have a delicate couple of rabbits.

*Aim.* Get me the rabbits fricasseed.

*Bon.* Fricasseed! Lard, sir, they'll eat much better smother'd with onions.

*Arch.* Pshaw! Rot your onions.

*Aim.* Again, sirrah!—Well, landlord, what you please; but hold, I have a small charge of money, and your house is so full of strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your custody than mine; for when this fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing—Here, sirrah, reach me the strong box.

*Arch.* Yes, sir—this will give us reputation.

*[Aside. Brings the box.*

*Aim.* Here, landlord, the locks are sealed down, both for your security and mine; it holds somewhat above two hundred pounds: if you doubt it, I'll count them to you after supper; but be sure you lay it where I may have it at a minute's warning; for my affairs are a little dubious at present; perhaps I may

be gone in half an hour; perhaps I may be your guest till the best part of that be spent; and pray order your hostler to keep my horses ready saddled: but one thing above the rest, I must beg that you will let this fellow have none of your *anno domini*, as you call it;—for he's the most insufferable sot—Here, sirrah, light me to my chamber.

*Arch.* Yes, sir. *[Exit, lighted by Archer.]*

*Bon.* Cherry, daughter Cherry!

*Enter CHERRY.*

*Cher.* D'ye call, father.

*Bon.* Ay, child, you must lay by this box for the gentleman, 'tis full of money.

*Cher.* Money! is all that money! why sure, father, the gentleman comes to be chosen parliament-man. Who is he?

*Bon.* I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

*Cher.* Ay! ten to one, father, he's a highwayman.

*Bon.* A highwayman! Upon my life, girl, you have hit it, and this box is some new purchased booty.—Now, could we find him out, the money were ours.

*Cher.* He don't belong to our gang.

*Bon.* What horses have they?

*Cher.* The master rides upon a black.

*Bon.* A black! ten to one the man upon the black

mare ; and since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience. I don't think it lawful to harbour any rogues but my own. Look'ye, child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work ; proofs we must have ; the gentleman's servant loves drink, I'll ply him that way ; and ten to one he loves a wench ; you must work him t'other way.

*Cher.* Father, would you have me give my secret for his ?

*Bon.* Consider, child, there's two hundred pounds to boot. [*Ring* without.] Coming, coming—Child, mind your business. [*Exit Bon.*]

*Cher.* What a rogue is my father!—My father ! I deny it——My mother was a good, generous, free-hearted woman, and I can't tell how far her good-nature might have extended for the good of her children. This landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his guest and debauch his daughter into the bargain.——by a footman too !

*Enter ARCHER.*

*Arch.* What footman, pray, mistress, is so happy as to be the subject of your contemplation ?

*Cher.* Whoever he is, friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

*Arch.* I hope so, for I'm sure you did not think of me.

*Cher.* Suppose I had !

*Arch.* Why then you're but even with me ; for the

minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make love to you.

*Cher.* Love to me, friend!

*Arch.* Yes, child.

*Cher.* Child! Manners; if you kept a little more distance, friend, it would become you much better.

*Arch.* Distance! good night, sauce-box. [*Going.*]

*Cher.* A pretty fellow! I like his pride—Sir; pray, sir; you see sir [*Archer returns.*] I have the credit to be trusted with your master's fortune here, which sets me a degree above his footman. I hope, sir, you an't affronted.

*Arch.* Let me look you full in the face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no.—'Sdeath, child, you have a pair of delicate eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

*Cher.* Why, sir, don't I see every body?

*Arch.* Ay, but if some women had them, they would kill every body.—Pr'ythee instruct me; I would fain make love to you, but I don't know what to say.

*Cher.* Why, did you never make love to any body before?

*Arch.* Never to a person of your figure, I can assure you, madam; my addresses have always been confined to persons within my own sphere; I never aspir'd so high before. [*Archer sings.*]

*But you look so bright,  
And are dress'd so tight,  
That a man would swear you're right,*

*As arm was e'er laid o'er.*

*Such an air*

*You freely wear*

*To ensnare*

*As makes each guest a lover :*

*Since then, my dear, I'm your guest,*

*Pr'ythee give me of the best*

*Of what is ready drest.*

*Since then my dear, &c.*

*Cher.* "What can I think of this man?" [*Aside.*]  
Will you give me that song, sir?

*Arch.* Ay, my dear, take it while it is warm. [*Kisses her*] Death and fire! her lips are honey-combs.

*Cher.* And I wish there had been a swarm of bees too, to have stung you for your impudence.

*Arch.* There's a swarm of cupids, my little Venus, that has done the business much better.

*Cher.* This fellow is misbegotten as well as I.  
[*Aside,*] What's your name, sir?

*Arch.* Name! I gad, I have forgot it. [*Aside.*] Oh, Martin.

*Cher.* Where was you born?

*Arch.* In St. Martin's parish.

*Cher.* What was your father?

*Arch.* Of——of——St. Martin's parish.

*Cher.* Then, friend, good night.

*Arch.* I hope not.

*Cher.* You may depend upon't.

*Arch.* Upon what?

*Cher.* That you're very impudent.

*Arch.* That you are very handsome.

*Cher.* That you're a footman.

*Arch.* That you're an angel.

*Cher.* I shall be rude.

*Arch.* So shall I.

*Cher.* Let go my hand.

*Arch.* Give me a kiss. [Kisses her.

[Boniface calls without, Cherry, Cherry.]

*Cher.* I'm——My father calls! you plaguy devil, how durst you stop my breath so?—Offer to follow me one step, if you dare. [Exit.

*Arch.* A fair challenge, by this light; this is a pretty fair opening of an adventure; but we are knight-errants, and so fortune be our guide. [Exit.

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### ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Gallery in Lady BOUNTIFUL'S House. Mrs. SULLEN and DORINDA meeting.*

*Dorinda.*

MORROW, my dear sister; are you for church this morning?

*Mrs. Sul.* Any where to pray; for heaven alone can help me: but I think, Dorinda, there's no form of prayer in the liturgy against bad husbands.

*Dor.* But there's a form of law at Doctors' Commons; and I swear, sister Sullen, rather than see you

thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that : for besides the part that I bear in your vexatious broils, as being sister to the husband, and friend to the wife, your examples give me such an impression of matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my person to a long vacation all its life. But supposing, madam, that you brought it to a case of separation, what can you urge against your husband ? My brother is, first, the most constant man alive.

*Mrs. Sul.* The most constant husband, I grant ye.

*Dor.* He never sleeps from you.

*Mrs. Dol.* No, he always sleeps with me.

*Dor.* He allows you a maintenance suitable to your quality.

*Mrs. Sul.* A maintenance ! Do you take me, madam, for an hospital child, that I must sit down and bless my benefactors for meat, drink, and clothes ? As I take it, madam, I brought your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things called pleasures.

*Dor.* You share in all the pleasures the country affords.

*Mrs. Sul.* Country pleasures ! Racks and torments ! Dost think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambering over stiles. Or, that my parents, wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in rural accomplishments, of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoking tobacco with my husband ; or of spreading of plaisters, brewing of diet drinks, and stilling rose-

mary-water, with the good old gentlewoman, my mother-in-law ?

✓ *Dor.* I'm sorry, madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you ; I could wish, indeed, that our entertainments were a little more polite, or your taste a little less refined ; but pray, madam, how came the poets and philosophers, that laboured so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it at last in a country life ?

*Mrs. Sul.* Because they wanted money, child, to find out the pleasures of the town. Did you ever hear of a poet or philosopher worth ten thousand pounds ? If you can shew me such a man, I'll lay you fifty pounds you'll find him somewhere within the weekly bills. Not that I disapprove rural pleasures, as the poets have painted them in their landscapes ; every Phillis has her Corydon ; every murmuring stream, and every flowery mead gives fresh alarm to love. Besides, you'll find that their couples were never married. But yonder I see my Corydon, and a sweet swain it is, Heaven knows ! Come, Dorinda, don't be angry, he's my husband, and your brother, and, between both, is he not a sad brute ?

*Dor.* I have nothing to say to your part of him, you're the best judge.

*Mrs. Sul.* O, sister, sister ! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks.—There's some diversion in a talking blockhead ; and since a woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little. Now you shall see ; but take this by the way ; he came



home this morning at his usual hour of four, wakened me out of a sweet dream of something else, by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces. After his man and he had rolled about the room, like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice; his breath hot as a furnace; and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel night cap—Oh, matrimony! matrimony!—He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half-naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale his nose.—O, the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband!—But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

*Enter SULLEN.*

*Sul.* My head aches consumedly.

*Mrs. Sul.* Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning; it may do your head good?

*Sul.* No.

*Dor.* Coffee, brother?

*Sul.* Pshaw!

*Mrs. Sul.* Will you please dress, and go to church with me? the air may help you.

*Sul.* Scrub!

*Enter SCRUB.*

*Scrub.* Sir!

*Sul.* What day o' th' week is this?

*Scrub.* Sunday, an't please your worship.

*Sul.* Sunday! bring me a dram; and, d'ye hear, set out the venison-pasty and a tankard of strong beer upon the hall table, I'll go to breakfast. [*Going.*]

*Dor.* Stay, stay, brother, you shan't get off so; you were very naughty last night, and must make your wife reparation. Come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon?

*Sul.* For what?

*Dor.* For being drunk last night.

*Sul.* I can afford it, can't I?

*Mrs. Sul.* But I can't, sir.

*Sul.* Then you may let it alone.

*Mrs. Sul.* But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be borne.

*Sul.* I'm glad on't.

*Mrs. Sul.* What is the reason, sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

*Sul.* Scrub!

*Scrub.* Sir!

*Sul.* Get things ready to shave my head. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* Have a care of coming near his temples, Scrub, for fear you meet something there that may turn the edge of your razor. [*Exit Scrub.*] Inveterate stupidity! Did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? O, sister, sister! I shall never have any good of the beast till I get him to town; London, dear London is the place for managing and breaking a husband.

*Dor.* And has not a husband the same opportunities there for humbling a wife ?

*Mr. Sul.* No, no, child ; 'tis a standing maxim in conjugal discipline, that when a man would enslave his wife, he hurries her into the country ; and when a lady would be arbitrary with her husband, she wheedles her booby up to town.—A man dare not play the tyrant in London, because there are so many examples to encourage the subject to rebel. O, Dorinda, Dorinda ! a fine woman may do any thing in London. O' my conscience, she may raise an army of forty thousand men.

*Dor.* I fancy, sister, you have a mind to be trying your power that way here in Litchfield ; you have drawn the French count to your colours already.

*Mrs. Sul.* The French are a people that can't live without their gallantries.

*Dor.* And some English that I know, sister, are not averse to such amusements.

*Mrs. Sul.* Well, sister, since the truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter ; I think one way to rouse my lethargic, sottish husband, is to give him a rival ; security begets negligence in all people, and men must be alarmed to make 'em alert in their duty. Women are, like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool, till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase. ✓

*Dor.* This might do, sister, if my brother's understanding were to be convinced into a passion for you ; but, I believe, there's a natural aversion on his side ;

and I fancy, sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

*Mrs. Sul.* I own it; we are united contradictions, fire and water. But I could be contented, with a great many other wives, to humour the censorious vulgar, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, could I bring him but to dissemble a little kindness to keep me in countenance.

*Dor.* But how do you know, sister, but that instead of rousing your husband, by this artifice, to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake in a real fury?

*Mrs. Sul.* Let him.—If I can't entice him to the one, I would provoke him to the other.

*Dor.* But how must I behave myself between ye?

*Mrs. Sul.* You must assist me.

*Dor.* What, against my own brother?

*Mrs. Sul.* He's but half a brother, and I'm your entire friend. If I go a step beyond the bounds of honour, leave me; till then, I expect you should go along with me in every thing. The count is to dine here to-day.

*Dor.* 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't like that man.

*Mrs. Sul.* You like nothing; your time is not come. Love and death have their fatalities, and strike home one time or other.—You'll pay for all one day, I warrant ye.—But come, my lady's tea is ready, and 'tis almost church-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.

*The Inn. Enter AIMWELL dressed, and ARCHER.*

*Aim.* And was she the daughter of the house?

*Arch.* The landlord is so blind as to think so; but I dare swear she has better blood in her veins.

*Aim.* Why dost think so?

*Arch.* Because the baggage has a pert *je-ne-sçay* *quoi*; she reads plays, keeps a monkey, and is troubled with vapours.

*Aim.* By which discoveries I guess that you know more of her.

*Arch.* Not yet, faith. The lady gives herself airs, forsooth; nothing under a gentleman.

*Aim.* Let me take her in hand.

*Arch.* Say one word more o' that, and I'll declare myself, spoil your sport there, and every where else. Look ye, Aimwell, every man in his own sphere.

*Aim.* Right, and therefore you must pimp for your master.

*Arch.* In the usual forms, good sir, after I have served myself—But to our business. You are so well dress'd, Tom, and make so handsome a figure that I fancy you may do execution in a country church; the exterior part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that impression favourable.

*Aim.* There's something in that which may turn to advantage. The appearance of a stranger in a

country church, draws as many gazers as a blazing star: no sooner he comes into the cathedral, but a train of whispers runs buzzing round the congregation in a moment.—Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him!—Then I, sir, tips me the verger half a crown; he pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best pew in the church; I pull out my snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the bishop, or the dean, if he be the commanding officer, single out a beauty, rivet both my eyes to hers, set my nose a bleeding by the strength of imagination, and shew the whole church my concern, by my endeavouring to hide it; after the sermon, the whole town gives me to her for a lover, and, by persuading the lady that I am dying for her, the tables are turned, and she in good earnest falls in love with me.

*Arch.* There's nothing in this, Tom, without a precedent; but instead of rivetting your eyes to a beauty, try to fix them upon a fortune; that's our business at present.

*Aim.* Pshaw! no woman can be a beauty without a fortune. Let me alone for a marksman.

*Arch.* Tom!

*Aim.* Aye!

*Arch.* When were you at church before, pray?

*Arch.* Um—I was there at the coronation.

*Arch.* And how can you expect a blessing by going to church now?

*Aim.* Blessing! Nay, Frank, I ask but for a wife.

[*Exit.*

*Arch.* Truly, the man is not very unreasonable in his demands. *[Exit at the opposite door.]*

*Enter BONIFACE and CHERRY.*

*Bon.* Well, daughter, as the saying is, have you brought Martin to confess?

*Cher.* Pray, father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a man; I'm but young, you know, father; and don't understand wheedling.

*Bon.* Young! why, you jade, as the saying is, can any woman wheedle that is not young? Your mother was useless at five and twenty. Would you make your mother a whore, and me a cuckold, as the saying is? I tell you, his silence confesses it, and his master spends his money so freely, and is so much a gentleman every manner of way, that he must be a highwayman.

*Enter GIBBET in a cloak.*

*Gib.* Landlord, landlord, is the coast clear?

*Bon.* O, Mr. Gibbet, what's the news?

*Gib.* No matter, ask no questions, all's fair and honourable; here, my dear Cherry, *[Gives her a bag.]* two hundred sterling pounds, as good as ever hanged or saved a rogue; lay 'em by with the rest; and here—three wedding—or mourning rings, 'tis much the same, you know. —Here, two silver hilted swords; I took these from fellows that never shew any part of their swords but the hilts. Here is a diamond necklace, which the lady hid in the privatest place in the

coach, but I found it out. This gold watch I took from a pawnbroker's wife, it was left in her hands by a person of quality, there's the arms upon the case.

*Cher.* But who had you the money from?

*Gib.* Ah! poor woman, I pitied her;—from a poor lady just eloped from her husband; she had made up her cargo, and was bound for Ireland, as hard as she could drive; she told me of her husband's barbarous usage, and so, faith, I left her half a crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear Cherry, I have a present for you.

*Cher.* What is't?

*Gib.* A pot of ceruse, my child, that I took out of a lady's under petticoat pocket.

*Cher.* What, Mr. Gibbet, do you think that I paint?

*Gib.* Why, you jade, your betters do; I'm sure the lady that I took it from had a coronet upon her handkerchief—Here, take my cloak, and go secure the premises.

*Cher.* I will secure 'em.

[*Exit.*

*Bon.* But, hark ye, where's Hounslow and Bagshot?

*Gib.* They'll be here to-night.

*Bon.* D'ye know of any other gentleman o' the pad on this road?

*Gib.* No.

*Bon.* I fancy that I have two that lodge in the house just now,

*Gib.* The devil! how d'ye smook 'em?



*Bon.* Why, the one is gone to church.

*Gib.* To church! That's suspicious, I must confess.

*Bon.* And the other is now in his master's chamber; he pretends to be a servant to the other; we'll call him out, and pump him a little.

*Gib.* With all my heart.

*Bon.* Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin!

*Enter ARCHER combing a perriwig, and singing.*

*Gib.* The roads are consumed deep, I'm as dirty as Old Brentford at Christmas.—A good pretty fellow that; whose servant are you, friend?

*Arch.* My master's.

*Gib.* Really?

*Arch.* Really.

*Gib.* That's much.—That fellow has been at the bar, by his evasions:—But pray, sir, what is your master's name?

*Arch.* Tall, all, dall.—[*Sings and combs the periwig.*] This is the most obstinate curl——

*Gib.* I ask you his name?

*Arch.* Name, sir—Tall, all, dall—I never asked him his name in my life—Tall, all, dall.

*Bon.* What think you now?

*Gib.* Plain, plain; he talks now as if he were before a judge. But pray, friend, which way does your master travel?

*Arch.* A horseback.

*Gib.* Very well again; an old offender——Right——

But I mean does he go upwards or downwards?

*Arch.* Downwards, I fear, sir—Tall, lall.

*Gib.* I'm afraid thy fate will be a contrary way.

*Bon.* Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Martin, you're very arch.—This gentleman is only travelling towards Chester, and would be glad of your company, that's all.—Come, captain, you'll stay to-night, I suppose; I'll shew you a chamber—Come, captain.

*Gib.* Farewell, friend— [Exit.

*Arch.* Captain, your servant.—Captain! a pretty fellow! 'Sdeath! I wonder that the officers of the army don't conspire to beat all scoundrels in red but their own.

*Enter CHERRY.*

*Cher.* Gone, and Martin here! I hope he did not listen: I would have the merit of the discovery all my own, because I would oblige him to love me. [Aside.] Mr. Martin, who was that man with my father?

*Arch.* Some recruiting serjeant, or whipp'd-out trooper, I suppose.

*Cher.* All's safe, I find. [Aside.

*Arch.* Come, my dear, have you coan'd over the catechise I taught you last night?

*Cher.* Come, question me.

*Arch.* What is love?

*Cher.* Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, goes I know not when.

*Arch.* Very well, an apt scholar, [Clucks her under the chin.] Where does love enter?

*Cher.* Into the eyes.

*Arch.* And where go out?

*Cher.* I won't tell you.

*Arch.* What are the objects of that passion?

*Cher.* Youth, beauty, and clean linen.

*Arch.* The reason?

*Cher.* The two first are fashionable in nature, and the third at court.

*Arch.* That's my dear. What are the signs and tokens of that passion?

*Cher.* A stealing look, a stammering tongue, words improbable, designs impossible, and actions impracticable.

*Arch.* That's my good child; kiss me——What must a lover do to obtain his mistress?

*Cher.* He must adore the person that disdains him, he must bribe the chambermaid that betrays him, and court the footman that laughs at him!——He must; he must——

*Arch.* Nay, child, I must whip you, if you don't mind your lesson; he must treat his——

*Cher.* O! aye. He must treat his enemies with respect, his friends with indifference, and all the world with contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his ruin, and throw himself away.

*Arch.* Had ever man so hopeful a pupil as mine! Come, my dear; why is love called a riddle?

*Cher.* Because, being blind, he leads those that see;

and, though a child, he governs a man.

*Arch.* Mighty well.—And why is love pictured blind?

*Cher.* Because the painters, out of their weakness, or the privilege of their art, chose to hide those eyes they could not draw.

*Arch.* That's my dear little scholar, kiss me again —And why should love, that's a child, govern a man?

*Cher.* Because that a child is the end of love.

*Arch.* And so ends love's catechism—And now, my dear, we'll go in, and make my master's bed.

*Cher.* Hold, hold, Mr. Martin—you have taken a great deal of pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learned by it?

*Arch.* What?

*Cher.* That your discourse and your habit are contradictions, and it would be nonsense in me to believe you a footman any longer.

*Arch.* 'Oons, what a witch it is!

*Cher.* Depend upon this, sir, nothing in that garb shall ever tempt me: for though I was born to servitude, I hate it.—Own your condition, swear you love me, and then——

*Arch.* And then we shall go make my master's bed?

*Cher.* Yes.

*Arch.* You must know then, that I am born a gentleman, my education was liberal; but I went to London a younger brother, fell into the hands of sharpers, who stript me of my money, my friends

disowned me, and now my necessity brings me to what you see.

*Cher.* Then take my hand——promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you master of two thousand pounds.

*Arch.* How!

*Cher.* Two thousand pounds that I have this minute in my own custody; so throw of your livery this instant, and I'll go find a parson.

*Arch.* What said you? a parson.

*Cher.* What! Do you scruple?

*Arch.* Scruple! No, no, but—two thousand pounds you say?

*Cher.* And better.

*Arch.* 'Sdeath, what shall I do?—But harkye, child, what need you make me master of yourself and money, when you may have the same pleasure out of me, and still keep your fortune in your own hands?

*Cher.* Then you won't marry me?

*Arch.* I would marry you, but——

*Cher.* O, sweet sir, I'm your humble servant, you're fairly caught. Would you persuade me that any gentleman who could bear the scandal of wearing a livery, would refuse two thousand pounds, let the condition be what it would—No, no, sir—But I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the respect that I ought to pay to you.

[*Going.*

*Arch.* Fairly bit, by Jupiter!—Hold, hold! and have you actually two thousand pounds?

*Cher.* Sir, I have my secrets as well as you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free; and be assured that I have discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will.—In the mean while be satisfied, that no discovery I make shall ever hurt you; but beware of my father.— [Exit.

*Arch.* So—we're like to have as many adventures in our inn, as Don Quixote had in his.—Let me see—two thousand pounds! If the wench would promise to die when the money were spent, i'gad, one would marry her; but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife may live——Lord knows how long! Then an inn-keeper's daughter! Aye, that's the devil—there my pride brings me off.

*For whatsoe'er the sages charge on pride,  
The angels fall, and twenty faults beside;  
On earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal calling,  
Pride saves man oft, and woman too, from falling.*

[Exit.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*Lady BOUNTIFUL's House. Enter Mrs. SULLEN  
and DORINDA.*

*Mrs. Sullen.*

HA, ha, ha, my dear sister! let me embrace thee, now we are friends, indeed; for I shall have a secret of yours as a pledge for mine—Now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the subjects of the sex.

*Dor.* But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in love with a fellow at first sight?

*Mrs. Sul.* Pshaw! now you spoil all; why should not we be as free in our friendships as the men? I warrant you, the gentleman has got to his confidant already, has avowed his passion, toasted your health, called you ten thousand angels, has run over your lips, eyes, neck, shape, air, and every thing, in a description that warms their mirth to a second enjoyment.

*Dor.* Your hand, sister: I a'n't well.

*Mrs. Sul.* So—she's breeding already—Come, child, up with it—hem a little—so—Now tell me, don't you like the gentleman that we saw at church just now?

*Dor.* The man's well enough.

*Mrs. Sul.* Well enough! Is he not a demi-god, a Narcissus, a star, the man i' the moon?

*Dor.* O, sister, I'm extremely ill.

*Mrs. Sul.* Shall I send to your mother, child, for a little cephalic plaister to put to the soles of your feet? Or shall I send to the gentleman for something for you?—Come, unbosom yourself—the man is perfectly a pretty fellow; I saw him when he first came into church.

*Dor.* I saw him too, sister, and with an air that shone, methought, like rays about his person.

*Mrs. Sul.* Well said, up with it.

*Dor.* No forward coquet behaviour, no air to set him off, no studied looks, nor artful posture,—but nature did it all——

*Mrs. Sul.* Better and better—One touch more—Come——

*Dor.* But then his looks—did you observe his eyes?

*Mrs. Sul.* Yes, yes, I did—his eyes; well, what of his eyes?

*Dor.* Sprightly, but not wand'ring; they seemed to view, but never gaz'd on any thing but me—and then his looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aimed to tell me, that he cou'd with pride die at my feet, though he scorned slavery any where else.

*Mrs. Sul.* The physic works purely.—How d'ye find yourself now, my dear?

*Dor.* Hem! Much better, my dear—Oh, here comes our Mercury!

*Enter SCRUB.*

*Dor.* Well, Scrub, what news of the gentleman?



*Scrub.* Madam, I have brought you a whole packet of news.

*Dor.* Open it quickly ; come.

*Scrub.* In the first place, I enquired who the gentleman was ? They told me he was a stranger. Secondly, I asked what the gentleman was ? They answered and said, that they never saw him before. Thirdly, I enquired what countryman he was ? They reply'd, 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded whence he came ? Their answer was, they cou'd not tell. And fifthly, I asked whither he went ? And they reply'd, they knew nothing of the matter. —And this is all I could learn.

*Mrs. Sul.* But what do the people say ? Can't they guess ?

*Scrub.* Why some think he's a spy, some guess he's a mountebank, some say one thing, some another ; but for my own part, I believe he's a jesuit.

*Dor.* A jesuit ! why a jesuit ?

*Scrub.* Because he keeps his horses always ready saddled, and his footman talks French.

*Mrs. Sul.* His footman !

*Scrub.* Ay, he and the count's footmen were gabbering French like two intriguing ducks in a mill-pond ; and I believe they talked of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

*Dor.* What sort of livery has the footman ?

*Scrub.* Livery ! Lord, madam, I took him for a captain, he's so bedizen'd with lace ; and then he has tops to his shoes, up to his mid-leg, a silver headed

cane dangling at his knuckles:—he carries his hands in his pockets, and walks just so—[*Walks in a French air.*] and has a fine long perriwig ty'd up in a bag—Lord, madam, he's clear another sort of a man than I.

*Mrs. Sul.* That may easily be.—But what shall we do now, sister?

*Dor.* I have it—This fellow has a world of simplicity, and some cunning; the first hides the latter by abundance.—*Scrub.*

*Scrub.* Madam.

*Dor.* We have a great mind to know who this gentleman is, only for our satisfaction.

*Scrub.* Yes, madam, it would be a satisfaction, no doubt.

*Dor.* You must go and get acquainted with his footman, and invite him hither to drink a bottle of your ale, because you're butler to-day.

*Scrub.* Yes, madam, I am butler every Sunday.

*Mrs. Sul.* O brave sister! o' my conscience you understand the mathematics already.—'Tis the best plot in the world! Your mother, you know, will be gone to church, my spouse will be got to the ale-house with his scoundrels, and the house will be our own—so we drop in by accident, and ask the fellow some questions ourselves. In the country, you know, any stranger is company, and we're glad to take up with the butler in a country dance, and happy if he will do us the favour.

*Scrub.* Oh, madam, you wrong me; I never refus'd your ladyship the favour in my life.

*Enter GIPSEY.*

*Gip.* Ladies, dinner's upon table.

*Dor.* Scrub, we'll excuse your waiting.——Go where we order'd you.

*Scrub.* I shall.

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SCENE II.

*Changes to the Inn. Enter AIMWELL and ARCHER.*

*Arch.* Well, Tom, I find you're a marksman.

*Aim.* A marksman! who so blind could be as not discern a swan among the ravens?

*Arch.* Well, but heark'e, Aimwell.

*Aim.* Aimwell! call me Oroondates, Cesario, Amadis, all that romance can in a lover paint, and then I'll answer. Oh, Archer! I read her thousands in her looks; she look'd like Ceres in her harvest; corn, wine, and oil, milk, honey, gardens, groves, and purling streams, play'd on her plenteous face.

*Arch.* Her face! her pocket, you mean! the corn, wine, and oil lie there. In short, she has twenty thousand pounds, that's the English on't.

*Aim.* Her eyes——

*Arch.* Are demi-cannons, to be sure; so I wo'nt stand their battery. [Going.

*Aim.* Pray, excuse me, my passion must have vent.

*Arch.* Passion! what a plague, d'ye think these romantic airs will do our business? Were my temper

as extravagant as yours, my adventures have something more romantic by half.

*Aim.* Your adventures!

*Arch.* Yes.

*The nymph that with her twice ten hundred pounds,  
With brazen engine hot, and coif clear starch'd,  
Can fire the guest in warming of the bed——*

There's a touch of sublime Milton for you, and the subject but an inn-keeper's daughter. I can play with a girl as an angler does with his fish; he keeps it at the end of his line, runs it up the stream, and down the stream, till at last he brings it to hand, tickles the trout, and so whips it into his basket.

*Enter BONIFACE.*

*Bon.* Mr. Martin, as the saying is——yonder's an honest fellow below, my lady Bountiful's butler, who begs the honour that you would go home with him and see his cellar.

*Arch.* Do my baise-mains to the gentleman, and tell him I will do myself the honour to wait on him immediately, as the saying is.

*Bon.* I shall do your worship's commands, as the saying is.

*[Exit, bowing obsequiously.]*

*Aim.* What do I hear? soft Orpheus play, and fair Toftida sing!

*Arch.* Pshaw! Damn your raptures; I tell you here's a pump going to be put into the vessel, and the

ship will get into harbour, my life on't. You say there's another lady very handsome there.

*Aim.* Yes, faith.

*Arch.* I'm in love with her already.

*Aim.* Can't you give me a bill upon Cherry in the mean time?

*Arch.* No, no, friend, all her corn, wine, and oil is ingross'd to my market.——And once more I warn you, to keep your anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul of me, by this light, you shall go to the bottom——What! make a prize of my little frigate, while I am upon the cruize for you. You're a pretty fellow indeed! [Exit.

*Enter BONIFACE.*

*Aim.* Well, well, I won't.——Landlord; have you any tolerable company in the house? I don't care for dining alone.

*Bon.* Yes, sir, there's a captain below, as the saying is, that arriv'd about an hour ago.

*Aim.* Gentlemen of his coat are welcome everywhere; will you make a compliment for me, and tell him I should be glad of his company, that's all.

*Bon.* Who shall I tell him, sir, wou'd——

*Aim.* Ha! that stroke was well thrown in——I'm only a traveller, like himself, and would be glad of his company, that's all.

*Bon.* I obey your commands, as the saying is. [Exit.

*Enter ARCHER.*

*Arch.* 'Sdeath! I had forgot; what title will you give yourself?

*Aim.* My brother's, to be sure ; he would never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his honour this bout.——You know the rest of your cue ?

*Arch.* Ay, ay.

[*Exit.*

*Enter GIBBET.*

*Gib.* Sir, I'm yours.

*Aim.* 'Tis more than I deserve, sir, for I don't know you.

*Gib.* I don't wonder at that, sir, for you never saw me before——I hope. [*Aside.*

*Aim.* And pray, sir, how came I by the honour of seeing you now.

*Gib.* Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any gentleman——but my landlord——

*Aim.* O, sir, I ask your pardon, you're the captain he told me of.

*Gib.* At your service, sir.

*Aim.* What regiment, may I be so bold ?

*Gib.* A marching regiment, sir ; an old corps.

*Aim.* Very old, if your coat be regimental. [*Aside.* You have serv'd abroad, sir ?

*Gib.* Yes, sir, in the plantations, 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst service ; I wou'd have quitted it indeed, but a man of honour, you know——Besides, 'twas for the good of my country that I shou'd be abroad——Any thing for the good of one's country——I'm a Roman for that.

*Aim.* One of the first, I'll lay my life. [*Aside.*] You found the West Indies very hot, sir.

*Gib.* Ay, sir, too hot for me.

*Aim.* Pray, sir, ha'nt I seen your face at Will's Coffee house?

*Gib.* Yes, sir, and at White's too.

*Aim.* And where's your company now, captain?

*Gib.* They an't come yet.

*Aim.* Why, d'ye expect them here?

*Gib.* They'll be here to-night, sir.

*Aim.* Which way do they march?

*Gib.* Across the country.—The devils in't if I han't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right, I must tack about. [*Aside.*

*Aim.* Is your company to quarter at Litchfield?

*Gib.* In this house, sir.

*Aim.* What, all?

*Gib.* My company is but thin, ha, ha, ha! we are but three, ha, ha, ha!

*Aim.* You're merry, sir?

*Gib.* Ay, sir, you must excuse me. Sir, I understand the world, especially the art of travelling. I don't care, sir, for answering questions directly upon the road—for I generally ride with a charge about me.

*Aim.* Three or four, I believe. [*Aside.*

*Gib.* I am credibly inform'd that there are highwaymen upon this quarter; not, sir, that I could suspect a gentleman of your figure.—But truly, sir, I have got such a way of evasion upon the road, that I don't care for speaking truth to any man.

*Aim.* Your caution may be necessary——Then I

presume you're no captain.

*Gib.* Not I, sir ; captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it ; it stops a great many foolish enquiries that are generally made about gentlemen that travel : it gives a man an air of something, and makes the drawers obedient——And thus far I am a captain, and no farther.

*Aim.* And pray, sir, what is your true profession ?

*Gib.* O, sir, you must excuse me—upon my word, sir, I don't think it safe to tell you.

*Aim.* Ha, ha ! upon my word, I commend you.

*Enter BONIFACE.*

Well, Mr. Boniface, what's the news ?

*Bon.* There's another gentleman below, as the saying is, that hearing you were but two, would be glad to make the third man, if you'd give him leave.

*Aim.* What is he ?

*Bon.* A clergyman, as the saying is.

*Aim.* A clergyman ! Is he really a clergyman ? or is it only is travelling name, as my friend the captain has it ?

*Bon.* O, sir, he's a priest, and chaplain to the French officers in town.

*Aim.* Is he a Frenchman ?

*Bon.* Yes, sir, born at Brussels.

*Gib.* A Frenchman, and a priest ! I won't be seen in his company, sir ; I have a value for my reputation, sir.

*Aim.* Nay, but captain, since we are by ourselves



—Can he speak English, landlord ?

*Bon.* Very well, sir ? you may know him as the saying is, to be a foreigner by his accent, and that's all.

*Aim.* Then he has been in England before ?

*Bon.* Never, sir, but he's master of languages, as the saying is ; he talks Latin ; it does me good to hear him talk Latin.

*Aim.* Then you understand Latin, Mr. Boniface.

*Bon.* Not I, sir, as the saying is ; but he talks it so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

*Aim.* Pray desire him to walk up.

*Bon.* Here he is, as the saying is.

*Enter FOIGARD.*

*Foig.* Save you, gentlemens bote.

*Aim.* A Frenchman ! sir, your most humble servant.

*Foig.* Och, dear joy, I am your most faithful servant, and yours alsho.

*Gib.* Doctor, you talk very good English, but you have a mighty twang of the foreigner.

*Foig.* My English is very well for the vords, but we foreigners, you know, cannot bring our tongues about the pronunciation so soon.

*Aim.* A foreigner ! a downright Teague, by this light. [*Aside.*] Were you born in France, doctor ?

*Foig.* I was educated in France, but I was borned at Brussels : I am a subject of the king of Spain, joy.

*Gib.* What king of Spain, sir ? Speak.

*Foig.* Upon my shoul, joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

E

**SECRET**

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he never was in this part of England before, so he chose to retire to this place, that's all.

*Gip.* And that's enough for me. [Exit.

*Scrub.* And where were you when your master fought?

*Arch.* We never know of our master's quarrels.

*Scrub.* No! if our masters in the country here receive a challenge, the first thing they do is to tell their wives; the wife tells the servants, the servants alarm the tenants, and in half an hour you shall have the whole country up in arms.

*Arch.* To hinder two men from doing what they have no mind for——But if you should chance to talk, now, of this business?

*Scrub.* Talk! ah, sir, had I not learn'd the knack of holding my tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great family.

*Arch.* Ay, ay, to be sure, there are secrets in all families.

*Scrub.* Secrets, O Lud!——but I'll say no more——Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our tankard; Here——

*Arch.* With all my heart: who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh——Here's your lady's health: you have three, I think; and to be sure there must be secrets among 'em.

*Scrub.* Secrets! Ah! friend, friend!——I wish I had a friend.——

*Arch.* Am I not your friend? Come, you and I will be sworn brothers.

*Scrub.* Shall we?

*Arch.* From this minute——Give me a kiss——  
And now, brother Scrub——

*Scrub.* And, now, brother Martin, I will tell you a secret that will make your hair stand an end——  
You must know, that I am consumedly in love.

*Arch.* That's a terrible secret, that's the truth on't.

*Scrub.* That jade, Gipsy, that was with us just now in the cellar, is the errantest whore that ever wore a petticoat, and I'm dying for love of her.

*Arch.* Ha, ha, ha!——Are you in love with her person, or her virtue, brother Scrub?

*Scrub.* I should like virtue best, because it's more durable than beauty; for virtue holds good with some women, long and many a day after they have lost it.

*Arch.* In the country, I grant ye, where no woman's virtue is lost, till a bastard be found.

*Scrub.* Ay, could I bring her to a bastard, I shou'd have her all to myself; but I dare not put it upon that lay, for fear of being sent for a soldier—Pray, brother, how do you gentlemen in London like that same pressing act?

*Arch.* Very ill, brother Scrub——'Tis the worst that ever was made for us; formerly, I remember the good days when we could dun our masters for our wages, and if they refused to pay us, we could have a warrant to carry 'em before a justice; but now, if we talk of eating, they have a warrant for us, and carry us before three justices.

*Scrub.* And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating;

for the justices won't give their own servants a bad example. Now this is my misfortune—I dare not speak in the house, while that jade, Gipsey, dings about like a fury—Once I had the better end of the staff.

*Arch.* And how comes the change now?

*Scrub.* Why, the mother of all this mischief is a priest.

*Arch.* A priest!

*Scrub.* Ay, a damn'd son of a whore of Babylon, that came over hither to say grace to the French officers, and eat up our provisions—There's not a day goes over his head without a dinner or supper in this house.

*Arch.* How came he so familiar in the family?

*Scrub.* Because he speaks English as if he had liv'd here all his life, and tells lies as if he had been a traveller from his cradle.

*Arch.* And this priest, I'm afraid, has converted the affections of your Gipsey.

*Scrub.* Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear friend—for I'm afraid he has made her a whore and a papist—But this is not all; there's the French count and Mrs. Sullen, they're in confederacy, and for some private end of their own too, to be sure.

*Arch.* A very hopeful family, yours, brother Scrub; I suppose the maiden lady has her lover too.

*Scrub.* Not that I know—She's the best on 'em, that's the truth on't: but they take care to prevent my curiosity, by giving me so much business, that I

am a perfect slave :—What dye think is my place in this family ?

*Arch.* Butler, I suppose.

*Scrub.* Ah, Lord help your silly head !—I'll tell you—Of a Monday I drive the coach ; of a Tuesday I drive the' plough ; on Wednesday I follow the hounds ; on Thursday I dun the tenants ; on Friday I go to market ; on Saturday I draw warrants ; and on Sunday I draw beer.

*Arch.* Ha, ha, ha ! if variety be a pleasure in life, you have enough on't, my dear brother—But what ladies are those ?

*Scrub.* Ours, ours ; that upon the right hand is Mrs. Sullen, and the other Mrs. Dorinda——Don't mind 'em, sit still, man—

*Enter Mrs. SULLEN and DORINDA.*

*Mrs. Sul.* I have heard my brother talk of my lord Aimwell, 'but they say that his' brother is the finer gentleman.

*Dor.* That's impossible, sister.

*Mrs. Sul.* He's vastly rich, and very close, they say.

*Dor.* No matter for that ; if I can creep into his heart, I'll open his breast, I warrant him : I have heard say, that people may be guess'd at by the behaviour of their servants ; I could wish we might talk to that fellow.

*Mrs. Sul.* So do I ; for I think he's a very pretty fellow : come this way ; I'll throw out a lure for him presently.

[*They walk a turn to the opposite side of the stage. Mrs.*

*Sullen drops her fan, Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.*

*Arch.* Corn, wine, and oil, indeed—But I think the wife has the greatest plenty of flesh and blood; she should be my choice—Ay, ay, say you so—Madam—your ladyship's fan.

*Mrs. Sul.* O sir, I thank you—What a handsome bow the fellow made!

*Dor.* Bow! Why, I have known several footmen come down from London, set up here for dancing-masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

*Arch.* [*aside.*] That project, for aught I know, had been better than ours—Brother Scrub, why don't you introduce me?

*Scrub.* Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant that you saw at church to-day; I understood he came from London, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might shew me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

*Dor.* And I hope you have made much of him?

*Arch.* O yes, madam; but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

*Mrs. Sul.* What, then you don't usually drink ale.

*Arch.* No, madam, my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water; 'tis prescrib'd me by the physician, for a remedy against the spleen.

*Scrub.* O la! O la!—a footman have the spleen—

*Mrs. Sul.* I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

*Arch.* Madam, like all other fashions, it wears out, and so descends to their servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

*Dor.* How affectedly the fellow talks!—How long, pray, have you serv'd your present master?

*Arch.* Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

*Mrs. Sul.* And pray, which service do you like best?

*Arch.* Madam, the ladies pay best; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

*Mrs. Sul.* That flight was above the pitch of a livery: and, sir, would not you be satisfied to serve a lady again?

*Arch.* As groom of the chambers, madam, but not as a footman.

*Mrs. Sul.* I suppose you serv'd as footman before;

*Arch.* For that reason I would not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in London: my Lady Howd'ye, the last mistress I serv'd, call'd me up one morning, and told me, Martin, go to my Lady Allnight with my humble service; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs. Rebecca, that the prelimina-



ries of the affair she knows of are stopt till we know the concurrence of the person that I know of, for which there are circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that in the mean time there is a person about her ladyship, that from several hints and surmises, was accessory at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance——

*Mrs. Sul.* } Ha, ha! where are you going, sir?  
*Dor.* }

*Arch.* Why, I ha'n't half done.

*Scrub.* I should not remember a quarter of it.

*Arch.* The whole, how d'ye, was about half an hour long; so happened to misplace two syllables, and was turned off, and rendered incapable——

*Dor.* The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever saw.—But, friend, if your master be married,—I presume you still serve a lady?

*Arch.* No, madam, I take care never to come into a married family, the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

*Dor.* There's a main point gain'd.—My lord is not married, I find. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Sul.* But I wonder friend, that in so many good services, you had not a better provision made for you?

*Arch.* I don't know how, madam—I am very well as I am.

*Mrs. Sul.* Something for a pair of gloves.

[Offering him money.]

*Arch.* I humbly beg leave to be excused. My master, madam, pays me; nor dare I take money from any other hand, without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands. [Exit.]

*Scrub.* Brother Martin, brother Martin.

*Arch.* What do you say, brother Scrub?

*Scrub.* Take the money, and give it to me.

[Exeunt Archer and Scrub.]

*Dor.* This is surprising. Did you ever see so pretty a well-bred fellow.

*Mrs. Sul.* The devil take him for wearing the livery.

*Dor.* I fancy, sister, he may be some gentleman, a friend of my lord's, that his lordship has pitch'd upon for his courage, fidelity, and discretion, to bear him company in this dress, and who, ten to one, was his second.

*Mrs. Sul.* It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so — For I like him.

*Dor.* What! better than the count?

*Mrs. Sul.* The count happened to be the most agreeable man upon the place; and so I chose him to serve me in my design upon my husband — But I should like this fellow better in a design upon myself.

*Dol.* But now, sister, for an interview with this lord, and this gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

*Mrs. Sul.* Patience! you country ladies give no

quarter, "if once you be entered."—Would you prevent their desires, and give the fellows no wishing time?—Look'e, Dorinda, if my lord Aimwell loves you or deserves you, he'll find a way to see you, and there we must leave it—My business comes now upon the tapis—Have you prepared your brother?

*Dor.* Yes, yes.

*Mrs. Sul.* And how did he relish it?

*Dor.* He said little, mumbled something to himself, and promised to be guided by me—but here he comes—

*Enter SULLEN.*

*Sul.* What singing was that I heard just now?

*Mrs. Sul.* The singing in your head, my dear; you complained of it all day.

*Sul.* You're impertinent.

*Mrs. Sul.* I was ever so, since I became one flesh with you.

*Sul.* One flesh; rather two carcasses joined unnaturally together.

*Mrs. Sul.* Or rather, a living soul coupled to a dead body.

*Dor.* So, this is fine encouragement for me!

*Sul.* Yes, my wife shews what you must do.

*Mrs. Sul.* And my husband shews you what you must suffer.

*Sul.* 'Sdeath! why can't you be silent?

*Mrs. Sul.* 'Sdeath! why can't you talk?

*Sul.* Do you talk to any purpose ?

*Mrs. Sul.* Do you think to any purpose ?

*Sul.* Sister, heark'e—*[Whispers.]* I shan't be home till it be late. *[Exit.*

*Mrs. Sul.* What did he whisper to ye ?

*Dor.* That he would go round the back way, come into the closet, and listen as I directed him.—But let me beg once more, dear sister, to drop this project : for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to kindness, you may provoke him to rage ; and then who knows how far his brutality may carry him ?

*Mrs. Sul.* I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you. Away. *[Excunt.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

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*Continues.* Enter DORINDA, meeting Mrs. SULLEN and Lady BOUNTIFUL.

*Dorinda.*

NEWS, dear sister, news, news !

*Enter ARCHER running.*

*Arch.* Where, where is my lady Bountiful ?—Pray which is the old lady of you three !

*L. Boun.* I am.

*Arch.* O, madam, the fame of your ladyship's charity, goodness, benevolence, skill, and ability, have drawn me hither to implore your ladyship's help in

behalf of my unfortunate master, who is this moment breathing his last.

*L. Boun.* Your master ! where is he ?

*Arch.* At your gate, madam : drawn by the appearance of your handsome house to view it nearer, and walking up the avenue, he was taken ill of a sudden, with a sort of I know not what : but down he fell, and there he lies.

*L. Boun.* Here, Scrub, Gipsej, all run, get my easy-chair down stairs, put the gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

*Arch.* Heaven will reward your ladyship for this charitable act.

*L. Boun.* Is your master used to these fits.

*Arch.* Oyes, madam, frequently.—I have known him have five or six of a night.

*L. Boun.* What's his name ?

*Arch.* Lord, madam, he's a dying : a minute's care or neglect, may save or destroy his life.

*L. Boun.* Ah, poor gentleman ! Come, friend, shew me the way, I'll see him brought in myself.

[Exit with Archer.

*Dor.* O, sister, my heart flutters about strangely, I can hardly forbear from running to his assistance.

*Mrs. Sul.* And I'll lay my life he deserves your assistance more than he wants it. Did not I tell you that my lord would find a way to come at you ? Love's his distemper, and you must be the physician ; put on all your charms, summon all your fire into your eyes,

plant the whole artillery of your looks against his breast, and down with him.

*Dor.* O, sister, I'm but a young gunner; I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the piece should recoil, and hurt myself.

*Mrs. Sul.* Never fear; you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

*Dor.* No, no, dear sister, you have missed your mark so unfortunately, that I sha'nt care for being instructed by you.

*Enter AIMWELL in a chair, carried by ARCHER and SCRUB, Lady BOUNTIFUL, GIPSEY; AIMWELL counterfeiting a swoon.*

*L. Boun.* Here, here, let's see the hartshorn drops—Gipsey, a glass of fair water, his fit's very strong—Bless me how his hands are clench'd!

*Arch.* For shame, ladies, what d'ye do? Why don't you help us?—Pray, madam, [*To Dòrinda.*] take his hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his head. [*Dorinda takes his hand.*]

*Dor.* Poor gentleman!—Oh—he has got my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully—

*L. Boun.* 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

*Arch.* O, madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these cases.—He'll bite you, if you don't have care.

*Dor.* Oh, my hand! my hand!

*L. Boun.* What's the matter with the foolish girl? I have got this hand open, you see, with a great deal of ease.

*Arch.* Aye, but, madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

*Mrs. Sul.* I find, friend, you're very learn'd in these sort of fits.

*Arch.* 'Tis no wonder, madam, for I'm often troubled with them myself; I find myself extremely ill at this minute. *[Looking hard at Mrs. Sullen.]*

*Mrs. Sul.* *[Aside.]* I fancy I could find a way to cure you.

*L. Boun.* His fit holds him very long.

*Arch.* Longer than usual, madam.

*L. Boun.* Where did his illness take him first, pray?

*Arch.* To-day at church, madam.

*L. Boun.* In what manner was he taken?

*Arch.* Very strangely, my lady. He was of a sudden touched with something in his eyes, which at the first he only felt, but could not tell whether 'twas pain or pleasure.

*L. Boun.* Wind, nothing but wind. Your master should never go without a bottle to smell to—Oh! —he recovers—the lavender water—some feathers to burn under his nose—Hungary water to rub his temples—O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, sir, hem —Gipsy, bring the cordial water.

*[Aimwell seems to awake in amaze.]*

*Dor.* How do you, sir?

*Aim.* Where am I?

*[Rising.]*

Sure I have pass'd the gulf of silent death,  
And now am landed on th' Elysian shore—

Behold the goddess of those happy plains,  
Fair Proserpine—Let me adore thy bright divinity.

[*Kneels to Dorinda, and kisses her hand.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* So, so, so, I knew where the fit would end.

*Aim.* Eurydice perhaps—

How could thy Orpheus keep his word,

And not look back on thee ?

No treasure but thyself could sure have brib'd him  
To look one minute off thee.

*L. Boun.* Delirious, poor gentleman !

*Arch.* Very delirious, madam, very delirious.

*Aim.* Martin's voice, I think.

*Arch.* Yes, my lord.—How does your lordship ?

*L. Boun.* Lord ! did you mind that, girls ?

*Aim.* Where am I ?

*Arch.* In very good hands, sir.—You were taken just now with one of your old fits, under the trees, just by this good lady's house ; her ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to your self, as you see—

*Aim.* I am so confounded with shame, madam, that I can now only beg pardon—and refer my acknowledgments for your ladyship's care, till an opportunity offers of making some amends.—I dare to be no longer troublesome.—Martin, give two guineas to the servants. [*Going.*]

*Dor.* Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the air ; you don't look, sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

[*Here Archer talks to Lady Bountiful in dumb shew.*]



*Aim.* That I shall never be, madam ; my present illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my grave.

*L. Boun.* Come, sir, your servant has been telling me that you're apt to relapse, if you go into the air—Your good manners sha'n't get the better of ours—You shall sit down again, sir—Come, sir, we don't mind ceremonies in the country—Here, Gipsy, bring the cordial water—Here, sir, my service t'ye—You shall taste my water ; 'tis a cordial, I can assure you, and of my own making. [*Aimwell drinks.*] Drink it off, sir.—And how d'ye find yourself now, sir ?

*Aim.* Somewhat better—tho' very faint still.

*L. Boun.* Ay, ay, people are always faint after those fits. Come, girls, you shall shew the gentleman the house : 'tis but an old family building, sir ; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the air :—but you'll find some tolerable pictures.—Dorinda, shew the gentleman the way. [*Exit.*] I must go to the poor woman below.

*Dor.* This way, sir.

*Aim.* Ladies, shall I beg leave for my servant to wait on you, for he understands pictures very well.

*Mrs. Sul.* Sir, we understand originals as well as he does pictures, so he may come along.

[*Exeunt Dorinda, Mrs. Sullen, Archer.* *Aimwell leads Dorinda.*]

*Enter FOIGARD and SCRUB meeting.*

*Foig.* Save you, master Scrub.

*Scrub.* Sir, I won't be sav'd your way—I hate a priest, I abhor the French, and I defy the devil.—Sir, I am a bold Briton, and will spill the last drop of my blood to keep out popery and slavery.

*Foig.* Master Scrub, you would put me down in politics, and so I would be speaking with Mrs. Gipsesey.

*Scrub.* Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, sir; she's gone abroad, sir; she's—dead two months ago, sir.

*Enter GIPSEY.*

*Gip.* How now, impudence! How dare you talk so saucily to the doctor? Pray, sir, don't take it ill; for the common people of England are not so civil to strangers, as—

*Scrub.* You lie, you lie—'tis the common people, such as you are, that are civilest to strangers.

*Gip.* Sirrah, I have a good mind to—Get you out, I say.

*Scrub.* I won't.

*Gip.* You won't, sauce-box—Pray, doctor, what is the captain's name that came to your inn last night?

*Scrub.* The captain! ah, the devil! there she hampers me again;—the captain has me on one side, and the priest on t'other—So, between the gown and sword, I have fine time on't.

*[Going.]*

*Gip.* What, sirrah, won't you march?

*Scrub.* No, my dear, I won't march—but I'll walk:  
—And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[*Goes behind the side scene, and listens.*]

*Gip.* Indeed, doctor, the count has been barbarously treated, that's the truth on't.

*Foig.* Ah, Mrs. Gipsey, upon my shoul, now gra, his complainings would mollify the marrow in your bones, and move the bowels of your commiseration; he weeps, and he dances, and he fistles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings; in conclusion, joy, he's afflicted, *à la François*, and a stranger would not know whider to cry or to laugh with him.

*Gip.* What would you have me do, doctor?

*Foig.* Noting, joy, but only hide the count in Mrs. Sullen's closet, when it is dark.

*Gip.* Nothing! Is that nothing? It would be both a sin and a shame, doctor.

*Foig.* Here are twenty loudiores, joy, for your shame; and I will give you an absolution for the shin.

*Gip.* But won't that money look like a bribe?

*Foig.* Dat is according as you shall tauk it.—If you receive the money before-hand, 'twill be, logice, a bribe: but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be, only a gratification.

*Gip.* Well, doctor, I'll take it logice.—But what must I do with my conscience, sir?

*Foig.* Leave dat wid me, joy; I am your priest, gra; and your conscience is under my hands.

*Gip.* But should I put the count into the closet—

*Foig.* Vell, is dere any shin for a man's being in a closhet? One may go to prayers in a closhet.

*Gip.* But if the lady should come into her chamber, and go to bed?

*Foig.* Vell, and is dere any shin in going to-bed, joy?

*Gip.* Ay, but if the parties should meet, doctor?

*Foig.* Vel den—the parties must be responsible.—Do you begone after putting the count into the closhet; and leave the shins wid themselves.—I will come with the count to instruct you in your chamber.

*Gip.* Well, doctor, your religion is so pure—"Me—" thinks I'm so easy after an absolution, and can sin "afresh with so much security," that I'm resolved to die a martyr to't—Here's the key of the garden door; come in the back way, when 'tis late—I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whiper, only take hold of my hand; I'll lead you, and do you lead the count, and follow me. [Exeunt.

*Enter SCRUB.*

*Scrub.* What witchcraft now have these two imps of the devil been a hatching here? There's twenty Lewidores; I heard that, and saw the purse: but I must give room to my betters.

*Enter Mrs. SULLEN and ARCHER.*

*Mrs. Sul.* Pray, sir, [To Archer.] how d'ye like that piece?

*Arch.* O, 'tis Leda—You find, madam, how Jupiter came disguis'd to make love——

*Mrs. Sul.* Pray, sir, what head is that in the corner there?

*Arch.* O, madam, 'tis poor Ovid in his exile.

*Mrs. Sul.* What was he banish'd for?

*Arch.* His ambitious love, madam. [*Bowing.*] His misfortune touches me.

*Mrs. Sul.* Was he successful in his amours?

*Arch.* There he has left us in the dark——He was too much a gentleman to tell.

*Mrs. Sul.* If he were secret, I pity him.

*Arch.* If he were successful, I envy him.

*Mrs. Sul.* How d'ye like that Venus over the chimney?

*Arch.* Venus! I protest, madam, I took it for your picture; but, now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

*Mrs. Sul.* Oh, what a charm is flattery! If you would see my picture, there it is, over the cabinet—How d'ye like it?

*Arch.* I must admire any thing, madam, that has the least resemblance of you.—But, methinks, madam—[*He looks at the picture and Mrs. Sullen, three or four times by turns.*] Pray, madam, who drew it?

*Mrs. Sul.* A famous hand, sir.

[*Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.*]

*Arch.* A famous hand, madam!—Your eyes, indeed, are featured here; but where's the sparkling moisture, shining fluid, in which they swim? The picture, indeed, has your dimples; but where's the

swarm of killing Cupids that should ambush there? The lips too are figured out; but where's the carnation dew, the pouting ripeness, that tempts the taste in the original?

*Mrs. Sul.* Had it been my lot to have match'd with such a man! [Aside.]

*Arch.* Your breasts too, presumptuous man! what! paint Heaven! A-propos, madam, in the very next picture is Salmoneus, that was struck dead with lightning, for offering to imitate Jove's thunder; I hope you serv'd the painter so, madam.

*Mrs. Sul.* Had my eyes the power of thunder, they should employ their lightning better.

*Arch.* There's the finest bed in that room, madam; I suppose 'tis your ladyship's bed-chamber.

*Mrs. Sul.* And what then, sir?

*Arch.* I think the quilt is the richest that I ever saw—I can't at this distance, madam, distinguish the figures of the embroidery. Will you give me leave, madam?

*Mrs. Sul.* The devil take his impudence—Sure, if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not be rude. I have a great mind to try——[Going, returns.] 'Sdeath! what am I doing!—And alone too!—Sister, sister!

*Arch.* I'll follow her close——

*For where a Frenchman durst attempt to storm,  
A Briton sure may well the work perform.* [Going.]

*Enter SCRUB.*

*Scrub.* Martin! Brother Martin!

*Arch.* O brother Scrub, I beg your pardon, I was not a going: here's a guinea my master order'd you.

*Scrub.* A guinea! hi, hi, hi, a guinea! eh—by this light it is a guinea; but I suppose you expect twenty shillings in change.

*Arch.* Not at all; I have another for Gipsev.

*Scrub.* A guinea for her! Fire and faggot for the witch—Sir, give me that guinea; and I'll discover a plot.

*Arch.* A plot!

*Scrub.* Ay, sir, a plot, a horrid plot—First, it must be a plot, because there's a woman in't: secondly, it must be a plot, because there's a priest in't: thirdly, it must be a plot, because there's French gold in't: and fourthly, it must be a plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

*Arch.* Nor any body else, I'm afraid, brother Scrub.

*Scrub.* Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a priest and a woman, there's always a mystery, and a riddle—This I know, that here has been the doctor with a temptation in one hand, and an absolution in the other, and Gipsev has sold herself to the devil; I saw the price paid down; my eyes shall take their oath on't.

*Arch.* And is all this bustle about Gipsev?

*Scrub.* That's not all; I could hear but a word here and there; but I remember they mentioned a count, a closet, a back-door, and a key.

*Arch.* The count! did you hear nothing of Mrs. Sullen?

*Scrub.* I did hear some word that sounded that way: but whether it was Sullen or Dorinda, I could not distinguish.

*Arch.* You have told this matter to nobody, brother?

*Scrub.* Told! No, sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolv'd never to speak one word, pro nor con, till we have a peace.

*Arch.* You're i' th' right, brother Scrub. - Here's a treaty a-foot between the count and the lady.—The priest and the chamber-maid are plenipotentiaries.—It shall go hard but I'll find a way to be included in the treaty. Where's the doctor now?

*Scrub.* He and Gipsev are this moment devouring my lady's marmalade in the closet.

*Aim.* [*From without.*] Martin, Martin!

*Arch.* I come, sir, I come.

*Scrub.* But you forget the other guinea, brother Martin.

*Arch.* Here, I give it with all my heart.

*Scrub.* And I take it with all my soul. [*Exeunt severally.*] I'cod, I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs. Gipsev: and if you should set the captain upon me, these two guineas will buy me off. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Mrs. SULLEN and DORINDA, meeting.*

*Mrs. Sul.* Well, sister.

*Dor.* And well, sister.

*Mrs. Sul.* What's become of my lord?

*Dor.* What's become of his servant?



*Mrs. Sul.* Servant! He's a prettier fellow, and a finer gentleman, by fifty degrees, than his master.

*Dor.* O my conscience, I fancy you could beg that fellow at the gallows foot.

*Mrs. Sul.* O my conscience, I could, provided I could put a friend of yours in his room.

*Dor.* You desir'd me, sister, to leave you, when you transgress'd the bounds of honour.

*Mrs. Sul.* Thou dear censorious country girl—what dost mean? You can't think of the man without the bedfellow, I find.

*Dor.* I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought; while the mind is conversant with flesh and blood, it must conform to the humours of the company.

*Mrs. Sul.* How a little love and conversation improve a woman! Why, child, you begin to live.—You never spoke before.

*Dor.* Because I was never spoke to before: my lord has told me that I have more wit and beauty than any of my sex; and truly I begin to think the man is sincere.

*Mrs. Sul.* You're in the right, Dorinda; pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread. But I'll lay you a guinea that I had finer things said to me than you had.

*Dor.* Done.—What did your fellow say to ye?

*Mrs. Sul.* My fellow took the picture of Venus for mine.

*Dor.* But my lover took me for Venus herself.

*Mrs. Sul.* Common cant! Had my spark call'd me a Venus directly, I should have believed him to be a footman in good earnest,

*Dor.* But my lover was upon his knees to me.

*Mrs. Sul.* And mine was upon his tiptoes to me.

*Dor.* Mine vow'd to die for me.

*Mrs. Sul.* Mine swore to die with me.

*Dor.* Mine kiss'd my hand ten thousand times.

*Mrs. Sul.* Mine has all that pleasure to come.

*Dor.* Mine spoke the softest moving things.

*Mrs. Sul.* Mine had his moving things too.

*Dor.* Mine offered marriage.

*Mrs. Sul.* O Lard! D'ye call that a moving thing?

*Dor.* The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear sister:—Why, my twenty thousand pounds may lie brooding here these seven years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill-natur'd clown like yours:—whereas, if I marry my lord Aimwell, there will be title, place, and precedence, the park, the play, and the drawing-room, splendour, equipage, noise, and flambeaux—Hey, my lady Aimwell's servants there—Lights, lights, to the stairs—My lady Aimwell's coach, put forward—Stand by; make room for her ladyship—Are not these things moving? What, melancholy of a sudden!

*Mrs. Sul.* Happy, happy sister! Your angel has been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his charge—Long smiling years of circling joys for you; but not one hour for me!

[Weeps.]

*Dor.* Come, my dear, we'll talk on something else.

*Mrs. Sul.* O Dorinda, I own myself a woman, full of my sex, a gentle, generous soul,—“easy and yielding to soft desires; a spacious heart, where love and all his train might lodge:” And must the fair apartment of my breast be made a stable for a brute to lie in?

*Dor.* Meaning your husband, I suppose.

*Mrs. Sul.* Husband! No—Even husband is too soft a name for him—But come, I expect my brother here to-night or to-morrow: he was abroad when my father marry'd me; perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

*Dor.* Will you promise not to make yourself easy in the mean time with my lord's friend?

*Mrs. Sul.* You mistake me, sister—It happens with us as among the men, the greatest talkers are the greatest cowards: and there's a reason for it; those spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course—Though, to confess the truth, I do love that fellow;—and if I met him drest as he should be, and I undrest as I should be—Look'e, sister, I have no supernatural gifts;—I can't swear I could resist the temptation—though I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do. [Exeunt.

*Enter AIMWELL and ARCHER laughing.*

*Arch.* And the aukward kindness of the good motherly old gentlewoman,—

G ij

*Aim.* And the coming easiness of the young one.—  
'Sdeath, 'tis a pity to deceive her.

*Arch.* Nay, if you adhere to those principles, stop where you are.

*Aim.* I can't stop, for I love her to distraction.

*Arch.* 'Sdeath, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther.

*Aim.* Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle evenings at White's, Tom's, or Will's, "and be stinted to bare looking at our old acquaintance, the cards, because our impotent pockets can't afford us a guinea for the mercenary drabs; and ten thousand such rascally tricks——" had we out-liv'd our fortunes among our acquaintance——But now——

*Arch.* Aye, now is the time to prevent all this.—Strike while the iron is hot.—This priest is the luckiest part of our adventure; he shall marry you, and pimp for me.

"*Aim.* But I should not like a woman that can be so fond of a Frenchman.

"*Arch.* Alas, sir, necessity has no law; the lady may be in distress." But if the plot lies as I suspect—I must put on the gentleman.—But here comes the doctor. I shall be ready. [Exit.

*Enter FOIGARD.*

*Foig.* Save you, noble friend.

*Aim.* O sir, your servant. Pray, doctor, may I crave your name?

*Foig.* Fat naam is upon me ? My naam is Foigard, joy.

*Aim.* Foigard ! a very good name for a clergyman. Pray, doctor Foigard, were you ever in Ireland ?

*Foig.* Ireland ! no, joy. Fat sort of plaace is dat saam Ireland ? Dey say, de people are catch'd dere when dey are young.

*Aim.* And some of 'em here, when they are old—as for example—[*Takes Foigard by the shoulder.*] Sir, I arrest you as a traitor against the government ; you're a subject of England, and this morning shewed me a commission, by which you served as chaplain in the French army. This is death by our law, and your reverence must hang for it.

*Foig.* Upon my shoul, noble friend, dis is strange news you tell me ; fader Foigard a subject of England ! the son of a burgomaster of Brussels a subject of England ! Ubooboo.——

*Aim.* The son of a bog-trotter in Ireland ! sir, your tongue will condemn you before any bench in the kingdom.

*Foig.* And is my tongue all your evidensh, joy ?

*Aim.* That's enough.

*Foig.* No, no, joy, for I will never speak English no more.

*Aim.* Sir, I have other evidence.——Here, Martin, you know this fellow.

Enter ARCHER.

*Arch.* [*In a brogue.*] Saave you, my dear cussen, how does your health?

*Foig.* Ah! upon my shoul dere is my countryman, and his brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynhere, Ich wet neat watt hey zacht, Ich Universton ewe neat, sacramant.*

*Aim.* Altering your language won't do, sir; this fellow knows your person, and will swear to your face.

*Foig.* Faash! Fey, is dere brogue upon my faash too?

*Arch.* Upon my soulvation dere ish, joy——But, cussen Mackshane, vill you not put a remembrance upon me?

*Foig.* Mackshane! by St. Paatrick, dat is my naame shure enough. [*Aside.*]

*Aim.* I fancy, Archer, you have it.

*Foig.* The devil hang you, joy——By fat acquaintance are you my cussen?

*Arch.* O, de devil hang yourshelf, joy; you know we were little boys togeder upon de school, and your foster-moder's son was marry'd upon my nurse's shister, joy, and so we are Irish cussens.

*Foig.* De devil take de relation! Vel joy, and fat school was it?

*Arch.* I think it was—Aay—'twas Tipperary.

*Foig.* Now, upon my shoul, joy, it was Kilkenny.

*Aim.* That's enough for us—Self confession——

Come, sir, we must deliver you into the hands of the next magistrate.

*Arch.* He sends you to gaol, you're try'd next assizes, and away you go swing into purgatory.

*Foig.* And is it so wid you, cussen?

*Arch.* It vil be so vid you, cussen, if you don't immediately confess the secret between you and Mrs. Gipsey—Look'ee, sir, the gallows or the secret, take your choice.

*Foig.* The gallows! Upon my shoul I hate that shame gallows, for it is a diseashe dat is fatal to our family—Vel, den, there is noting, shentlemens, but Mrs. Sullen wou'd speak wid de count in her chamber at midnight, and dere is no harm, joy, for I am to conduct the count to de plaash myself.

*Arch.* As I guess'd—Have you communicated the matter to the count?

*Foig.* I have not sheen him since.

*Arch.* Right agen; why then, doctör,—you shall conduct me to the lady instead of the count.

*Foig.* Fat, my cussen to the lady! Upon my shoul, gra, dat's too much upon the brogue.

*Arch.* Come, come, doctör, consider we have got a rope about your neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your wind-pipe, most certainly; we shall have another job for you in a day or two, I hope.

*Aim.* Here's company coming this way; let's into my chamber, and there concert our affairs farther.

*Arch.* Come, my dear cussen, come along.

*Foig.* Arra, the devil taake our relashion. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter BONIFACE, HOUNSLOW, and BAGSHOT, at one door, GIBBET at the opposite.*

*Gib.* Well, gentlemen, tis a fine night for our enterprize.

*Houns.* Dark as hell.

*Bag.* And blows like the devil ; our landlord here has shew'd us the window where we must break in, and tells us the plate stands in the wainscot cupboard in the parlour.

*Bon.* Ay, ay, Mr. Bagshot, as the saying is, knives and forks, cups and cans, tumblers, and tankards — There's one tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me ; it was a present to the squire from his god-mother, and smells of nutmeg and toast like an East-India ship.

*Houns.* Then you say we must divide at the stair head.

*Bon.* Yes, Mr. Hounslow, as the saying is — At one end of the gallery lies my lady Bountiful and her daughter ; and, at the other, Mrs. Sullen — As for the 'squire —

*Gib.* He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half seas over already — But such a parcel of scoundrels are got about him there, that, I gad, I was asham'd to be seen in their company.

*Bon.* 'Tis now twelve, as the saying is — Gentlemen, you must set out at one.

*Gib.* Hounslow, do you and Bagshot see our arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.



*Houns. and Bag.* We will.

[*Exeunt.*

*Gib.* Well, my dear Bonny, you assure me that Scrub is a coward.

*Bon.* A chicken, as the saying is—You'll have no creature to deal with but the ladies.

*Gib.* And I can assure you, friend, there's a great deal of address and good-manners in robbing a lady; I am the most a gentleman that way that ever travelled the road—But, my dear Bonny, this prize will be a galleon, a Vigo business—I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand pound.

*Bon.* In plate, jewels, and money, as the saying is, you may.

*Gib.* Why then, Tyburn, I defy thee; I'll get up to town, sell off my horse and arms, buy myself some pretty employment in the law, and be as snug and as honest as e'er a long gown of 'em all.

*Bon.* And what think you then of my daughter Cherry for a wife?

*Gib.* Look'e my dear Bonny—Cherry is the goddess I adore, as the song goes; but it is a maxim, that man and wife should never have it in their power to hang one another; for if they should, the Lord have mercy upon them both.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Continues. Knocking without. Enter BONIFACE.*

*Boniface.*

COMING, coming—A coach and six foaming horses at this time o'night! Some great man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

*Enter Sir CHARLES FREEMAN.*

*Sir Ch.* What, fellow! a public house, and a-bed when other people sleep!

*Bon.* Sir, I an't a-bed, as the saying is.

*Sir Ch.* I see that, as the saying is! Is Mr. Sullen's family a-bed, think'e?

*Bon.* All but the 'squire himself, sir, as the saying is; he's in the house,

*Sir Ch.* What company has he?

*Bon.* Why, sir, there's the constable, Mr. Gage the exciseman, the hunch-back'd barber, and two or three other gentlemen.

*Sir Ch.* I find my sister's letters gave me the true picture of her spouse.

*Enter SULLEN, drunk.*

*Bon.* Sir, here's the 'squire.

*Sul.* The puppies left me asleep—sir.

*Sir Ch.* Well, sir.

*Sul.* Sir, I am an unfortunate man—I have three thousand pounds a year, and can't get a man to drink a cup of ale with me.

*Sir Ch.* That's very hard.

*Sul.* Ay, sir—And unless you have pity upon me, and smoke one pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my wife, and I had rather go to the devil by half.

*Sir Ch.* But I presume, sir, you won't see your wife to-night, she'll be gone to bed—you don't use to lie with your wife in that pickle?

*Sul.* What! not lie with my wife! Why, sir, do you take me for an atheist or a rake?

*Sir Ch.* If you hate her, sir, I think you had better lie from her.

*Sul.* I think so too, friend—But I am a justice of peace, and must do nothing against the law.

*Sir Ch.* Law! As I take it, Mr. Justice, nobody observes law for law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

*Sul.* But if the law orders me to send you to goal, you must lie there, my friend.

*Sir Ch.* Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

*Sul.* A crime? Oons, an't I marry'd?

*Sir Ch.* Nay, sir, if you call marriage a crime, you must disown it for a law.

*Sul.* Eh!—I must be acquainted with you, sir—But, sir, I should be very glad to know the truth of this matter.

*Sir Ch.* Truth, sir, is a profound sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find the bottom

on't. Besides, sir, I'm afraid the line of your understanding may'nt be long enough.

*Sul.* Look'e, sir, I have nothing to say to your sea of truth, but if a good parcel of land can entitle a man to a little truth, I have as much as any he in the county.

*Bon.* I never heard your worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

*Sul.* Because I never met with a man that I lik'd before.

*Bon.* Pray, sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one question: Are not man and wife one flesh?

*Sir Ch.* You and your wife, Mr. Guts, may be one flesh, because you are nothing else—But rational creatures have minds that must be united.

*Sul.* Minds!

*Sir Ch.* Ay, minds, sir. Don't you think that the mind takes place of the body?

*Sul.* In some people.

*Sir Ch.* Then the interest of the master must be consulted before that of the servant.

*Sul.* Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow—Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

*Sir Ch.* Sir, I know that my two hands are naturally one, because they love one another, "kiss one another," help one another in all actions of life; but I could not say so much if they were always at cuffs.

*Sul.* Then 'tis plain that we are two.

*Sir Ch.* Why don't you part with her, sir?

*Sul.* Will you take her, sir?

*Sir Ch.* With all my heart.

*Sul.* You shall have her to-morrow morning, and a venison pasty into the bargain.

*Sir Ch.* You'll let me have her fortune too?

*Sul.* Fortune! why, sir, I have no quarrel to her fortune—I hate only the woman, sir, and none but the woman shall go.

*Sir Ch.* But her fortune, sir——

*Sul.* Can you play at whist, sir?

*Sir Ch.* No, truly, sir.

*Sul.* Not at all-fours?

*Sir Ch.* Neither.

*Sul.* Oons! where was this man bred? [*Aside.*] Burn me, sir, I can't go home, 'tis but two o'clock.

*Sir Ch.* For half an hour, sir, if you please—But you must consider 'tis late.

*Sul.* Late! that's the reason I can't go to bed—  
Come, sir—— [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CHERRY, runs across the stage, and knocks at AIMWELL'S chamber door. Enter AIMWELL, in his night-cap and gown.*

*Aim.* What's the matter? You tremble, child; you're frighted!

*Cher.* No wonder, sir—But in short, sir, this very minute a gang of rogues are gone to rob my Lady Bountiful's house.

*Aim.* How!

*Cher.* I dogg'd 'em to the very door, and left 'em breaking in.

*Aim.* Have you alarm'd any body else with the news.

*Cher.* No, no, sir ; I wanted to have discover'd the whole plot, and twenty other things, to your man Martin ; but I have search'd the whole house, and can't find him ; where is he ?

*Aim.* No matter, child ; will you guide me immediately to the house ?

*Cher.* With all my heart, sir ; my lady Bountiful is my godmother, and I love Mrs. Dorinda so well——

*Aim.* Dorinda ! the name inspires me ; the glory and the danger shall be all my own.—Come, my life, let me but get my sword. [Exeunt.

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## SCENE II.

*Changes to the bed-chamber in Lady BOUNTIFUL'S house. Enter Mrs. SULLEN, and DORINDA, undress'd ; a table and lights.*

*Dor.* 'Tis very late, sister ; no news of your spouse, yet ?

*Mrs. Sul.* No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then, perhaps, I may be executed with his company.

*Dor.* Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your rest; you'll go directly to bed, I suppose.

*Mrs. Sul.* I don't know what to do; hey-ho!

*Dor.* That's a desiring sigh, sister.

*Mrs. Sul.* This is a languishing hour, sister.

*Dor.* And might prove a critical minute, if the pretty fellow were here.

*Mrs. Sul.* Here! what in my bed-chamber, at two o'clock i'th' morning, I undress'd, the family asleep, my hated husband abroad, and my lovely fellow at my feet—O gad, sister.

*Dor.* Thoughts are free, sister, and them I allow you. So, my dear, good night. [Exit.

*Mrs. Sul.* A good rest to my dear Dorinda—Thoughts are free! are they so? Why then, suppose him here, dress'd like a youthful, gay, and burning bridegroom, [*Here Archer steals out of the closet.*] with tongue enchanting, eyes bewitching, knees imploring. [*Turns a little on one side, and sees Archer in the posture she describes.*] Ah! [*Shrieks, and runs to the other side of the stage.*] Have my thoughts rais'd a spirit?—What are you, sir, a man or a devil?

*Arch.* A man, a man, madam. [Rising.

*Mrs. Sul.* How shall I be sure of it?

*Arch.* Madam, I'll give you demonstration this minute. [Takes her hand.

*Mrs. Sul.* What, sir! do you intend to be rude?

*Arch.* Yes, madam, if you please.

*Mrs. Sul.* In the name of wonder, whence came ye?

*Arch.* From the skies, madam—I'm a Jupiter in love, and you shall be my Alcmena.

*Mrs. Sul.* How came you in ?

*Arch.* I flew in at the window, madam ; your cousin Cupid lent me his wings, and your sister Venus open'd the casement.

*Mrs. Sul.* I'm struck dumb with admiration.

*Arch.* And I with wonder. [*Looks passionately at her.*] How beautiful she looks!——the teeming jolly spring smiles in her blooming face, and when she was conceiv'd her mother smelt to roses, look'd on lilies——

*Lilies unfold their white, their fragrant charms,  
When the warm sun thus darts into their arms.*

[Runs to her.]

*Mrs. Sul.* Ah ! [*Shrieks.*]

*Arch.* Oons, madam, what do you mean ? You'll raise the house.

*Mrs. Sul.* Sir, I'll wake the dead before I'll bear this.—What ! approach me with the freedom of a keeper.—I'm glad on't.—Your impudence has cur'd me.

*Arch.* If this be impudence, [*Kneels.*] I leave to your partial self ; no panting pilgrim, after a tedious, painful voyage, e'er bow'd before his saint with more devotion.

*Mrs. Sul.* Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels. [*Aside.*] Rise, thou prostrate engineer, not all thy undermining skill shall reach my heart. Rise, and



know I am a woman without my sex ; I can love to the tenderness of wishes, sighs and tears——But go no farther——Still to convince you that I'm more than woman, I can speak my frailty, confess my weakness, even for you——But——

*Arch.* For me ! [Going to lay hold on her.

*Mrs. Sul.* Hold, sir, build not upon that——for my most mortal hatred follows, if you disobey what I command you now——leave me this minute——If he denies, I'm lost. [Aside.

*Arch.* Then you'll promise——

*Mrs. Sul.* Any thing another time.

*Arch.* When shall I come ?

*Mrs. Sul.* To-morrow ; when you will.

*Arch.* Your lips must seal the promise.

*Mrs. Sul.* Pshaw !

*Arch.* They must, they must. [Kisses her.] Raptures and paradise ! And why not now my angel ? The time, the place, silence and secrecy all conspire——And now the conscious stars have pre-ordain'd this moment for my happiness. [Takes her in his arms.

*Mrs. Sul.* You will not, cannot, sure.

*Arch.* If the sun rides fast, and disappoints not mortals of to-morrow's dawn, this night shall crown my joys.

*Mrs. Sul.* You shall kill me first.

*Arch.* I'll die with you. [Carrying her off.]

*Mrs. Sul.* Thieves, thieves, murder——

*Enter SCRUB, in his breeches, and one shoe.*

*Scrub.* Thieves, thieves, murder, popery !

*Arch.* Ha ! the very timorous stag will kill in rutting time. [*Draws and offers to stab Scrub.*]

*Scrub.* [*Kneeling.*] O pray, sir, spare all I have, and take my life.

*Mrs. Sul.* [*Holding Archer's hand.*] What does the fellow mean ?

*Scrub.* O madam, down upon your knees, your marrow-bones—he's one of them.

*Mrs. Sul.* Of whom ?

*Scrub.* One of the rogues—I beg your pardon, one of the honest gentlemen that just now are broke into the house.

*Arch.* How !

*Mrs. Sul.* I hope you did not come to rob me ?

*Arch.* Indeed I did, madam ; but I would have taken nothing but what you might very well ha' spar'd ; but your crying thieves has wak'd this dreaming fool, and so he takes 'em for granted.

*Scrub.* Granted ! 'tis granted, sir ; take all we have.

*Mrs. Sul.* The fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

*Scrub.* Oons, madam, they're broke into the house with fire and sword ; I saw them, heard them, they'll be here this minute.

*Arch.* What, thieves !

*Scrub.* Under favour, sir, I think so.

*Mrs. Sul.* What shall we do, sir ?

*Arch.* Madam, I wish your ladyship a good night.

*Mrs. Sul.* Will you leave me ?

*Arch.* Leave you ! Lord, madam, did you not com-

mand me to be gone just now, upon pain of your immortal hatred ?

*Mrs. Sul.* Nay, but pray, sir— [*Takes hold of him.*]

*Arch.* Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be ravish'd—You see, madam, you must use men one way or another ; but take this by the way, good madam, that none but a fool will give you the benefit of his courage, unless you'll take his love along with it—How are they arm'd, friend ?

*Scrub.* With sword and pistol, sir.

*Arch.* Hush !—I see a dark lanthorn coming thro' the gallery—Madam, be assured I will protect you, or lose my life.

*Mrs. Sul.* Your life ! No, sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much ; therefore, now, sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

*Arch.* No, madam, I'll consult my own safety for the sake of yours ; I'll work by stratagem. Have you courage enough to stand the appearance of them ?

*Mrs. Sul.* Yes, yes, since I have scap'd your hands I can face any thing.

*Arch.* Come hither, brother Scrub ; don't you know me ?

*Scrub.* Eh ? my dear brother, let me kiss thee.

[*Kisses Archer.*]

*Arch.* This way—Here—

[*Archer and Scrub hide behind the bed.*]

*Enter GIBBET with a dark lanthorn in one hand, and a pistol in the other.*

*Gib.* Ay, ay, this is the chamber, and the lady alone.

*Mrs. Sul.* Who are you, sir? What would you have? D'ye come to rob me?

*Gib.* Rob you! Alack-a-day, madam, I'm only a younger brother, madam; and so, madam, if you make a noise, I'll shoot you through the head. But don't be afraid, madam. [*Laying his lanthorn and pistol upon the table.*] These rings, madam; don't be concerned, madam; I have a profound respect for you, madam; your keys, madam; don't be frightened, madam, I'm the most of a gentleman—[*Searching her pockets.*] This necklace, madam; I never was rude to any lady!—I have a veneration—for this necklace—[*Here Archer having come round, and seized the pistol, takes Gibbet by the collar, trips up his heels, and claps the pistol to his breast.*]

*Arch.* Hold, profane villain, and take the reward of thy sacrilege.

*Gib.* Oh! pray, sir, don't kill me; I an't prepared.

*Arch.* How many are there of 'em, Scrub?

*Scrub.* Five and forty, sir.

*Arch.* Then I must kill the villain, to have him out of the way.

*Gib.* Hold! hold, sir! we are but three, upon my honour.

*Arch.* Scrub, will you undertake to secure him?

*Scrub.* Not I, sir? kill him, kill him.

*Arch.* Run to Gipseys's chamber, there you'll find the doctor; bring him hither presently.

[*Exit Scrub, running.*]

Come, rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it.

*Gib.* Sir, I have no prayer at all; the government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions.

*Mrs. Sul.* Pray, sir, don't kill him—you fright me as much as him.

*Arch.* The dog shall die, madam, for being the occasion of my disappointment—Sirrah, this moment is your last.

*Gib.* Sir, I'll give you two hundred pounds to spare my life.

*Arch.* Have you no more, rascal?

*Gib.* Yes, sir, I can command four hundred; but I must reserve two of 'em to save my life at the sessions.

*Enter SCRUB and FOIGARD.*

*Arch.* Here, doctor; I suppose Scrub and you, between you, may manage him—Lay hold of him.

[*Foigard lays hold of Gibbet.*]

*Gib.* What! turn'd over to the priest already—Look'e, doctor, you come before your time; I a'n't condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

*Foig.* Come, my dear joy, I vil secure your body and your shoul too; I vil make you a good Catholic, and give you an absolution.

*Gib.* Absolution! Can you procure me a pardon, doctor?

*Foig.* No, joy.

*Gib.* Then you and your absolution may go to the devil.

*Arch.* Convey him into the cellar? there bind him:—take the pistol, and, if he offers to resist, shoot him thro' the head—and come back to us with all the speed you can.

*Scrub.* Ay, ay; come, doctor, do you hold him fast, and I'll guard him. [*Exeunt.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* But how came the doctor?

*Arch.* In short, madam———[*Shrieking without.*] 'Sdeath! the rogues are at work with the other ladies;—"I'm vex'd I parted with the pistol;" but I must fly to their assistance—Will you stay here, madam, or venture yourself with me?

*Mrs. Sul.* Oh, dear sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the arm and exeunt.*]

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### SCENE III.

*Changes to another apartment in the house. Enter HOUNSLOW dragging in Lady BOUNTIFUL, and BAGSHOT hauling in DORINDA; the rogues with swords drawn.*

*Houn.* Come, come, your jewels, mistress.

*Bag.* Your keys, your keys, old gentlewoman.

*Enter AIMWELL.*

*Aim.* Turn this way, villains! I durst engage an army in such a cause. [*He engages them both.*]

*Enter ARCHER and Mrs. SULLEN.*

*Arch.* Hold, hold, my lord; every man his bird, pray. [*They engage man to man; the rogues are thrown down and disarmed.*]

*Arch.* Shall we kill the rogues?

*Aim.* No, no, we'll bind them.

*Arch.* Ay, ay; here, madam, lend me your garter? [*To Mrs. Sullen, who stands by him.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* The devil's in this fellow; he fights, loves, and banters, all in a breath. Here's a cord, that the rogues brought with them, I suppose.

*Arch.* Right, right, the rogue's destiny, a rope to hang himself—Come, my lord,—this is but a scandalous sort of an office. [*Binding the rogues together.*] If our adventures should end in this sort of hangman work; but I hope there is something in prospect that—

*Enter SCRUB.*

Well, Scrub, have you secured your Tartar?

*Scrub.* Yes, sir, I left the priest and him disputing about religion.

*Aim.* And pray carry these gentlemen to reap the benefit of the controversy.

[*Delivers the prisoners to Scrub, who leads them out.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* Pray, sister, how came my lord here?

*Dor.* And pray, how came the gentleman here?

*Mrs. Sul.* I'll tell you the greatest piece of villany.  
[*They talk apart.*]

*Aim.* I fancy, Archer, you have been more successful in your adventures than the house-breakers.

*Arch.* No matter for my adventure, yours is the principal—Press her this minute to marry you—now while she's hurried between the palpitation of her fear and the joy of her deliverance; now while the tide of her spirits is at high flood—throw yourself at her feet, speak some romantic nonsense or other—confound her senses, bear down her reason, and away with her—The priest is now in the cellar, and dares not refuse to do the work.

*Aim.* But how shall I get off without being observed?

*Arch.* You a lover! and not find a way to get off.—Let me see.

*Aim.* You bleed, Archer.

*Arch.* 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this wound will do the business. I'll amuse the old lady and Mrs. Sullen about dressing my wound, while you carry off Dorinda.

*Enter Lady BOUNTIFUL.*

*L. Boun.* Gentlemen, could we understand how you would be gratified for the services——

*Arch.* Come, come, my lady, this is no time for compliments; I'm wounded, madam.

*L. Boun. and Mrs. Sul.* How, wounded!

*Dor.* I hope, sir, you have received no hurt!

*Aim.* None but what you may cure—

[*Makes love in dumb show.*]



*L. Boun.* Let me see your arm, sir—I must have some powder-sugar to stop the blood—O me!—an ugly gash; upon my word, sir, you must go to bed.

*Arch.* Ay, my lady, a bed would do very well—Madam, [*To Mrs. Sullen*] will you do me the favour to conduct me to a chamber.

*L. Boun.* Do, do, daughter—while I get the lint, and the probe, and the plaister ready.

[*Runs out one way, Aim. carries off Dor. another.*]

*Arch.* Come, madam, why don't you obey your mother's commands?

*Mrs. Sul.* How can you, after what is past, have the confidence to ask me?

*Arch.* And, if you go to that, how can you, after what is past, have the confidence to deny me?—Was not this blood shed in your defence, and my life exposed for your protection? Look'e, madam, I'm none of your romantic fools that fight giants and monsters for nothing; my valour is downright Swiss; I am a soldier of fortune, and must be paid.

*Mrs. Sul.* 'Tis ungenerous in you, sir, to upbraid me with your services.

*Arch.* 'Tis ungenerous in you, madam, not to reward 'em.

*Mrs. Sul.* How! at the expence of my honour?

*Arch.* Honour! Can honour consist with ingratitude? If you would deal like a woman of honour, do like a man of honour. D'ye think I would deny you in such a case?

*Enter GIPSEY.*

*Gip.* Madam, my lady ordered me to tell you, that your brother is below, at the gate.

*Mrs. Sul.* My brother ! Heavens be prais'd !—Sir he shall thank you for your services, he has it in his power.

*Arch.* Who is your brother, madam ?

*Mrs. Sul.* Sir Charles Freeman. You'll excuse me, sir, I must go and receive him.

*Arch.* Sir Charles Freeman ! 'Sdeath and hell !—my old acquaintance. Now, unless Aimwell has made good use of his time, all our fair machine goes souse into the sea like the Edystone. [Exit.

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SCENE IV.

*Changes to the gallery in the same house. Enter AIMWELL and DORINDA.*

*Dor.* Well, well, my lord, you have conquered. Your late generous action, will, I hope, plead for my easy yielding ; though I must own, your lordship had a friend in the fort before.

*Aim.* The sweets of Hybla dwell upon her tongue.  
——Here, doctor——

*Enter FOIGARD with a book.*

*Foig.* Are you prepared, bote ?

*Dor.* I'm ready : but first, my lord, one word—  
I have a frightful example of a hasty marriage in my  
own family ; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me.  
Pray, my lord, consider a little——

*Aim.* Consider ! Do you doubt my honour, or my  
love ?

*Dor.* Neither. I do believe you equally just as  
brave—And were your whole sex drawn out for me  
to chuse, I should not cast a look upon the multi-  
tude, if you were absent—But, my lord, I'm a wo-  
man : colours, concealments may hide a thousand  
faults in me—Therefore know me better first ; I  
hardly dare affirm I know myself in any thing except  
my love.

*Aim.* Such goodness who could injure ? I find my-  
self unequal to the task of villain. She has gained  
my soul, and made it honest like her own—I cannot  
hurt her. [*Aside.*] Doctor retire. [*Exit Foigard.*]  
Madam, behold your lover and your proselyte, and  
judge of my passion by my conversion—I'm all a lie,  
nor dare I give a fiction to your arms ; I'm all a  
counterfeit, except my passion.

*Dor.* Forbid it, Heaven ! A counterfeit !

*Aim.* I am no lord, but a poor needy man, come  
with a mean and scandalous design, to prey upon your  
fortune :——but the beauties of your mind and  
person have so won me from myself, that, like a  
trusty servant, I prefer the interest of my mistress to  
my own.

“ *Dor.* Sure, I have had the dream of some poor  
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“ mariner ; a sleeping image of a welcome port, and  
“ wake involv'd in storms.”—Pray, sir, who are  
you ?

*Aim.* Brother to the man whose title I usurped,  
but stranger to his honour or fortune.

*Dor.* Matchless honesty!—Once I was proud, sir,  
of your wealth and title, but now am prouder that  
you want it. Now I can shew my love was justly  
levelled, and had no aim but love. Doctor, come in.

*Enter FOIGARD at one door, GIPSEY at another, who  
whispers DORINDA.*

Your pardon, sir ; we sha'n't want you now, sir.  
You must excuse me—I'll wait on you presently.

*[Exit with Gipsev.*

*Foig.* Upon my shoul, now dis is foolish. *[Exit.*

*Aim.* Gone ! and bid the priest depart—It has an  
ominous look.

*Enter ARCHER.*

*Arch.* Courage, Tom—shall I wish you joy ?

*Aim.* No.

*Arch.* Oons ! man, what ha' you been doing ?

*Aim.* O, Archer, my honesty, I fear, has ruin'd me.

*Arch.* How !

*Aim.* I have discovered myself.

*Arch.* Discovered ! and without my consent !  
What ! Have I embark'd my small remains in the  
same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all  
without my partnership ?

*Aim.* O, Archer, I own my fault.

*Arch.* After conviction—'Tis then too late for pardon.—You may remember, Mr. Aimwell, that you propos'd this folly—As you begun, so end it—Henceforth I'll hunt my fortune single—So farewell.

*Aim.* Stay, my dear Archer, but a minute.

*Arch.* Stay! What, to be despis'd, expos'd, and laughed at!—No, I would sooner change conditions with the worst of the rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful smile from the proud knight that once I treated as my equal.

*Aim.* What knight?

*Arch.* Sir Charles Freeman, brother to the lady that I had almost—But no matter for that; 'tis a cursed night's work, and so I leave you to make the best on't.

*Aim.* Freeman!—One word, Archer. Still I have hopes; methought she received my confession with pleasure.

*Arch.* 'Sdeath, who doubts it?

*Aim.* She consented after to the match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

*Arch.* To herself, I warrant her, as you should have been.

*Aim.* By all my hopes she comes, and smiling comes.

*Enter DORINDA mighty gay.*

*Dor.* Come, my dear lord—I fly with impatience

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to your arms——The minutes of my absence were a tedious year. Where's this priest?

*Enter FOIGARD.*

*Arch.* Oons, a brave girl!

*Dor.* I suppose, my lord, this gentleman is privy to our affairs?

*Arch.* Yes, yes, madam, I'm to be your father.

*Dor.* Come, priest, do your office.

*Arch.* Make haste, make haste, couple 'em any way.  
[*Takes Aimwell's hand.*] Come, madam, I'm to give you——

*Dor.* My mind's altered; I won't.

*Arch.* Eh——

*Aim.* I'm confounded.

*Foig.* Upon my shoul, and so is my shelf.

*Arch.* What's the matter now, madam?

*Dor.* Look'e, sir, one generous action deserves another——This gentleman's honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my justice engages me to conceal nothing from him; in short, sir, you are the person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true lord viscount Aimwell, and I wish your lordship joy. Now, priest, you may be gone; if my lord is now pleas'd with the match, let his lordship marry me in the face of the world.

*Aim.* Archer, what does she mean?

*Dor.* Here's a witness for my truth.

*Enter Sir CHARLES and Mrs. SULLEN.*

*Sir Ch.* My dear lord Aimwell, I wish you joy.

*Aim.* Of what?

*Sir Ch.* Of your honour and estate. Your brother died the day before I left London; and all your friends have writ after you to Brussels; among the rest I did myself the honour.

*Arch.* Heark'e, sir knight, don't you banter now?

*Sir Ch.* 'Tis truth, upon my honour.

*Aim.* Thanks to the pregnant stars that form'd this accident.

*Arch.* Thanks to the womb of time that brought it forth; away with it.

*Aim.* Thanks to my guardian angel that led me to the prize——

[*Taking Dorinda's hand.*]

*Arch.* And double thanks to the noble sir Charles Freeman. My lord, I wish you joy. My lady, I wish you joy—I'gad, Sir Freeman, you're the honestest fellow living—'Sdeath, I'm grown strangely airy upon this matter—My lord, how d'ye?—A word, my lord. Don't you remember something of a previous agreement that entitles me to the moiety of this lady's fortune, which, I think, will amount to ten thousand pounds?

*Aim.* Not a penny, Archer. You would ha' cut my throat just now, because I would not deceive this lady.

*Arch.* Ay, and I'll cut your throat still, if you should deceive her now.

*Aim.* That's what I expect; and to end the dispute, the lady's fortune is twenty thousand pounds; we'll

divide stakes; take the twenty thousand pounds, or the lady.

*Der.* How! Is your lordship so indifferent?

*Arch.* No, no, no, madam, his lordship knows very well that I'll take the money; I leave you to his lordship, and so we're both provided for.

*Enter FOIGARD,*

*Foig.* Arra fait, de people do say you be all robb'd, joy.

*Aim.* The ladies have been in some danger, sir, as you saw.

*Foig.* Upon my shoul our inn be robb'd too.

*Aim.* Our inn! By whom?

*Foig.* Upon my shalvation, our landlord has robb'd himself, and run away wid de money.

*Arch.* Robbed himself!

*Foig.* Ay fait! and me too of a hundred pounds.

*Arch.* Robb'd you of a hundred pounds!

*Foig.* Yes, fait honny, that I did owe to him.

*Aim.* Our money's gone, Frank.

*Arch.* Rot the money, my wench is gone——

*Sçavez vous quelquechose de Mademoiselle Cherry?*

*Enter a Fellow with a strong Box and Letter.*

*Fell.* Is there one Martin here?

*Arch.* Ay, ay—who wants him?

*Fell.* I have a box here, and a letter, for him.

*Aim.* [*Taking the box.*] Ha, ha, ha, what's here?



Legerdemain! By this light, my lord, our money again. But this unfolds the riddle. [*Opening the letter, reads.*] Hum, hum, hum—O, 'tis for the public good, and must be communicated to the company.

Mr. Martin,

*My father, being afraid of an impeachment by the rogues that are taken to-night, is gone off; but if you can procure him a pardon, he'll make great discoveries that may be useful to the country. Could I have met you instead of your master to-night, I would have deliver'd myself into your hands, with a sum that much exceeds that in your strong box, which I have sent you, with an assurance to my dear Martin, that I shall ever be his most faithful friend till death,*

Cherry Boniface.

There's a billet-doux for you—As for the father, I think he ought to be encouraged; and for the daughter—pray, my lord, persuade your bride to take her into her service instead of Gipsey.

*Aim.* I can assure you, madam, your deliverance was owing to her discovery.

*Dor.* Your command, my lord, will do without the obligation. I'll take care of her.

*Sir Ch.* This good company meets opportunely in favour of a design I have in behalf of my unfortunate sister. I intend to part her from her husband—Gentlemen, will you assist me?

*Arch.* Assist you! 'Sdeath, who would not?

*Foig.* Ay, upon my shoul, we'll all ashist.

*Enter SULLEN,*

*Sul.* What's all this? They tell me, spouse, that you had like to have been robb'd.

*Mrs. Sul.* Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it—— had not these two gentlemen interpos'd.

*Sul.* How came these gentlemen here?

*Mrs. Sul.* That's his way of returning thanks, you must know.

*Foig.* Ay, but upon my conscience de question be à-propos for all dat.

*Sir Ch.* You promis'd last night, sir, that you would deliver your lady to me this morning.

*Sul.* Humph.

*Arch.* Humph! What do you mean by Humph? —Sir, you shall deliver her——In short, sir, we have sav'd you and your family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the rogues, join with 'em, and set fire to your house——What does the man mean? Not part with his wife!

*Foig.* Arra, not part wid your wife! Upon my shoul, de man dosh not understand common shivility.

*Mrs. Sul.* Hold, gentlemen, all things here must move by consent. Compulsion would spoil us. Let my dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

*Sul.* Let me know first, who are to be our judges. ———Pray, sir, who are you?

*Sir Ch.* I am sir Charles Freeman, come to take away your wife.

*Sul.* And you, good sir ?

*Aim.* Thomas viscount Aimwell, come to take away your sister.

*Sul.* And you, pray, sir ?

*Arch.* Francis Archer, esq. come——

*Sul.* To take away my mother, I hope——Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome. I never met with three more obliging people since I was born—And now, my dear, if you please, you shall have the first word.

*Arch.* And the last, for five pounds. [Aside.

*Mrs. Sul.* Spouse.

*Sul.* Rib.

*Mrs. Sul.* How long have you been married ?

*Sul.* By the almanack, fourteen months ;—but by my account, fourteen years.

*Mrs. Sul.* 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning.

*Foig.* Upon my consience dere accounts vil agree.

*Mrs. Sul.* Pray, spouse, what did you marry for ?

*Sul.* To get an heir to my estate.

*Sir Ch.* And have you succeeded ?

*Sul.* No.

*Arch.* The condition fails of his side——Pray, madam, what did you marry for ?

*Mrs. Sul.* To support the weakness of my sex by the strength of his, and to enjoy the pleasures of an agreeable society.

*Sir Ch.* Are your expectations answer'd ?

*Mrs. Sul.* No.

*Foig.* Arra, honeys, a clear caase, a clear caase!

*Sir Ch.* What are the bars to your mutual contentment?

*Mrs. Sul.* In the first place, I can't drink ale with him.

*Sul.* Nor can I drink tea with her.

*Mrs. Sul.* I can't hunt with you.

*Sul.* Nor can I dance with you.

*Mrs. Sul.* I hate cocking and racing.

*Sul.* I abhor ombre and picquet.

*Mrs. Sul.* Your silence is intolerable.

*Sul.* Your prating is worse.

*" Mrs. Sul.* Have we not been a perpetual offence to each other—a gnawing vulture at the heart?

*" Sul.* A frightful goblin to the sight.

*" Mrs. Sul.* A porcupine to the feeling.

*" Sul.* Perpetual wormwood to the taste."

*Mrs. Sul.* Is there on earth a thing we can agree in?

*Sul.* Yes—to part.

*Mrs. Sul.* With all my heart.

*Sul.* Your hand.

*Mrs. Sul.* Here.

*Sul.* These hands joined us, these shall part us—  
Away——

*Mrs. Sul.* East.

*Sul.* West.

*Mrs. Sul.* North,

*Sul.* South; far as the poles asunder.

*Foig.* Upon my shoul, a very pretty sheremony.

*Sir Ch.* Now, Mr. Sullen, there wants only my sister's fortune to make us easy.

*Sul.* Sir Charles, you love your sister, and I love her fortune; every one to his fancy.

*Arch.* Then you won't refund.

*Sul.* Not a stiver.

*Arch.* What is her portion?

*Sir Ch.* Twenty thousand pounds, sir.

*Arch.* I'll pay it. My lord, I thank him, has enabled me, and, if the lady pleases, she shall go home with me. This night's adventure has proved strangely lucky to us all—For captain Gibbet, in his walk, has made bold, Mr. Sullen, with your study and escritore, and has taken out all the writings of your estate, all the articles of marriage with your lady, bills, bonds, leases, receipts to an infinite value; I took 'em from him, and will deliver them to sir Charles.

“ [*Gives him a parcel of papers and parchments.*”

*Sul.* How, my writings! my head aches consumedly. Well, gentlemen, you shall have her fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, sir Charles, to be merry, and celebrate my sister's wedding, and my divorce, you may command my house! but my head aches consumedly—Scrub, bring me a dram.

*Arch.* 'Twould be hard to guess which of these parties is the better pleas'd, the couple join'd, or the couple parted; the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted happiness, and the other in their deliverance from an experienced misery.